

Ethics of Cannibalism.

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sight of cannibal repasts which took place from time to time has exciting much comment. This phase of cannibalism is, in part, one of sheer *gourmandise*, and is chiefly confined to the south of Africa, whose lands are well supplied with food, and it scarcely excites the more sombre eating of man's flesh which takes place in many parts of Australia, and arises rather from deficient food or motives of each or from religious motives, than from a depraved liking for a particular kind of flesh. Acts of cannibalism, it would appear, do not occur among the Australian savages which are prompted by principles of economy and thrift, and are in no way inspired by mental considerations nor by a spirit of boastful savagery, but rather by a love of slaying and devouring their community, but not their slain enemies. That very interesting comparison, *The Races of Australia*, edited by Mr. E. M. Curr, gives us a vivid impression of the severely practical, the brutally materialistic nature of the native Australian. In the hard life he has to lead—or had to lead, in the days when his tribal laws and regulations were framed—in a semi-desert, poor, unproductive country (as Nature made it), he has been obliged to turn to account every source of food supply which is naturally provided, for he is too brutish to have practised agriculture, and having never risen above the hunter stage—the lowest of all human conditions, the most purely animal—he has scarcely attempted to exercise that deliberate interference with the natural conditions of his environment which elsewhere has so vastly modified human surroundings, and has enabled the superior races of mankind to supplement with art what is lacking in nature. The dearth of food with which the Australian is always threatened urges him not to repudiate any form of flesh which may come in his way, and consequently the bodies of those who may be accidentally killed would, in most cases, be devoured by their hungry friends or fellow-tribesmen. It is naïvely remarked in the work I have referred to—*The Races of Australia*—that “if a fat man fell from a tree and broke his neck, he would certainly be eaten.” So also, among certain tribes, who in addition to taking the most stringent measures to limit the privilege of procreation to a few males in the community, allow the fathers and mothers to kill off such of their children as seem unfit or unnecessary. The bodies of the children so killed are eaten by the father or male relatives. The mother does not abstain from sentiment, but because she is not allowed by the men to share such toothsome viands; for, strange to say, both in Africa and Australia women are often precluded from eating human flesh because their selfish, overbearing mates think it too good to be lavished on the weaker sex.

The native races of Australia are so low in the scale, so brute-like

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areclaimed condition, that it is hardly more reasonable to
hem for their utilitarian cannibalism than it would be to
ert severely on the immorality of monkeys or the ferocity
. But the African—a vigorous race of men, more rational,
eptible to improvement, and remarkable for the facility
he can assimilate the civilization that is thrust on him—
orous punishment when he persists in eating the flesh of
ies notwithstanding the bountiful supplies of other food
t supplies. I never so thoroughly appreciated the
" character of this African anthropophagy as during an
the Upper Cross River¹ in the early part of the present
oe had been stopped, and I had been " captured " and
e by a noisy, boisterous band of natives. They meant
harm, but objected to my visiting the tribe beyond them, with
whom they were at war. Their country bore a singularly prosperous
appearance, with its tidy plantations of yams, sweet potatoes, ground-
nuts, collocasia arums, manioc, Indian corn, and bananas; and the
large herds of sleek cattle and the numerous sheep, goats, fowls, and
Muscovy ducks. So abundant was food, and so exceptional were
these Africans in their hospitality, that in the course of two days
they had filled my canoes with twelve hundred yams,² a number of
corn-cobs, fowls, ducks, sheep, and goats, until I had to cry, " Hold !
enough," because the canoes were dangerously overloaded. More-
over, they presented a large bullock to my Kruboy. Any one who
knows Africa and the natural stinginess of the Negro will realise
how abundant must have been the local food-supply to account for
such easy generosity as this ! Yet in this land of plenty the people
craved for human flesh, to obtain which they were constantly fight-
ing with their neighbours. But a little while before my arrival a
successful " bag " of captives had been made, a feast had taken place,
and, as a relic of the abundance, there was a smoke-dried human leg
hanging from the rafters in the chief's hut where I sat and parleyed,
which swayed to and fro over the smoking brands on the clay hearth.
Lower down the Cross River, in the district of Enyoñ (part of the
Ibo country), about the most cold-blooded cannibalism is reported to
exist which I have ever heard of. Youths are purchased at the
interior slave-markets, and are dealt with as we deal with the young
sheep and oxen which we turn into wethers and bullocks—are deli-
berately unsexed so that they may fatten quicker, and are then fed
upon yams and nourishing food till they are ready for the feast.
Horrible and incredible as this statement may appear, it is one that

(1) The Cross River is an important stream which rises in the plateau south of the River Benue, and enters the Gulf of Guinea, on the west coast of Africa.

(2) These yams are so large that one and a half forms a sufficient daily ration even for a hungry Kruboy.

I make on good authority; and this phase of cannibalism has, I believe, come under the notice of certain traders and missionaries in Old Calabar who have visited the district I speak of.

There is little doubt that the abrupt cessation of the export of slaves, which was brought about on the west coast of Africa by British intervention, temporarily increased the prevalence of cannibalism in the Oil Rivers and Niger delta.¹ Having no profitable market for their war-captives and criminals, they have found it more convenient to consume them than to sell them. They eat the bread of idleness and cumber the ground; for, and eaten, slaves in these parts seemingly will *not* work for their early human oppressors to all threats and coercion a dogged resistance to idleness that nothing can overcome. Slave labour is a broken reed to rely on. We want the vigorous, cheerful work of free, willing men, like Krubos and Zanzibaris.

For the cannibalism of the epicure, of the kind I have just described, no shadow of an excuse can be found in our view of morality. Indeed, all forms of cannibalism wherein the victim is killed to be eaten are inadmissible in a state of civilization based on our code of laws, and sharing our conception of right and wrong, from the fact that they involve a preliminary crime. Human life, in the dominant form of civilization, and in the most advanced public opinion of the present day, is becoming increasingly sacred and precious—so much so that we can hardly realise that it is not a hundred years since our cruel ancestors hanged men and women for small robberies, forgeries, and uttering false coin, and it is with difficulty, and only by the necessity of self-preservation that we can sanction the destruction of our enemies in warfare or the execution of a murderer—one who has rightly forfeited his life by depriving another of the inestimable privilege of living. But in Africa, many parts of Asia, in Polynesia and Australia, much less importance is attached to the value of human life, and the murder of a stranger, an outsider to the tribe, is rather a matter for glorification. I blame these cannibals less for the eating of the flesh of their own species, which from their point of view is utilising good food, than for the initial and unpardonable crime of murder. In my own case I know I should bitterly resent being killed, but once dead it would not only be a matter of indifference to me, but it would be a source of actual satisfaction to know that my earthly tenement had found sepulture in the bodily systems of my fellow-humans—that my component atoms, or a good proportion of them, had re-entered on active work in society, so to speak, with such a pleasant abruptness, instead of

(1) This much must be said in palliation of the Mohammedan slave-raiders, that they often break up communities of inveterate cannibals, and that once Mohammedanised the negro regards cannibalism with horror.

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doomed to absorption by a mixed myriad of lower forms of low much more agreeable the prospect of having one's mortal consumed by a restless, enterprising hyæna or a soaring (the beautiful Parsi notion) than to languish in the inactive cemetery flowers and evergreen shrubs! It is this which leads me to mention a beautiful and sentimental unibalism now almost extinct, but which prevailed in parts of Asia, America, and Africa, where, as anciently Issedoncs of Central Asia (*teste* Herodotus) and the six centuries ago, the bodies of those who died were reduced to an edible paste and consumed by their relatives. This practice may not be consonant with our ideas and no one can refuse to admit its exquisite pathos and susceptibility for poetic treatment. The loving absorb all that is mortal of the loved one, and the latter in dying has the happy assurance that his or her dissolving molecules will not be scattered to the four winds of heaven, but will acquire new being in the old haunts and amid the attendant circumstances of their former activity. This conception must have proved strangely attractive to the metempsychotic mind of savage and semi-civilized man; but in some countries, and under ruder conditions of life, it lost much of its poetry and assumed a more brutal and practical form. "If," argued pristine and savage humanity, somewhat put to it to find sufficient subsistence, "If it is right and proper and economical to consume the bodies of the deceased, why wait till they die naturally? Why not forestall the inevitable, put them painlessly out of their misery, and reabsorb them into the bosom of the family?" So it resulted in a curious phase of social economy, which prevails and prevailed in parts of Africa, Australia, and Polynesia (more especially in districts where food was scarce), where no old people were seen by the inquiring traveller, who learnt that as soon as they arrived at decrepitude they were painlessly killed and found a ready tomb in the maws of the young and middle-aged members of the tribe.¹ As the weakly children were also consumed by their parents, the community must have seemed always in a state of vigour, with a society for ever in the prime of life.

Although they are never accused of superadding cannibalism to "senicide," still the ancient Sardi of Sardinia regarded it as a sacred and solemn duty for the young to kill their old relations when they were verging on dotage; and several classical authors give us a graphic and in some instances a pathetic description of the old mother knowing that her time had come, cheerfully and resignedly making preparations for her burial, and when all was ready, the grave dug, the funeral

(1) *Vide* Monteiro's *Angola and the River Congo*, *The Races of Australia*, and most writers on the Pacific islands and New Guinea.

feast prepared, summoning her friends and relatives, and exhorting her weeping son to be of good courage, to strike hard and surely with the sacrificial club, and not to wince, because the deed was painful to his filial feelings. Despite the tribal instinct which among many of the more highly developed birds and mammals prompts a spirit of *camaraderie* and mutual help among the fellow-members of each community, and which intensifies the beautiful unselfish love of parents towards their offspring, we see but little respect or sympathy shown towards the aged and effete, who are either killed and eaten, or cast out of the tribe and left to starve. In very early human society there was probably no deliberate, organized slaying and consuming of the older, weaker members of the community, but such deeds were sporadic, so to speak, and what the French would call "regrettable incidents." Brutish Protanthropos, perhaps, has been ranging the wintry woods all day in vain quest of game, and returns to the tribal cave, vaguely cross, in a dull, unreasoning way, and keenly hungry. By the smouldering fire lies a still uncracked marrow-bone remaining from the last repast, and this he is about to greedily seize, perhaps, when to his anger and disappointment it is snatched from his extended hand by an old, lean aunt. An angry dispute takes place, for the aunt will not forego her hold on the bone, and much-provoked and hungry Protanthropos yields to brute rage and cracks her skull with a stone axe or fells her with a firebrand. Then follows an indistinct remorse, and a dull consciousness that he has done wrong. There is a clamour of shrieking female relatives and a growling protest among the men; but after a while the outcry ceases, and Protanthropos recovers his spirits. It is agreed that the deed is irregular—a sin against the community; but there, it is done, and the aunt lies dead. "What shall we do with her body?" asks some one. "Eat it," boldly suggests her hungry nephew, and without much more ado the slain aunt is hastily broiled and her bones amicably picked in the family circle. This is a fatal precedent. When next the horde is hungry a quarrel is fixed on an old uncle, and he is killed and consumed; then grandfather and grandmother severally meet with "accidents," and are likewise absorbed, until at length it passes into a rule that all the elders of the tribe, when they become toothless or tiresome, when they lose their cunning in the chase or are slow at kindling fires and preparing food, shall be slain and eaten by their relatives.

Cruel as this practice is, and opposed as it may be to the principles which guide our social morality, it is interesting from a philosophical point of view to reflect on the effect it would have on the dispositions of the older members of our civilized communities. If, like certain tribes in West and South-west Africa, or in Australia, it was our custom to immolate and reduce to a kind of sub-

lime Liebig's extract all the aged folk who showed unmistakable signs of failing powers, how preternaturally quickened would become the faculties of our elderly relatives! How they would wax in amiability as they waned in strength! What pathetic anxiety they would display to make clear to their critical kinsfolk how spry and active, how cheerful, willing, and attentive they remained, despite the failing sight, the whitening hair, the stiffened gait! In humble circles, Mrs. Gumidge would cease all reference to the "Old 'un," and though her gaiety might be a little forced, still her unceasing industry and unvarying amiability would long stave off her inevitable doom. And when we ourselves, as our years increased and middle-age lay behind us, felt the first warnings of approaching decrepitude, should we not hasten to repair the breaches of time, to foster and retain as long as possible our vigorous juvenility of mind and body? Should we not tend to become Liberal rather than Conservative in our old age, and so increase in sweetness of disposition and broad-minded charity towards all men that when the inevitable day came when our failing powers could hold out no longer, and a doctor's certificate compelled our reluctant relatives to do their duty, it would be with a feeling of sincere regret that they put an end to our individual existence and ingested the essential extract of our mortal remains? Perhaps in a more advanced intellectual state than that we are in at present, we might view such a fate, such a culmination to our life and labours with resignation, caring less for individual than collective existence, and, with a rare unselfishness that at present we can only dimly appreciate, sinking our personal interests in the advancement of communal welfare. In a condition of thought like this a conscientious person who felt himself effete would offer himself up for reabsorption by those around him who had not spent their energies. Thus the pension-list would be greatly reduced and the community kept at a certain level of vigour. But I confess, being myself still unregenerate, still selfishly attached to all that I call my own, my *ego*, incomplete and unsatisfactory though it be, I am thankful to think that our moral code is based on different lines to those which guide sections of African and Australian society, and which with little doubt were religiously followed by the communities of earliest man. I find comfort in looking forward to an old age of rest and leisure and undisturbed tranquillity: a quiet fading away into an unconscious senility which shall lessen the terror of dissolution, even though in my lingering I cumber the ground and serve no useful purpose.

With a growing belief in a soul, in a vital principle animating the body which can be disconnected from the visible substance, the practice of cannibalism is diversely affected. On the one hand, the increased sanctity of man's body brought about by the conception

of its spiritual tenant has tended to abolish anthropophagy as an unpardonable insult to the body, which the soul would remember and revenge; on the other hand, it has incited several varieties of sacred, symbolic cannibalism, which are based on a belief in the immortality of man. One view taken is a curiously negative one—it is thought that by eating a man you consume his soul *utterly*, and so finish him now and hereafter, and that, therefore, such a consummation is the most awful revenge you can inflict on your enemy. So when, three or four years ago, there was a tribal conflict at Brass, in the Niger delta, some of the attacked, who were nominal Christians, ate portions of the bodies of those whom they had slain, thinking [thus to deprive them of the boon of future existence.¹ This, no doubt, was also the motive that prompted the recent cannibal outbreak at Okrika, when the Okrikans devoured over a hundred of their enemies belonging to the adjoining Ogoni tribe. Thus, where the cannibalism takes the form of sacrifices offered to gods, it was believed—as recently in Fiji and anciently in Mexico—that if the priests ate the visible human body, the gods, by analogy, consumed the intangible soul. Indeed, many systems of human sacrifice in different parts of the world have been based on anthropophagic principles, though no actual eating of the victim's flesh may have taken place, because gentler manners and intellectual refinement have etherealized the idea. Thus it has often occurred in the past history of Europe and Asia, and in modern Africa, that whereas theoretically a human being is sacrificed to the ogre-god or goddess, the victim is really represented by an animal—a camel, horse, ox, sheep, goat, or fowl—a descending scale that typifies a waning faith in the efficacy of the sacrifice. During some recent work in West Africa a certain native chief was anxious to prevent my explorations of such creeks and rivers as led to trading districts which he desired to remain unknown. Finding verbal dissuasion unavailing, and not liking to have recourse to physical force, he tried, as a last and somewhat despairing resort, to place supernatural obstacles in my way; so he directed that at the entrance to these forbidden creeks a live white fowl (lowest and cheapest sacrifice) should be suspended from a palm-stake. Consequently I was frequently surprised and pleased at what I thought was a graceful token of hospitality posted at different points of my journey, and never failed to turn the fowl to account in my bill of fare. After this manner of disposing of the fowl-

(1) When this incident was first brought to our notice many unjust animadversions were made on the work of missionaries in those regions because some of these native Christians turned cannibals. It was not borne in mind that "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh;" that you cannot turn wolves into sheep-dogs in one generation; and that whereas these so-called Christians ate those whom they had killed in self-defence, they would, before they came under missionary influence, have attacked and killed for the purpose of eating.

fetish had occurred several times, and yet I remained unpunished for my temerity by the local gods, the natives gave up further opposition to my journeys as futile and expensive. In talking this over on my return with one of the more advanced chiefs of the district, my native friend shook his head half humorously, half seriously over the decay of religious belief. A white fowl, he said, was "poor man's juju;" a few years ago it would have been a white goat, and in his father's time a white boy (Albino Negro), spitted on a stake to bar the way, and this last would have been a sacrifice that might well have moved the local gods of wold and stream to intervene; but a white fowl! *O tempora! O mores!*

In its mystic character cannibalism forms a part, either actually or theoretically, of the initiative ceremonies or sacred rites of African freemasonry and secret societies. The partaking of human flesh, generally prepared in a kind of paste mixed with condiments and kept in a quaintly-carved wooden box, and eaten with round spoons of human bone, constitutes a bond of union between the confederates, and is also employed as a pledge of friendship between suspicious strangers or whilom enemies, or accompanies the making of a solemn declaration or the taking of the oath. But although these gruesome rites still linger in the holes and corners of unexplored savagery, they are fast disappearing or softening into a metaphorical celebration.

The eating of man's flesh, which was, no doubt, once more or less prevalent among all savage races, from motives of hunger or Malthusian principles, and which existed as an emblematic rite in religions of the past and low-grade beliefs of the present day, is now confined in its endemic form to limited areas in Western-Central Africa, uncolonized Australia, parts of Polynesia, New Guinea, Sumatra, and possibly the heart of the Malay peninsula and Formosa, and also to the Tierra del Fuegians and a few wild Indian tribes in Bolivia, the Amazons Valley, and the back of Venezuela, in South America.

Before many years are past, however, cannibalism will cease to exist anywhere, extirpated unhesitatingly by our disgusted civilization. Whether it will ever be revived is fortunately a question rather to be considered a thousand years hence than now, when and if the population of the earth shall have so increased at its present ratio that the statesmen of the period may find themselves confronted by the problem of organizing state-aided emigration to the other planets of the solar system, or sanctioning a certain limited consumption of the effete and unfit by the young and vigorous members of the commonwealth.

VICTOR HUGO : TOÛTE LA LYRE.

ONE thing may perhaps for once be prophesied without hazard of presumption in attempting to anticipate the verdict of future centuries : that it would be impossible for them to believe in the single authorship of the various works which bear the signature of Victor Hugo, if it were not impossible to believe that any other man could have bequeathed to eternity any one of his masterpieces in verse or prose. But the fact must be faced and admitted that in the fourth instalment of his posthumous works we have received a gift which of itself would suffice to secure for the giver a place among the greatest poets of all nations and all times. From the collection of later and earlier poems which bears the magnificent inscription of *Toute la Lyre*, any reader might gather at random such samples as would serve for evidence of this. These are the forty-fourth and forty-fifth volumes of his collected works ; but were it possible that they should fall into the hands of a reader unacquainted with any other work of their author's and not incompetent to recognise at sight the evidence of supreme genius, he would at once acknowledge the presence, the hand, and the voice of one among the crowning writers of the world. The peculiar majesty of melody which no other poet can emulate or imitate—which places the singer as far beyond reach of any mocking-bird as Coleridge or Shakspere, the two English poets whose note has never been caught, whose cadence has never found an echo except in the heart of the hearer—this unique and magical quality of living music vibrates alike in every form of verse, in each variety of metre, to which the genius or the fancy, the passion or the thought of the musician may choose to incline or adapt itself. No one can mistake and no one can mimic it : it is always Hugo's alone, yet its changes and modulations are infinite. Even when it is used to repeat and reinforce some lesson or some message which it has often conveyed before, there is almost always some fresh note, some new grace of expression, some new fervour of inspiration in the delivery of the preacher if not in the subject-matter of his gospel. It would have seemed impossible that he should have anything new to bequeath us on the subject of the old revolution, Danton, Marat, Charlotte Corday, and all the other names and memories which crowd the splendid and sonorous verses of the opening poem : yet the following couplet on Marat is not an exceptional instance of the fresh and vivid and sublime energy which informs it.

" Il agite l'antique et monstrueuse chaîne,¹
 Hideux, faisant sonner le fer contre sa haine."

Nor has the gospel of universal mercy and indiscriminate compassion ever found more simple and succinct expression than in these four weighty and melodious and memorable verses.

" Le droit n'a pas besoin de se mettre en fureur,
 Et d'arriver les mains pleines de violences,
 Et de jeter un glaive au plateau des balances.
 Il paraît, on tressaille; il marche, on dit: C'est Dieu."

But it is not the preacher or the evangelist—earnest and fervent as is the sermon, ardent and sublime as is the apostolate—who commands and retains attention throughout the greater and the better part of this book: it is simply the poet; the greatest maker and the sweetest singer of his age. Even in the second poem, which places on record a beautiful episode of battle recited by the author's father, there is a clearer note, a fresher air of pure and simple inspiration; a more direct touch, a more immediate sense, of merely poetic, dramatic, or universal interest.² And in the sixteen verses of dialogue between the sheykh and the robber there is matter enough to secure immortality for the writer who could condense so much of what is noblest in human nature into such terse, vivid, straightforward and perfect expression. The effect could not be so fully and so briefly conveyed except in verse: but what other poet could have conveyed it as has this one, of all poets the most inexhaustible and indefatigable in sympathy with all noble emotion and in presentation of all chivalrous loyalty?

Upon this side of his character, upon this phase of his genius, it would be exceptionally superfluous—where all attempts at praise may perhaps be considered superfluous—for a commentator on the posthumous work of Victor Hugo to dwell at any length, or to cite any examples as especially illustrative and significant. In a bird's-eye view of these two hundred poems the glance must needs alight more or less at random on this or that "particular star" or flower which may not or which may be worthier of notice than any other of the train of spring or the host of heaven. But it may be safely

(1) Marat's curious book, *Les Chaines de l'Esclavage*, can hardly have deserved or obtained an admission here from the greatest of modern dramatic poets; for in that fierce and laborious impeachment of existing civilisation (pp. 62, 63) the rage of the Puritans against the theatre, as an engine of corruption and an instrument of royalism, finds a vehement and significant echo. Marat, very naturally and properly, cites *Prymne* in support of their common cause.

(2) The copy before me (second edition) has one of the most monstrous misprints on record in the twenty-eighth line of this poem—"sèmeur" for "somoun." The right reading was given in the *Rappel*, where the text first appeared in print. This incomprehensible and senseless corruption is worthy of a place in the first folio of Shakespeare.

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say that they contain nothing more representative, more unattainable by any other man, more unmistakable as the work of no possible hand but their writer's, than the four following stanzas, descriptive and representative of "rough weather by night."

" Le vent hurlo, la rafale
Sort, ruisselante cavale,
Du gouffre obscur,
Et, hennissant sur l'eau bleue,
Des crins épars de sa queue
Fouette l'azur.

" L'horizon, que l'onde encombre,
Serpent, au bas du ciel sombre
Court tortueux ;
Toute la mer est difforme ;
L'eau s'emplit d'un bruit énorme
Et monstrueux.

" Le flot vient, s'enfuit, s'approche,
Et bondit comme la cloche
Dans le clocher,
Puis tombe, et bondit encore ;
La vague immense et sonore
Bat le rocher.

" L'océan frappe la terre.
Oh ! le forgeron mystère,
Au noir manteau,
Que forge-t-il dans la brume,
Pour battre une telle enclume
D'un tel marteau ?"

What English poet has translated that peculiar action of the sea as adequately, as superbly, as exactly, as it is rendered in these marvellous verses ? What poet of any time or any nation has put more passionate and vivid imagination into more perfect metaphor with more sublime fidelity ?

The terror of nature, the mystery of apparent and unapparent things, the malign and lurid side of what we see and imagine in the aspects of earth and sky at certain hours or moments, was never rendered by Shelley or by Coleridge into words more pregnant with passionate imagination and contagious awe than these :—

" C'est l'heure où le sépulcre appelle la chouette.
On voit sur l'horizon l'étrange silhouette
D'un bras énorme ayant des courbes de serpent ;
On dirait qu'il protège, on dirait qu'il répand
On ne sait quel amour terrible dans cette ombre.
Est-ce Arimane ?

O ciel, sous les astres sans nombre,
 Dans l'air, dans la nuée où volent les griffons,
 Dans le chaos confus des branchages profonds,
 Dans les prés, dans les monts, dans la grande mer verte,
 Dans l'immensité bleue aux aurores ouverte,
 Qu'est-ce donc que l'esprit de haine peut aimer ?
 Lui, qui veut tout tarir, que fait-il donc germer ?

* * *
 " Il semble heureux. Il parle aux choses invisibles ;
 Il leur parle si bas, si doucement, qu'on peut
 Entendre le rayon de lune qui se meut
 Et la vague rumeur des ruches endormies."

The task of selection from such a treasury of jewels as this book is so delicate and so difficult that perhaps the choice of quotations may as well be left to the decision of mere chance. But the student will do well to collate for comparison the various studies after nature gathered together in the second division ; and to note especially among these such flawless little masterpieces of tender meditation or sublime impression as the moonlight landscape which brings before us the world as we see it.

" Quand la lune apparaît dans la brume des plaines,
 Quand l'ombre émue à l'air de retrouver la voix,
 Lorsque le soir emplit de frissons et d'haloïnes
 Les pâles ténèbres des bois.

* * * *

" Nous nous promènerons dans les campagnes vertes ;
 Nous pencherons, pleurant ce qui s'évanouit,
 Nos âmes ici-bas par le malheur ouvertes
 Sur les fleurs qui s'ouvrent la nuit !

* * * *

" La calme et sombre nuit ne fait qu'une prière
 De toutes les rumeurs de la nuit et du jour ;
 Nous, de tous les tourments de cette vie amère
 Nous ne ferons que de l'amour !"

The milder melody of such lovely lines as these is relieved by the sterner and more condensed verse, the keener and more sombre imagination of such studies as *The Cloud*. All true lovers of Pyrenean scenery will rejoice to find that the glorious valley of Causerets has been glorified by Victor Hugo as well as by his most illustrious contemporary fellow-poet. The solemn sweetness of Lord Tennyson's majestic verses is not more memorable or more characteristic than the visionary passion and the contemplative sublimity of Victor Hugo's.

" Le matin, les vapeurs, en blanches mousselines,
 Montent en même temps, à travers les grands bois,
 De tous les ravins noirs, de toutes les collines,
 De tous les sommets à la fois.

“ Un jour douteux ternit l'horizon ; l'aube est pâle ;
Le ciel voilé n'a plus l'azur que nous aimons,
Tant une brume épaisse à longs flocons s'exhale
Des flancs monstrueux des vieux monts !

“ On croit les rois bondir comme au temps du prophète,
Et l'on se dit, de crainte et de stupeur saisi :
— O chevaux monstrueux ! quelle course ont-ils faite
Que leurs croupes fument ainsi ! ”

Compare with that southern landscape this northern vision of the sea.

“ Quand la profonde nuit fait de l'ombre une géole,
Quand la vague, roulant d'un pôle à l'autre pôle,
Sa creuse en ténébreux vallons,
Quand la mer monstrueuse et pleine de huées
Regarde en frissonnant voler dans les nuées
Les sombres aigles aquilons ;

“ Ou, plus tard, quand le jour, vague ébauche, commence . . .
O plaine qui frémit ! bruit du matin immense !
Tout est morno et lugubre encor ;
L'horizon noir paraît plein des douleurs divines ;
Le cercle des monts fait la couronne d'épines,
L'aube fait l'auréole d'or ! ”

“ Moi, pendant que tout rêve à ces spectacles sombres,
Soit que la nuit, pareille aux temples en décombres,
Obscurcisse l'azur bruni,
Soit que l'aube apparue au front des cieux sincères
L'arouche et toute en pleurs, semble aux nos misères
L'œil effaré de l'infini.

“ Je songe au bord des eaux, triste ; — alors les pensées
Qui sortent de la mer, d'un vent confus poussées,
Filles de l'onde, essaim fuyant,
Que l'âpre écume apporte à travers ses fumées,
M'entourent en silence, et de leurs mains palmées
M'entrouvrent le livre effrayant.”

.But it is not the darker side of nature which most attracts the imaginative sympathy of the great poet who could translate it into such accurate and tragic harmony of lyrical expression. The comfort and refreshment and reassurance of natural beauty can never have been more deeply felt or more thankfully acknowledged than by the writer of these lines: —

“ Là, rien ne s'interrompt, rien ne finit d'éclorre ;
Le rosier respiré par Ève embaume encore
Nos deuils et nos amours ;
Et la pervenche est plus éternelle que Rome ;
Car ce qui dure peu, monts et forêts, c'est l'homme ;
Les fleurs durent toujours.”

Not only the beauty and the mystery of nature but her ugliness

and dulness have afforded occasion to great painters for great pictures; and even such a masterpiece as that marvellous work of Rubens which sets before us the ghastly and haggard horror of the deadly and sultry landscape in which the Escorial is set like a death's-head in a ring is no finer example of the beauty which art may succeed in evoking or evolving out of ugly nature than such a poem as that which describes the mean and sullen country where a smoky little hamlet may be seen on the far horizon,

“ Le paysage étant plat comme MÉRIMÉE.”

That final stroke of sudden sarcasm on the courtly cynic who so long outlived the glittering and unfruitful promise of his youth may be compared with a similar touch at the close of the poem just quoted, in which the returned exile summons his children and his friends to the fields and woods where they need no longer know or care if Parliament is sitting and trifling at Versailles or at Saint-Cloud,

“ Et si le pape enfin daigne rougir la jupe
Du prêtre dont le nom commence comme dupe
Et finit comme loup.”

Such passing shafts of satire show a happier hand and a truer aim than some of the “swashing blows” delivered in the eighth or supplementary section of this book. But none of Hugo's personal reflections or retorts seem to me quite as good and quite as happy as the ever-memorable description or definition of Sainte-Beuve—“homme distingué et inférieur, ayant l'envie pardonnable à la laideur.”¹ The late Mgr Dupanloup, I presume, has hardly so many admirers in England that it might be necessary to vindicate the justice of the sarcasm applied to him: but the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, who cannot in charity or in reason be supposed to have known much more of the man's character than he knew of French poetry or Irish politics, has lavished so much praise on that incarnation of envy that the temperate and sparing phrase by which Hugo has made the backbiter's name immortal may probably give some surprise if not some offence to English admirers—at second-hand—of the versatile and venomous rhetorician who wrote, as well as his *Causeries de Lundi*, a certain furtive series of anonymous articles republished since his death under the title of *Chroniques Parisiennes*. The man who has not read these has but an imperfect conception of the meaning of the terms malignity and meanness, platitude and perversity, decrepitude of cankered intelligence and desperation of universal rancour.²

(1) *Histoire d'un Crime*, iii. 4.

(2) I may add that Mr. Arnold himself, even when writing on Shelley or on Burns, hardly showed such depth of incompetence combined with such shallowness of apprehension as Sainte-Beuve when writing on Villon.

But the bitterness of scorn and the fervour of indignation which animate the strictures of a great poet on such literary or political underlings as these might serve—if that were needful—to give the measure of his tenderness and his devotion when dealing with things sacred and divine. That this book should contain verses worthy of a place in *L'Art d'être Grand-père* proves at once that their subject is inexhaustible and that the genius of its chosen poet-laureate was as inexhaustible as the fascination of infancy itself.

“ Il vit à peine ; il est si chétif qu'il réclame
Du brin d'herbe ondoyant aux vents un point d'appui.
Parfois, lorsqu'il se tait, on le croit presque enfui,
Car on a peur que tout ici-bas ne le blesse.
Lui, que fait-il ? Il rit. Fait d'ombre et de faiblesse
Et de tout ce qui tremble, il ne craint rien. Il est
Parmi nous le seul être encore vierge et complet ;
L'ange devient enfant lorsqu'il se rapetisse.

“ Toutes les vérités couronnent condensées
Ce doux front qui n'a pas encore de pensées ;
On comprend que l'enfance, ange de nos douleurs,
Si petit ici-bas, doit être grand ailleurs.
Il se traîne, il trébuche ; il n'a dans l'attitude,
Dans la voix, dans le geste aucune certitude ;
Un souffle à qui la fleur résiste fait ployer
Cet être à qui fait peur le grillon du foyer ;
L'œil hésite pendant que la lèvre bégaye ;
Dans ce naïf regard que l'ignorance égaie
L'étonnement avec la grâce se confond,
Et l'immense lueur étoilée est au fond.”

• The three following “children's epitaphs” combine the perfect grace of Greek expression with the deep fervour of a later faith and a personal emotion.

I.

“ Enfant, que je te porte envie !
Ta barque neuve échoue au port.
Qu'as-tu donc fait pour que ta vie
Ait sitôt mérité la mort ? ”

II.

“ Entre au ciel. La porte est la tombe.
Le sombre avenir des humains,
Comme un jouet trop lourd qui tombe,
S'échappe à tes petites mains.”

III.

“ Qu'est devenu l'enfant ? La mère
Pleure, et l'oiseau rit, chantre ailé.
La mère croit qu'il est sous terre,
L'oiseau sait qu'il s'est envolé.”

After these any reader might expect that the next poem following

must seem at least to fall off in perfection of pathos or in simplicity of sweetness. But the next poem following is this.

"Aucune aile ici-bas n'est pour longtemps posée.
 Quand elle était petite, elle avait un eiseau;
 Elle le nourrissait de pain et de rosée.
 Et veillait sur son nid comme sur un berceau.
 Un soir il s'échappa, Que de plaintes amères!
 Dans mes bras en pleurant je la vis accourir. . .
 Jeunes filles, laissez, laissez, ô jeunes mères,
 Les oiseaux s'envoler et les enfants mourir!"

"C'est une loi d'en haut qui veut que tout nous quitte;
 Le secret du Seigneur, nous le saurons un jour.
 Elle grandit. La vie, hélas! marche si vite!
 Elle eut un doux enfant, un bel ange, un amour.
 Une nuit, triste sort des choses éphémères!
 Cet enfant s'éteignit, sans pleurer, sans souffrir. . .
 Jeunes filles, laissez, laissez, ô jeunes mères,
 Les oiseaux s'envoler et les enfants mourir!"

For all future readers the pathetic impression of this exquisite lyrical elegy will be heightened by consideration of its date—one year and seventy-three days before that of the catastrophe which darkened for so long the life of the writer, and at last inspired the most fervent, the most profound, and the most sublime poems that ever gave late relief and imperishable expression to the sorrow of a great poet and a bereaved father.

But this greatest of elegiac poets was no less great—we might say that out of his infinite condescension he deigned to show himself no less great—as a gnomic or didactic poet of the simplest and homeliest morality. The brief rebuke addressed to those who think it no sin or shame to indulge in small habitual transgressions or evasions of the lofty law and the rigid rule of honour has a grandeur of its own which fits it for a place between two faultless lyrics. Its lesson of uprightness and noble purity is conveyed in language of a simplicity as limpid as the spirit of its teaching is sublime.

"Qu'est-ce que l'océan? une onde après une onde.
 * * * * *

"Homme, la conscience est une minutie.
 L'âme est plus aisément que l'hermine, soignée.
 L'aube sans s'amoinrir toujours partout entra.
 Ne crois pas que jamais, parce qu'on les mettra
 Dans les moindres recoins de l'âme, on rapetisse
 La probité, l'honneur, le droit et la justice."

From the lines addressed to one of his most faithful friends I take the following three in example of the serene wisdom which the writer had gathered from experience of chequered fortunes and of recurrent animosities.

" Aux éblouissements de l'aube je calcasse
 La morne hostilité qu'aura le crépuscule.
 Qui ne fut point haï n'a vécu qu'à demi."

Here, as in almost all Victor Hugo's various books of verse, the tragic visionary of the *Contemplations* alternately succeeds and gives place to the preacher of trust and hope, the apostle of love and charity.

" Tous vont cherchant, aucun ne trouve.
 Le ciel semble à leur désespoir
 Noir comme l'antre d'une louve,
 Au fond d'un bois, l'hiver, le soir.

Où vont-ils ? vers la même porte.
 Que sont-ils ? les flots d'un torrent.
 Que disent-ils ? la nuit l'emporte.
 Que font-ils ? la tombe le prend."

Another note of equally noble sadness is struck in the melodious lines which half deplore the transiency of sorrow.

" L'homme que le chagrin ne peut longtemps plier
 Passe ; tout nous est bon, hélas ! pour oublier ;
 La contemplation berce, apaise et console ;
 Le cœur laisse, emporté par l'aile qui l'isole,
 Tomber les souvenirs en montant dans l'azur ;
 Le tombeau le plus cher n'est plus qu'un point obscur.
 Ceux qui vivent chantant, riant sans fin ni trêve,
 Ont bien vite enterré leurs morts ; celui qui rêve
 N'est pas un meilleur vase à conserver le deuil.
 La nature emplit l'âme en éblouissant l'œil ;
 Et l'araignée oubli, quand elle tend sa toile,
 D'un bout l'attache à l'homme et de l'autre à l'étoile."

No poem of Victor Hugo's is a finer example of that vivid and intense imagination which makes the world of vision seem well-nigh tangible and palpable than that which records the strange, grim dream of the great stone lions in the wilderness.

" Étaient-ce des rochers ? Étaient-ce des fantômes ?
 Peut-être avaient-ils vu tomber bien des royaumes."

The supernatural realism of the whole vision surpasses the most imaginative work of Shelley and recalls the most imaginative work of Coleridge.

But it is impossible even to indicate more than a thousandth part of the treasure contained in these seven books. The poems of meditation and depression, aspiration and faith, touch again on keys of thought and feeling often touched before, but never without striking some new note. From these I quote but one more stanza, to which even the author has left us few that are superior, if hundreds upon hundreds that are equal.

" L'ancre est un poids qui rompt le câble.
 Tout est promis, rien n'est tenu.
 Serait-ce donc que l'implacable
 Est un des noirs de l'inbonnu ? *
 Quel est donc ce maître farouche
 Qui pour la toile fait la mouche,
 E'orageux cheval pour le mors,
 Tous les escaliers pour descendre,
 Oui pour non, le feu pour la cendre,
 La mémoire pour le remords ? "

The brighter and lighter poems of this many-voiced and many-coloured book are not less full of spontaneous grace and native strength than those which deal with matter of meditation or of mourning. All the joy of a great poet in his art, all the pleasure of a great artist in his work, find utterance here and there in it : as likewise does all the scorn of a great man for pedants, of a good man for unbelievers in goodness.

" Définitions : Mesdames
 Et messieurs, l'ancien bon goût,
 C'est l'âne ayant charge d'âmes,
 C'est Rien grand prêtre de Tout.

 C'est bête sans être fauve,
 C'est prêcher sans enseigner,
 C'est Phœbus devenu chauve,
 Qui tâche de se peigner."

Such notes as these give new life and variety to the inexhaustible concert which includes also the majestic lines on the reason for the sufferings of great men, the superb allegory on the danger of spiritual high places, and the noble elegy—now at last restored to circulation—on the death of Théophile Gautier.

Any student would at once recognise the author of the following four lines.

" La rosée inondait les fleurs à peine écloses ;
 Elles jouaient, riant de leur rire sans fiel.
 Deux choses ici-bas vont bien avec les roses,
 Le rire des enfants et les larmes du ciel."

Among the many personal poems here collected and arranged with admirable care and taste I venture to select as especially notable and noble the lines addressed to two friends of the writer who were at enmity with each other ; presumably, if I may conjecture, from the indications given or suggested in the poem, Alexandre Dumas and Jules Janin. But the lyrical elegy on Mme Gay de Girardin, though it cannot be more loftily pathetic or more tenderly impressive than this appeal of an exile to be allowed the pleasure of reconciling friends at variance—and at home, is more remarkable for the magnificent fascination of its metrical quality.

“ Paix à vous, bon cœur utile,
 Beaux yeux clos,
 Esprit splendide et fertile !
 Elle aimait ma petite île,
 Mes grands flots,

“ Ces champs de trèfle et de seigle,
 Ce doux sol,
 L’océan que l’astre règle,
 Et mon noir rocher, où l’aigle
 Prend son vol.

* * *

“ Dieu, c’est la nuit que tu sèmes
 En créant
 Les hommes, ces noirs problèmes;
 Nous sommes les masques blêmes
 Du néant;

“ Nous sommes l’algue et la houle,
 O semeur !
 Nous flottons; le vent nous roule;
 Toute notre œuvre s’écroule
 En rumeur.

* * *

“ Pendant qu’assis sous les branches,
 Nous pleurons,
 Âme, tu souris, tu penches
 Tes deux grandes ailes blanches
 Sur nos fronts.

* * *

“ Dieu, là, dans ce sombre monde,
 Met l’amour,
 Et tous les ports dans cette ondo,
 Et dans cette ombre profonde
 Tout le jour.

“ O vivants qui dans la brume,
 Dans le deuil,
 Passez comme un flot qui fume
 Et n’êtes que de l’écume
 Sur l’écueil,

“ Vivez dans les clartés fausses,
 Expiez !
 Moi, Dieu bon qui nous exauce !
 Je sens remuer les fosses
 Sous mes pieds.

“ Il est temps que je m’en aille
 Loin du bruit,
 Sous la ronce et la broussaille,
 Retrouver ce qui tressaille
 Dans la nuit.

“ Tous mes nœuds dans le mystère
 Sont dissous.
 L’ombre est ma patrie austère.
 J’ai moins d’amis sur la terre
 Que dessous.”

Among more poems of similar if not equal beauty, that which describes the author's visit to Jersey, twenty years after his first arrival, seems to me to stand out as though invested with a special sublimity of pathos. The sweetness of the shore, the splendour of the sea, the fragrance of the heather, the grandeur of the cliffs "que l'onde ignore et rompe," the glory and the beauty of cloud and flower, of wind and foam, all serve as heralds to the closing thought—

"Et combien vivaient, qui sont morts !"

It was supposed that Hugo, like Landor, had never written—had perhaps vowed never to write—a sonnet; but the one headed *Ave, Dea; moriturus te salutat*, may be ranked among the grandest and most graceful in the world. The three which find place in a later division of the book are perhaps unique in their fusion of poetry with irony and humour with imagination: but this one is perfect in its sweet and serious union of courtesy with melancholy.

"Nous sommes tous les deux voisins du ciel, madame,
Puisque vous êtes belle et puisque je suis vieux."

But the verses on dawn in a churchyard strike perhaps even a fiercer note in the same key of thought; and those written as it were in aspiring anticipation of death have in them even a deeper and loftier music than these.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PEN, PENCIL, AND POISON: A STUDY.

It has constantly been made a subject of reproach against artists and men of letters that they are lacking in wholeness and completeness of nature. As a rule this must necessarily be so. That very concentration of vision and intensity of purpose which is the characteristic of the artistic temperament is in itself a mode of limitation. To those who are preoccupied with the beauty of form nothing else seems of much importance. Yet there are many exceptions to this rule. Rubens served as ambassador, and Goethe as state councillor, and Milton as Latin secretary to Cromwell. Sophocles held civic office in his own city; the humorists, essayists, and novelists of modern America seem to desire nothing better than to become the diplomatic representatives of their country; and Charles Lamb's friend, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the subject of this brief memoir, though of an extremely artistic temperament, followed many masters other than art, being not merely a poet and a painter, an art-critic, an antiquarian, and a writer of prose, an amateur of beautiful things, and a dilettante of things delightful, but also a forger of no mean or ordinary capabilities, and as a subtle and secret poisoner almost without rival in this or any age.

This remarkable man, so powerful with "pen, pencil, and poison," as a great poet of our own day has finely said of him, was born at Chiswick in 1794. His father was the son of a distinguished solicitor of Gray's Inn and Hatton Garden. His mother was the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Griffiths, the editor and founder of the *Monthly Review*, the partner in another literary speculation of Thomas Davies, that famous bookseller of whom Johnson said that he was not a bookseller, but "a gentleman who dealt in books," the friend of Goldsmith and Wedgwood, and one of the most well-known men of his day. Mrs. Wainewright died, in giving him birth, at the early age of twenty-one, and an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* tells us of her "amiable disposition and numerous accomplishments," and adds somewhat quaintly that "she is supposed to have understood the writings of Mr. Locke as well as perhaps any person of either sex now living." His father did not long survive his young wife, and the little child seems to have been brought up by his grandfather, and, on the death of the latter in 1803, by his uncle George Edward Griffiths, whom he subsequently poisoned. His boyhood was passed at Linden House, Turnham Green, one of those many fine Georgian mansions that have unfortunately disappeared before the inroads of the suburban builder, and

to its lovely gardens and well-timbered park he owed that simple and impassioned love of nature which never left him all through his life, and which made him so peculiarly susceptible to the spiritual influences of Wordsworth's poetry. He went to school at Charles Burney's academy at Hammersmith. Mr. Burney was the son of the historian of music, and the near kinsman of the artistic lad who was destined to turn out his most remarkable pupil. He seems to have been a man of a good deal of culture, and in after years Mr. Wainewright often spoke of him with much affection as a philosopher, an archæologist, and an admirable teacher who, while he valued the intellectual side of education, did not forget the importance of early moral training. It was under Mr. Burney that he first developed his talent as an artist, and Mr. Hazlitt tells us that a drawing-book which he used at school is still extant, and displays great talent and natural feeling. Indeed, painting was the first art that fascinated him. It was not till much later that he sought to find expression by pen or poison.

Before this, however, he seems to have been carried away by what he thought was the romance and chivalry of a soldier's life, and to have become a young guardsman. But the reckless dissipated life of his companions failed to satisfy the refined artistic temperament of one who was made for other things. In a short time he wearied of the service. "Art," he tells us, in words that still move many by their ardent sincerity and strange fervour, "art touched her renegade; by her pure and high influence the noisome mists were purged; my feelings, parched, hot, and tarnished, were renovated with cool, fresh bloom, simple, beautiful to the simple-hearted." But art was not the only cause of the change. "The writings of Wordsworth," he goes on to say, "did much towards calming the confusing whirl necessarily incident to sudden mutations. I wept over them tears of happiness and gratitude." He accordingly left the army, with its rough barrack-life and coarse mess-room tittle-tattle, and returned to Linden House, full of this new-born enthusiasm for culture. A severe illness, in which, to use his own words, he was "broken like a vessel of clay," prostrated him for a time. His delicately strung organization, however indifferent it might have been to inflicting pain on others, was itself most keenly sensitive to pain. He shrank from suffering as a thing that mars and maims human life, and seems to have wandered through that terrible valley of melancholia from which so many great, perhaps greater, spirits have never emerged. But he was young—only twenty-five years of age—and he soon passed out of the "dead black waters," as he called them, into the larger air of humanistic culture. As he was recovering from the illness that had led him almost to the gates of death, he conceived the idea of taking up literature as an art. "I said with

John Woodvill, 'It were a life of gods to dwell in such an element,' to see, and hear, and *write* brave things:—

"These high and gusty wishes of life
Have no allayings of mortality."

It is impossible not to feel that in this passage we have the utterance of a man who had a true passion for letters. "To see, and hear, and write brave things," this was his aim.

Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, struck with the young man's genius, or under the influence of the strange fascination that he exercised on every one who knew him, invited him to write a series of articles on artistic subjects, and under the fanciful pseudonyms of *Janus Weathercock* and *Egomot Bonmot* he began to contribute to the literature of his day. In an incredibly short time he seems to have made his mark. Charles Lamb speaks of "kind, light-hearted Wainwright," whose prose is "capital." We hear of him entertaining Macready, John Forster, Maginn, Talfourd, Sir Wentworth Dilke, the poet John Clare, and others, at a *petit-dîner*. Like Disraeli, he determined to startle the town as a dandy, and his beautiful rings, his antique cameo breast-pin, and his pale lemon-coloured kid gloves, were well known, and indeed were regarded by Hazlitt as being the signs of a new manner in literature: while his rich curly hair, fine eyes, and exquisite white hands gave him the dangerous and delightful distinction of being different from others. There was something in him of Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré. At times he reminds us of Julien Sorel.

It must be admitted that his literary work hardly justifies his reputation. But it is only the Philistine who seeks to estimate a personality by the vulgar test of production. This young dandy sought to be somebody, rather than to do something. He recognised that life itself is an art, and has its modes of style no less than the arts that seek to express it. Nor is his work without interest. He seems to have anticipated many of those accidents of modern culture that are regarded by many as true essentials. He writes about La Gioconda, and early French poets, and the Italian Renaissance. He loves Greek gems, and Persian carpets, and Elizabethan translations of *Cupid and Psyche*, and the *Hypnerotomachia*, and book-bindings, and early editions, and wide-margined proofs. He is keenly sensitive to the value of beautiful surroundings, and never wearies of describing to us the rooms in which he lived, or would have liked to live. He had that curious love of green, which in individuals is always the sign of a subtle artistic temperament, and in nations is said to herald a laxity, if not a decadence of morals. Like Baudelaire he was extremely fond of cats, and like Gautier, he was fascinated by that "marble monster" of both sexes that we can still see at Florence and in the Louvre.

There is of course much in his descriptions, and his suggestions for decoration, that shows that he did not entirely free himself from the false taste of his time. But it is clear that he was one of the first to recognise what is, indeed, the very keynote and keystone of all modern decorative schemes, I mean the true harmony of all really beautiful things irrespective of age or place, of school or manner. He saw that in decorating a room, which is to be not a room for show but a room to live in, we should never aim at any archaeological reconstruction of the past, nor burden ourselves with any fanciful necessity for historical accuracy. In this he was perfectly right. All beautiful things belong to the same age.

And so in his own library, as he describes it, we find the delicate fictile vase of the Greek, with its exquisitely painted figures and the faint ΚΑΛΟΣ finely traced upon its side, and behind it hangs an engraving of the "Delphic Sibyl" of Michael Angelo, or of the "Pastoral" of Giorgione. Here is a bit of Florentine majolica, and here a rude lamp from some old Roman tomb. On the table lies a book of Hours, "cased in a cover of solid silver gilt, wrought with quaint devices and studded with small brilliants and rubies," and close by it "squats a little ugly monster, a Lar, perhaps, dug up in the sunny fields of corn-bearing Sicily." Some dark antique bronzes contrast "with the pale gleam of two noble *Christi Crucifixi*, one carved in ivory, the other moulded in wax." He has his trays of Tassie's gems, his tiny Louis-Quatorze *bonbonnière* with a miniature by Petitot, his highly prized "brown-biscuit teapots, flagree-worked," his citron morocco letter-case, and his "pomora-green" chair.

One can see him lying there in the midst of his casts and books and engravings, like a virtuoso or a connoisseur, turning over his fine collection of Marc Antonios, and his Turner's "Liber Studiorum," of which he was a great admirer, or examining with a magnifier some of his antique gems and cameos, "the head of Alexander on an onyx of two strata," or "that superb *altissimo rilievo* on cornelian, Jupiter, Ægiocbus." He was always a great amateur of engravings, and gives some very useful suggestions as to the best means of forming a collection. Indeed, while fully appreciating modern art, he never lost sight of the importance of reproductions of the great masterpieces of the past, and all that he says about the value of plaster casts is quite admirable.

As an art-critic he concerned himself primarily with the complex impressions produced by a work of art, and certainly the first step in æsthetic criticism is to realise one's own impressions. He cared nothing for abstract discussions on the nature of the beautiful, and the historical method, which has since yielded such rich fruit, did not belong to his day, but he never lost sight of the great truth

that art's first appeal is neither to the intellect nor to the emotions, but purely to the artistic temperament, and he more than once points out that this temperament, this "taste," as he calls it, being unconsciously guided and made perfect by frequent contact with the best work, becomes in the end a form of right judgment. Of course there are fashions in art just as there are fashions in dress, and perhaps none of us can ever quite free ourselves from the influence of custom and the influence of novelty. He certainly could not, and he frankly acknowledges how difficult it is to form any fair estimate of contemporary work. But, on the whole, his taste was good and sound. He admired Turner and Constable at a time when they were not so much thought of as they are now, and saw that for the highest landscape art we require more than "mere industry and accurate transcription." Of Crome's "Heath Scene near Norwich" he remarks that it shows "how much a subtle observation of the elements, in their wild moods, does for a most uninteresting flat," and of the popular type of landscape of his day he says that it is "simply an enumeration of hill and dale, stumps of trees, shrubs, water, meadows, cottages, and houses; what is commonly called a *view*, little more than topography, a kind of pictorial map-work; in which rainbows, showers, mists, haloes, large beams shooting through rifted clouds, storms, starlight, all the most valued materials of the real painter, are not." He had a thorough dislike of what is obvious or commonplace in art, and cared as little for Wilkie's pictures as he did for Crabbe's poems. With the imitative and realistic tendencies of his day he had no sympathy, and he tells us frankly that his great admiration for Fuseli was largely due to the fact that Fuseli did not consider it necessary that an artist should only paint what he sees. The qualities that he sought for in a picture were composition, beauty and dignity of line, richness of colour, and imaginative power. Upon the other hand, he was not a doctrinaire. "I hold that no work of art can be tried otherwise than by laws deduced from itself: whether or not it be consistent with itself is the question." This is one of his excellent aphorisms. And in criticising painters so different as Landseer and Martin, Stothard and Etty, he shows that, to use a now classical phrase, he is trying "to see the object as it really is." • • •

However, as I pointed out before, he never feels quite at his ease in his criticisms of contemporary work. "The present," he says, "is about as agreeable a confusion to me as Ariosto on the first perusal. . . . Modern things dazzle me. I must look at them through Time's telescope. Elia complains that to him the merit of a MS. poem is uncertain; '*print*,' as he excellently says, 'settles it.' Fifty years toning does the same thing to a picture." He is happier when he is writing about Watteau and Lancret, about Rubens and Gior-

gione, about Rembrandt, Correggio, and Michael Angelo; happiest of all when he is writing about Greek things. What is Gothic touched him very little, but classical art and the art of the Renaissance were always dear to him. He saw what our English art could gain from a study of Greek models, and never wearied of pointing out to the young student the artistic possibilities that lie dormant in Hellenic marbles and Hellenic methods of work. The highest praise that we can give to him is that he tried to revive style as a conscious tradition. But he saw that no amount of art-lectures or art congresses, or "plans for advancing the fine arts" will ever produce this result. The people, he says very wisely, must always have "the best models constantly before their eyes."

As regards his own method as an art critic he is often extremely technical, and talks learnedly of "a delicate Schiavone, various as a tulip-bed, with rich broken tints," of "a glowing portrait, remarkable for *morbidezza*, by the scarce Moroni," and of another picture being "pulpy in the carnations." Of Tintoret's "St. George delivering the Egyptian Princess from the Dragon" he remarks:—

"The robe of Sabra, warmly glazed with Prussian blue, is relieved from the pale greenish background by a vermilion scarf; and the full hues of both are beautifully echoed, as it were, in a lower key by the purple-lake coloured stuffs and bluish iron armour of the saint, besides an ample balance to the vivid azure drapery on the foreground in the indigo shades of the wild wood surrounding the castle."

But, as a rule, he deals with his impressions of the work as an artistic whole, and tries to translate those impressions into words, to give, as it were, the literary equivalent for the visual and mental effect. He was one of the first to develop what Sir George Trevelyan once called the art-literature of the nineteenth century, that form of literature which has found in Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Browning its two most perfect exponents. His description of Lancret's *Repas Italien*, in which "a dark-haired girl, 'amorous of mischief,' lies on the daisy-powdered grass," is in some respects very charming. Here is his account of "The Crucifixion," by Rembrandt. It is extremely characteristic of his style:—

"Darkness—sooty, portentous darkness—shrouds the whole scene: only above the accursed word, as if through a horrid rift in the murky ceiling, a rainy deluge—'sleety-flaw, discoloured water'—streams down again, spreading a grisly spectral light, even more horrible than that palpable night. Already the Earth pants thick and fast! the darkened Cross trembles! the winds are dropt—the air is stagnant—a muttering rumble growls underneath their feet, and some of that miserable crowd begin to fly down the hill. The horses snuff the coming terror, and become unmanageable through fear. The moment rapidly approaches when, nearly torn asunder by his own weight, fainting with loss of blood, which now runs in narrower rivulets from his slit veins, his temples and breast drowned in sweat, and his black tongue

parched with the fiery death-fever, Jesus cried, 'I thirst.' The deadly vinegar is elevated to him.

"His head sinks, and the sacred corpse 'swings senseless of the cross.' A sheet of vermillion flame shoots sheer through the air and vanishes; the rocks of Carmel and Lebanon cleave asunder; the sea rolls on high from the sands its black weltering waves. Earth yawns, and the graves give up their dwellers. The dead and the living are mingled together in unnatural conjunction and hurry through the holy city. New prodigies await them there. The veil of the temple—the unpierceable veil—is rent asunder from top to bottom, and that dreaded recess containing the Hebrew mysteries—the fatal ark, with the tables and seven-branched candelabrum—is disclosed by the light of unearthly flames to the God-deserted multitude.

"Rembrandt never painted this sketch, and he was quite right. It would have lost nearly all its charms in losing that perplexing veil of indistinctness which affords such ample range wherein the doubting imagination may speculate. At present it is like a thing in another world. A dark gulf is betwixt us. It is not tangible by the body. We can only approach it in the spirit."

In this passage, written, the author tells us, "in awe and reverence," there is much that is terrible, horrible even, but it is not without a certain crude form of power. It is pleasanter, however, to pass to this description of Giulio Romano's "Cephalus and Procris":—

"We should read Moschus's lament for Dion, the sweet shepherd, before looking at this picture, or study the picture as a preparation for the lament. We have nearly the same images in both. For either victim the high groves and forest dells murmur; the flowers exhale sad perfume from their buds; the nightingale mourns on the craggy lands, and the swallow in the long-winding vales; 'the satyrs, too, and fauns dark-veiled groan,' and the fountain nymphs within the wood melt into tearful waters. The sheep and goats leave their pasture; and oreads, 'who love to scale the most inaccessible tops of all uprightest rocks,' hurry down from the song of their wind-courting pines; while the dryads bend from the branches of the meeting trees, and the rivers moan for white Procris, 'with many-sobbing streams,'

"Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice."

The golden bees are silent on the thymy Hymettus; and the knelling horn of Aurora's love no more shall scatter away the cold twilight on the top of Hymettus. The foreground of our subject is a grassy sunburnt bank, broken into swells and hollows like waves (a sort of land-breakers), rendered more uneven by many foot-tripping roots and stumps of trees stocked untimely by the axe, which are again throwing out light green shoots. This bank rises rather suddenly on the right to a clustering grove, penetrable to no star, at the entrance of which sits the stunned Thessalian king, holding between his knees that ivory-bright body which was, but an instant ago, parting the rough boughs with her smooth forehead, and treading alike on thorns and flowers with jealousy-stung foot—now helpless, heavy, void of all motion, save when the breeze lifts her thick hair in mockery.

"From between the closely-neighbour'd boles astonished nymphs press forward with loud cries—

"And deerskin-vested satyrs, crowned with ivy twists, advance;
 And put strange pity in their horned countenance."

"Laelaps lies beneath, and shows by his panting the rapid pace of death. On the other side of the group, Virtuous Love with 'vans dejected' folds

forth the arrow to an approaching troop of sylvan people, fauns, rams, goats, satyrs, and satyr-mothers, pressing their children tighter with their fearful hands, who hurry along from the left in a sunken path between the foreground and a rocky wall, on whose lowest ridge a brook-guardian pours from her urn her grief-telling waters. Above, and more remote than the Ephidryad, another female, rending her locks, appears among the vine-festooned pillars of an unshorn grove. The centre of the picture is filled by shady meadows, sinking down to a river-mouth; beyond is 'the vast strength of the ocean stream,' from whose floor the extinguisher of stars, rosy Aurora, drives furiously up her bine-washed steeds to behold the death-pangs of her rival."

In everything connected with the stage he was always extremely interested, and upheld the necessity for archæological accuracy in costume and scene-painting. "In art," he says in one of his essays, "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well;" and he points out that once we allow the intrusion of anachronisms, it becomes difficult to say where the line is to be drawn. In literature, like Lord Beaconsfield on a famous occasion, he was "on the side of the angels." He was one of the first to admire Keats and Shelley—"the tremulously-sensitive and poetical Shelley," as he calls him. His admiration for Wordsworth was sincere and profound. He loved Alain Chartier, and Ronsard, and the Elizabethan dramatists, and Chaucer, and Chapman, and Petrarch. To him all the arts were one. "Our critics," he says in one of his essays, "seem hardly aware of the identity of the primal seeds of poetry and painting, nor that any true advancement in the serious study of one art cogenerates a proportionate perfection in the other;" and he says elsewhere that if a man who does not admire Michael Angelo talks of his love for Milton, he is deceiving either himself or his listeners. To his fellow-contributors on the *London Magazine* and his contemporaries he was always extremely generous, and praises Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Elton, and Leigh Hunt without anything of the malice of a friend. Some of his sketches of Charles Lamb are admirable in their way, though not free from affectation:—

"What can I say of thee more than all know? that thou hadst the gaiety of a boy with the knowledge of a man: as gentle a heart as ever sent tears to the eyes.

"How wittily would he mistake your meaning, and put in a conceit most seasonably out of season. His talk without affectation was compressed, like his beloved Elizabethans, even unto obscurity. Like grains of fine gold, his sentences would beat out into whole sheets. He had small mercy on spurious fame, and a caustic observation on the *fashion for men of genius* was a standing dish. Sir Thomas Browne was a 'bosom cronie' of his; so was Burton, and old Fuller. In his amorous vein he dallied with that peerless Duchess of many-folio odour; and with the heyday comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher he induced light dreams. He would deliver critical touches on these, like one inspired, but it was good to let him choose his own game; if another began even on the acknowledged pets he was liable to interrupt, or rather append, in a mode difficult to define whether as misapprehensive or mischievous. One

night at C——'s, the above dramatic partners were the temporary subject of chat. Mr. X. commended the passion and haughty style of a tragedy (I don't know which of them), but was instantly taken up by Elia, who told him 'That was nothing; the lyrics were the high things—the lyrics!'"

One side of his literary career deserves especial notice. Modern journalism may be said to owe almost as much to him as to any man of the early part of this century. He was the pioneer of Asiatic prose, and delighted in pictorial epithets, and pompous exaggerations. To have a style so gorgeous that it conceals the subject is one of the highest achievements of an important and much admired school of modern journalism, and Mr. Wainewright may be said to have invented this school. He also saw that it was quite easy by continued reiteration to make the public interested in his own personality, and in his purely journalistic articles this extraordinary young man tells the world what he had for dinner, where he gets his clothes, what wines he likes, and in what state of health he is, just as if he were writing weekly notes for some popular newspaper of our own day. This is the least charming side of his work, and it is the one that has had the most obvious influence.

Like most artificial people he had a great love of nature. "I hold three things in high estimation," he says somewhere: "to sit lazily on an eminence that commands a rich prospect; to be shadowed by thick trees while the sun shines around me; and to enjoy solitude with the consciousness of neighbourhood. The country gives them all to me." He writes about his wandering over fragrant furze and heath repeating Collins's "Ode to Evening," just to catch the quality of the moment; about smothering his face "in a watery bed of cowslips, wet with May-dews;" and about the pleasure of seeing the sweet-breathed kine "pass slowly homeward through the twilight," and hearing "the distant clunk of the sheep-bell." One phrase of his, "the polyanthus glowed in its cold bed of earth, like a solitary picture of Giorgione on a dark oaken panel," is curiously characteristic of the man, and this passage is rather pretty in its way—

"The short tender grass was covered with marguerites—'such that men called daisies in our town'—thick as stars on a summer's night. The harsh caw of the busy rooks came pleasantly mellowed from a high dusky grove of elms at some distance off, and at intervals was heard the voice of a boy scaring away the birds from the newly-sown seeds. The blue depths were the colour of the darkest ultramarine; not a cloud streaked the calm æther; only round the horizon's edge streamed a light, warm, film of misty vapour, against which the near village with its ancient stone church showed sharply out with blind-whiteness. I thought of Wordsworth's 'Lines written in March.'"

However, we must not forget that the cultivated young man who penned these lines, and who was so susceptible to Wordsworthian influences, was also, as I said at the beginning of this article, one of the most subtle and secret poisoners of this or any age. How he

first became fascinated by this strange sin he does not tell us, and the diary in which he carefully noted the 'results of his terrible experiments and the methods that he adopted, has unfortunately been lost to us. There is no doubt, however, that the poison that he used was strychnine. In one of the beautiful rings of which he was so proud, and which served to show off the fine modelling of his delicate ivory hands, he used to carry crystals of the Indian *nux vomica*, a poison, one of his biographers tells us, "nearly tasteless, difficult of discovery, and capable of almost infinite dilution." His first victim was his uncle, Mr. Thomas Griffiths. He murdered him in 1829 to gain possession of Linden House, a place to which he had always been very much attached. In the August of the next year he poisoned Mrs. Abercrombie, his wife's mother, and in the following December he poisoned the lovely Helen Abercrombie, his sister-in-law. Why he murdered Mrs. Abercrombie is not known, but the murder of Helen Abercrombie was carried out by himself and his wife for the sake of a sum of about £18,000 for which they had insured her life in various offices. The circumstances of the murder were as follows. On the 12th of December he and his wife and child came up to London from Linden House, and took lodgings at No. 12, Conduit Street, Regent Street. With them were the two sisters, Helen and Madeleine Abercrombie. On the evening of the 14th they all went to the play, and at supper that night Mr. Wainwright began to poison Helen. The next day she was extremely ill, and Dr. Locock, of Hanover Square, was called in to attend her. She remained ill till Monday the 20th, when, after the doctor's morning visit, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright brought her some poisoned jelly, and then went out for a walk. When they returned Helen Abercrombie was dead. She was about twenty years of age, a tall graceful girl with fair hair. A very charming red-chalk drawing of her by Mr. Wainwright is still in existence, and shows how much his style as an artist was influenced by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for whom he had always entertained a great admiration.

The insurance companies, suspecting the murder, refused to pay the policy on the technical ground of misrepresentation and want of interest, and Mr. Wainwright entered an action in the Court of Chancery against the Imperial, it being agreed that one decision should decide all the cases. The trial, however, did not come on for five years, when after one disagreement, a verdict was ultimately given in favour of the companies. The judge on the occasion was Lord Abinger. Mr. Wainwright was represented by Mr. Erle and Sir William Follett, and the Attorney-General and Sir Frederick Pollock appeared for the companies. The plaintiff was not present, however, at either of the trials. The refusal of the com-

panies to pay the £18,000 had placed him in a position of great pecuniary embarrassment. Indeed, a few months after the murder of Helen Abercrombie, he had been arrested for debt while he was serenading some friends of his who lived in Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square. This difficulty was got over at the time, but shortly afterwards he thought it better to go abroad till he could come to some arrangement with his creditors. He accordingly went to Boulogne on a visit to a Norfolk gentleman who was a great friend of his, and who had an extremely pretty daughter. Indeed it was the daughter whom he had been serenading at the time of his arrest. While he was there, wishing to revenge himself on the insurance companies, he induced his friend to insure his life with the Pelican office for £3,000. As soon as the necessary formalities had been gone through and the policy executed, he poisoned him by dropping some crystals of strychnine into his coffee as they sat together one evening after dinner. He himself did not gain any monetary advantage by doing this, but he revenged himself on one of the offices. His friend died the next day in his presence, and he left Boulogne at once for a sketching tour in Brittany, and was for some time the guest of an old French gentleman, who had a beautiful country house at St. Omer. From this he moved to Paris, where he remained for several years. In 1837 he returned to England privately. Some strange mad fascination brought him back. He followed a woman whom he loved.

It was the month of June, and he was staying at one of the hotels in Covent Garden. His sitting-room was on the ground floor, and he prudently kept the blinds down for fear of being seen. Thirteen years before, when he was making his fine collection of majolica and Marc Antonios, he had forged the names of his trustees to a power of attorney, which enabled him to get possession of some of the money which he had inherited from his mother, and which he had brought into marriage settlement. He knew that this forgery had been discovered, and that by returning to England he was imperilling his life. Yet he returned.

He was discovered by an accident. A noise in the street attracted his attention, and he pushed aside the blind for a moment. Some one outside called out, "That's Wainewright, the Bank-forgery." It was Forrester, the Bow Street runner.

On the 5th of July he was brought up at the Old Bailey. The following report of the proceedings appeared in the *Times*.—

"Before Mr. Justice Vaughan and Mr. Baron Alderson, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, aged forty-two, a man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing mustachios, was indicted for forging and uttering a certain power of attorney for £2,259, with intent to defraud the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

"There were five indictments against the prisoner, to all of which he pleaded not guilty, when he was arraigned before Mr. Serjeant Arabin in the course of

the morning. On being brought before the judges, however, he begged to be allowed to withdraw the former plea, and then pleaded guilty to two of the indictments, which were not of a capital nature.

"The counsel for the Bank having explained that there were three other indictments, but that the Bank did not desire to shed blood, the plea of guilty on the two minor charges was recorded, and the prisoner at the close of the session sentenced by the Recorder to transportation for life."

He was taken back to Newgate, preparatory to his removal to the colonies. In one of his early essays he had fancied himself "lying in Horsemonger Gaol under sentence of death" for having been unable to resist the temptation of stealing some Marc Antonios from the British Museum to complete his collection. The sentence now passed on him was to a man of his culture a form of death. He complained bitterly of it to his friends, and pointed out, with a good deal of reason, that the money was his own, having come to him from his mother, and that the forgery, such as it was, had been committed thirteen years before, which, to use his own phrase, was at least a *circonstance atténuante*. The permanence of personality is a very subtle metaphysical problem, and certainly the English law solves the question in an extremely rough-and-ready manner. There is, however, something dramatic in the fact that this heavy punishment was inflicted on him for the least of all his sins.

While he was in Newgate, Dickens, Macready, and Hablot Browne came across him by chance. They had been going over the prisons of London, and in Newgate they suddenly caught sight of him. He met them with a defiant stare, Forster tells us, but Macready was "horried to recognise a man familiarly known to him in former years, and at whose table he had dined."

His cell was for some time a kind of fashionable lounge. Many men of letters went down to visit their old literary comrade. But he was no longer the kind light-hearted Janus whom Charles Lamb admired. He seems to have grown extremely cynical.

To the agent of an insurance company who was visiting him one afternoon, and who thought he would improve the occasion by pointing out that, after all, crime was a bad speculation, he replied: "Sir, you City men enter on your speculations and take the chances of them. Some of your speculations succeed, some fail. Mine happen to have failed, yours happen to have succeeded, that is the only difference, sir, between my visitor and me. But, sir, I will tell you one thing in which I have succeeded to the last. I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. I have always done so. I do so still. It is the custom of this place that each of the inmates of a cell shall take his morning's turn of sweeping it out. I occupy a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep, but they never offer me the broom!" When a friend reproached him with the murder of Helen Abercrombie he shrugged his shoulders

and said, "Yes; it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very ugly ankles."

From Newgate he was brought to the hulks at Portsmouth, and sent from there in the *Susan* to Van Diemen's Land with three hundred other convicts. He described the ship in a letter to a friend as "a moral sepulchre," and spoke bitterly about the ignominy of "the companion of poets and artists being put in irons," and being compelled to associate with "country bumpkins."

His love of art never deserted him. At Hobart Town he started a studio, and returned to sketching and portrait-painting, and his conversation and manners seem not to have lost their charm. Nor did he give up his habit of poisoning, and there are two cases on record in which he tried to make away with people who had offended him. However his hand seems to have lost its cunning. In 1844 he presented a memorial to the governor of the settlement, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, praying for a ticket-of-leave. In it he speaks of himself as being "tormented by ideas struggling for outward form and realisation, barred up from increase of knowledge, and deprived of the exercise of profitable or even of decorous speech." His request, however, was refused, and he consoled himself with opium-eating. In 1852 he died of apoplexy, his sole living companion being a cat, for which he evinced an extraordinary affection.

His crimes seem to have had a curious effect upon his art. They gave a strong personality to his style, a quality that his early work certainly lacked. In a note to the Life of Dickens, Forster mentions that in 1847 Lady Blessington received from her brother, Major Bovor, who held a military appointment at Hobart Town, an oil portrait of a young lady from his clever brush; and it is said that "he had contrived to put the expression of his own wickedness into the portrait of a nice, kind-hearted girl." M. Zola, in one of his novels, tells us of a young man who, having committed a murder, takes to art, and paints greenish portraits of perfectly respectable people, all of which bear a curious resemblance to his victim. The development of Mr. Wainewright's style seems to me far more subtle and suggestive. I can fancy an intense personality being created out of sin.

This strange and fascinating figure that for a few years dazzled literary London, and made so brilliant a *début* in life and letters, seems to me to be a most interesting psychological study. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, his latest biographer, to whom I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this article, and whose little book is, indeed, quite invaluable in its way, is of opinion that his love of art and nature was a mere pretence and assumption, and others have denied to him all literary power. This seems to me a shallow, or at least a mistaken, view. The fact of a man being a poisoner is nothing

against his prose. The domestic virtues are not the true basis of art, though they may serve as an excellent advertisement for art. It is possible that I may have exaggerated his critical powers, and I cannot help saying that there is much in his published works that is too familiar, too common, too journalistic, in the bad sense of that bad word. Here and there he is very vulgar in expression, and he is always lacking in the self-restraint of the true artist. But for some of his faults we must blame the time in which he lived, and, after all, prose that Charles Lamb thought "capital" has no small historic interest. That he had a sincere love of art and nature seems to me quite certain. There is no essential incongruity between crime and culture. We cannot re-write the whole of history for the purpose of gratifying our moral sense of what should be.

Of course, he is far too close to our own time for us to be able to form any purely artistic judgment about him. It is impossible not to feel a strong prejudice against a man who might have poisoned one's own grandmother, or, if not impossible, certainly difficult. But had the man worn a costume and spoken a language different from our own, had he lived in imperial Rome, or at the time of the Italian Renaissance, or in Spain in the seventeenth century, or in any land or any century but this century and this land, we would be quite able to arrive at a perfectly unprejudiced estimate of him. I know that there are many historians, or at least writers on historical subjects, who still think it necessary to apply moral judgments to history, and who distribute their praise or blame with the reckless impartiality of a successful schoolmaster. This, however, is a foolish habit, and merely shows that the moral instinct can be brought to such a pitch of perfection that it will make its appearance wherever it is not required. Nobody with any true historical sense ever dreams of blaming Nero, or scolding Tiberius, or censuring Cæsar Borgia. These personages have become like the puppets of a play. They may fill us with terror, or horror, or wonder, but they do not harm us. They are not in immediate relations with us. We have nothing to fear from them. They have passed into the sphere of art and of science, and neither art nor science knows anything of moral approval or disapproval. And so it may be some day with Charles Lamb's friend. At present he is just a little too modern to be treated in that fine spirit of disinterested curiosity to which we owe so many charming studies of the great criminals of the Italian Renaissance. However, art has not forgotten him. He is the hero of Dickens's *Hunted Down*, the Varney of Bulwer's *Lucretia*; and it is gratifying to note that fiction has paid some homage to one who was so powerful with "pen, pencil, and poison."

OSCAR WILDE.

A COMPARISON OF ELIZABETHAN WITH VICTORIAN POETRY.

I.

ENGLISH literature, under the Tudors and the first king of the house of Stuart, owed much of its unexampled richness to a felicitous combination of circumstances. Feudalism had received a mortal wound in the Wars of the Roses, and was dying. The people came to knowledge of itself, and acquired solidity during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. Englishmen were brought into the comity of European nations through Wolsey's audacious diplomacy. They began to feel their force as an important factor, which had henceforth to be reckoned with in peace or war. Grave perils attended the formation of Great Britain into a separate and self-sustaining integer of Europe; nor was it until the Protectorate that these islands made their full weight recognised. None of the perils, however, which shook England during the period of consolidation, sufficed to disturb the equilibrium of government and social order. On the other hand, they stimulated patriotism, and braced the nation with a sense of its own dignity. Our final rupture with Rome, after the trials of Queen Mary's reign were over, satisfied the opinion of a large majority. Our collision with Spain, in the crisis marked by the Armada, took a turn which filled the population with reverent and religious enthusiasm. These two decisive passages in English history promoted the pride of the race, and inspired it with serious ardour. Instead of weakening the Crown or the Church, they had the effect of rendering both necessary to the nation. Then, when Scotland was united to England and Ireland, at the accession of James, a disciplined and nobly expansive people thought themselves for a moment on the pinnacle of felicity.

While the English were thus becoming a powerful and self-conscious nation, those intellectual changes which divided the mediæval from the modern period, and which we know by the names of Renaissance and Reformation, took place. It is a peculiarity of this transition time in our islands, that what used to be called "the new learning," with its new theories of education, its new way of regarding nature, and its new conceptions of human life, was introduced simultaneously with the Reformation. Italy had accomplished the Revival of Learning; Germany had revolted against Catholicism. France had felt both movements unequally and partially, amid the confusion of civil wars and the clash of contending sects. Italy,

after the Tridentine Council, was relapsing into reactionary dulness. Germany was dismembered by strifes and schisms. France underwent the throes of a passionate struggle, which subordinated the intellectual aspects of both Renaissance and Reformation to political interest. England alone, meanwhile, enjoyed the privilege of receiving that twofold 'influx' of the modern spirit without an overwhelming strain upon her vital forces. The Marian persecution was severe enough to test the bias of the people, and to remind them of the serious points at issue, without rending society to its foundations. Humanism reached our shores when its first enthusiasms—enthusiasms which seemed in Italy to have brought again the gods and vices of the pagan past—had tempered their delirium. We have only to compare men like More, Ascham, Colet, Buchanan, Camden, Cheke, the pioneers of our Renaissance, with Filelfo, Poggio, Poliziano, Pontano, in order to perceive how far more sober and healthy was the tone of the new learning in Great Britain than in Italy.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that humanism, before it moulded the mind of the English, had already permeated Italian and French literature. Classical erudition had been adapted to the needs of modern thought. Antique authors had been collected, printed, annotated, and translated. They were fairly mastered in the south, and assimilated to the style of the vernacular. By these means much of the learning popularised by our poets, essayists, and dramatists came to us at second-hand, and bore the stamp of contemporary genius. In like manner, the best works of Italian, French, Spanish, and German literature were introduced into Great Britain together with the classics. The age favoured translation, and English readers, before the close of the sixteenth century, were in possession of a cosmopolitan library, in their mother tongue, including choice specimens of ancient and modern masterpieces.

These circumstances sufficiently account for the richness and variety of Elizabethan literature. They also help to explain two points which must strike every student of that literature—its native freshness, and its marked unity of style.

Elizabethan literature was fresh and native, because it was the utterance of a youthful race, aroused to vigorous self-consciousness under conditions which did not depress or exhaust its energies. The English opened frank eyes upon the discovery of the world and man, which had been effected by the Renaissance. They were not wearied with collecting, collating, correcting, transmitting to the press. All the hard work of assimilating the humanities had been done for them. They had only to survey and to enjoy, to feel and to express, to lay themselves open to delightful influences, to con the noble lessons of the past, to thrill beneath the beauty and

the awe of an authentic revelation. Criticism had not laid its cold, dry finger on the blossoms of the fancy. The new learning was still young enough to be a thing of wonder and entrancing joy. To absorb it sufficed. Like the blood made in the veins of a growing man by strong meat and sound wine, it coursed to the brain and created a fine frenzy. That was a period of bright ideas, stimulating creative faculty, animating the people with hope and expectation, undimmed, untarnished by the corrosion of the analytic reason. "Nobly wild, not mad," the adolescent giants of that age, Marlowe and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakespeare, broke into spontaneous numbers, charged with the wisdom and the passion of the ages fused in a divine clairvoyance.

Elizabethan literature has a marked unity of style. We notice a strong generic similarity in those poets which veils their specific differences. This is perhaps the first and most salient point of contrast between Elizabethan and Victorian literature. It makes a cautious critic pause. After the lapse of two centuries, he asks himself, will Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Campbell, William Morris, Rogers, Swinburne, Clough, Rossetti, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the rest of them, seem singing to one dominant tune, in spite of their so obvious differences? Will our posterity discern in them the note in common which we find in Sidney, Herrick, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Marlowe, Jonson, Barnfield, Dekker, Marston, Chapman, Raleigh, Drayton, Drummond, Webster, and the rest of those great predecessors? The question has to be asked; but the answer is not easily given. We can neither reject ourselves into the past, nor project ourselves into the future, with certainty sufficient to decide whether what looks like similarity in the Elizabethan poets, and what looks like diversity in the Victorian poets, are illusions of the present.

Yet something can be attempted in explanation of the apparent puzzle. The circumstances of the Elizabethan age favoured unity of style. The language, to begin with, had recently been remade under the influence of new ideals and new educational systems. Far more than lapse of years and wastes of desolating warfare separated sixteenth-century English from the speech of Chaucer. The spirit itself, which shapes language to the use of mind, had changed through the action of quickening conceptions and powerfully excited energies. And to this change in the spirit the race was eagerly responsive. In a certain way all writers felt the Bible, Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Germany; all strove to be in tune with the new learning. At the same time, criticism was hardly in its cradle; you find a trace of it in Jonson, Bacon, Selden, Camden; but it does not touch the general. The people were any-

thing but analytical, and poetry issued from the very people's heart, as melody from the strings of the violoncello. The spontaneity which we have already noted as a main mark of Elizabethan utterance, led thus to unity of style. The way in which classical masterpieces were then studied, conduced to the same result. Those perennial sources of style were enjoyed in their entirety, absorbed, assimilated, reproduced with freedom. They were not closely scrutinised, examined with the microscope, studied with the view of emphasizing this or that peculiarity a single critic found in them. And the same holds good about contemporary foreign literatures. Everything which these literatures contained was grist for the English mill: not models to be copied, but stuff to be used.

Now compare the intellectual conditions of the Victorian age. Take language first. Instead of having no literary past, except Chaucer, Skelton, the English Bible, and Sir Thomas Mallory behind our backs, we have the long self-conscious period between Dryden and Byron, during which our mother tongue was carefully elaborated upon a definite system. Victorian poetry has to reckon with Elizabethan poetry and the poetry of Queen Anne—for English people call their epochs by the names of queens. This constitutes at the outset a great difference, making for diversity in style. A writer has more models to choose from, more openings for the exercise of his personal predilections. And the mental attitude has altered also. We are highly conscious of our aims, profoundly analytical. All study of literature has become critical and comparative. The scientific spirit makes itself powerfully felt in the domain of art. It is impossible for people of the present to be as fresh and native as the Elizabethans were. Such a mighty stream, *novies Styx interfusa*, in the shape of accumulated erudition, grave national experiences, spirit-quelling doubts, insurgent philosophies, and all too aching pressing facts and fears, divides the men of this time from the men of that. It is enough now to have indicated these points. The argument will return to some of them in detail. For the moment we may safely assert that a prominent note of Elizabethan as distinguished from Victorian literature is unity of tone, due to the felicitous circumstances of the nation in that earlier period.

II.

What then is the characteristic of Elizabethan poetry? I think the answer to this question lies in the words—freedom, adolescence, spontaneity; mainly freedom. The writers of that age were free from the bondage to great names, Virgil or Cicero or Seneca. They owed no allegiance to great languages, like the Latin; to famous canons of taste, like the Aristotelian unities; to scholastic authority.

and academical prescription. They were politically and socially free, adoring the majesty of England in the person of their sovereign, and flattering a national ideal when they burned poetic incense to Elizabeth. That strain of servility which jars upon our finer sense in the romantic epics of Ariosto, and Tasso, is wholly absent from *The Faery Queen*. They were notably free in all that appertains to religion. Where but in England could a playwright have used words at once so just and so bold as these of Dekker?

"The best of men "
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer—
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit :
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

A delicate taste can hardly be offended by this reference to Christ, and yet we feel that it could not have been made except in an age of exceptional liberty. Their freedom was the freedom of young strength, untrammelled energies, with El Dorado in the western main, and boundless regions for the mind to traverse. This makes their touch on truth and good and beauty so right, so natural, so unerring. They have the justice of perception, the clarity of vision, the cleanliness of feeling which belong to generous and healthy manhood in its earliest prime. The consequence of this freedom was that each man in that age wrote what he thought best, wrote out of himself, and sang spontaneously. He had no fear of academies, of censorship, of critical coteries, of ecclesiastical censure, before his eyes. How different in this respect was the liberty of Shakespeare from the servitude of Tasso. At the same time, as we have already seen, this spontaneity was controlled by a strong sense of national unity. The English were possessed with an ideal, which tuned their impassioned utterances to one key-note. "The spirit of the people was patriotic, highly moralised, intensely human, animated by a robust belief in reality; martial, yet jealous of domestic peace; assiduous in toil, yet quick to overleap material obstacles and revel in the dreams of the imagination; manly but delicate; inured to hardship, but not quelled as yet by disappointment and the disillusion of experience. In a word, Elizabethan poetry is the utterance of "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks . . . like an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

Freedom being thus the dominant note of Elizabethan poetry, it follows that the genius of the race will return to it with love and admiration at epochs marked by the resurgent spirit of liberty. This is why the literature of the Victorian age has been so powerfully influenced by that of Elizabeth. The French Revolution shook Europe to the centre, and opened illimitable vistas at the commence-

ment of the century. In 1815 England, after her long struggle with Napoleon, stood crowned with naval and military laurels, in possession of a hardly-earned peace. It is not to be wondered that critics like Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, editors like Gifford, historians like Collier, should have ransacked the forgotten treasures of the Shakespearian drama at this moment. Poetry aimed at Elizabethan phraseology and used Elizabethan metres. Byron adapted the Spenserian and octave stanzas to his purposes of satire and description; Keats and Shelley treated the heroic couplet with Elizabethan laxity of structure and variety of cadence; Wordsworth and Coleridge revived the Elizabethan rhythms of blank verse. The sonnet was cultivated, and lyrical measures assumed bewildering forms of richness. At the same time, a revolt began against those canons of taste which had prevailed in the last century. Wordsworth denounced conventional poetic diction; it savoured of literary treason to profess a particular partiality for Pope; fancy was preferred to sense, exuberance of imagery to chastened style, audacity of invention to logic and correctness.

This return to Elizabethanism has marked the whole course of Victorian poetry. But times are changed, and we ourselves are changed in them. The men of this century have never recaptured "the first fine careless rapture" of the sixteenth century. What were dreams then, have become sober expectations. Instead of El Dorado we have conquered California, the gold-fields of Australia, the diamond mines of South Africa. Between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries North America was won and lost; East India was gained by heroism and adventure worthy of a Drake and Raleigh; and now the crown of that vast empire on the forehead of our Queen weighs heavy with the sense of serious responsibilities. The English race is no longer adolescent; we cannot model our national genius like a beautiful young hero rejoicing in his naked strength and scattering armies by his shout: the sculptor who did so would forget the years which have ploughed wrinkles on that hero's forehead, the steam-engines which are his chariot, the ironclad navies which waft him over ocean, the electricity which plays like lightning in his eyes. Victorian poets cannot be spontaneous in the same sense as our ancestors were. Like Iago, they are nothing if not critical. Science has imposed on them her burden of analysis, and though science reveals horizons far beyond the dreams of Bacon, it fills the soul with something well-nigh kin to hopelessness. Man shrinks before the Universe. We have lived through so much; we have seen so many futile philosophies rise like mushrooms and perish; we have tried so many political experiments, and listened to so many demagogues of various complexions, that a world-fatigue has penetrated deep into our spirit. The

masterpiece of the century is Goethe's *Faust*, and its hero suffers from the *welt-schmerz*. A simple faith in God and the Bible yields to critical inquiry, comparative theology, doubts and difficulties of all kinds. Religious liberty in this age consists more in the right to disbelieve as we think best than to believe according to our conscience. Pessimism, already strong in Byron, has grown and gathered strength with introspection until we find it lurking in nearly all the sincerest utterances of the present. We are oppressed with social problems which admit of no solution, due to the vast increase of our population, to the industrial changes which have turned England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country, to the unequal distribution of wealth, the development of huge, hideous towns, the seething multitudes of vicious and miserable paupers which they harbour. We watch the gathering of revolutionary storm-clouds, hear the grumbling of thunder in the distance, and can only sit meanwhile in darkness—so gigantic and unmanageable are the forces now in labour for some mighty birth of time. Who can be optimistic under these conditions? "Merry England" sounds like a mockery now. Instead of merry England the Victorian poet has awful, earnest, grimly menacing London to sing in. These things were not felt so much at the beginning of the century; they are bringing it to a close in sadness and strong searchings of soul.

III.

Elizabethan genius found its main expression in the drama. No epic worthy of the name was produced in the sixteenth century, for Spenser's *Faery Queen* has not the right to be so styled. But every great national epoch which attains to utterance through art has a specific clairvoyance, and England in the age we call Elizabethan was clairvoyant for the drama; that is to say, men wrought with an unerring instinct in this field, and the lesser talents were lifted into the sphere of the greater when they entered it. After the drama, and closely associated with it, came those songs for music in which the English of the sixteenth century excelled. The lyric rapture, that which has been called the lyric cry, penetrates all verbal music of that period. We find it modulating blank verse and controlling the rhythms of the couplet and the stanza. The best subsidiary work of the age consisted of translations, adaptations, and free handlings of antique themes in narrative verse. Chapman's *Homer*, Fairfax's *Tasso*, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, rank among the masterpieces of Elizabethan poetry. But drama and song, when all accounts are settled, remain the crowning glories of that literature.

The Victorian age can boast no national drama. Poetical plays have indeed been produced which do credit to the talents of their authors.¹ Yet the century has not expressed its real stuff, nor shown its actual clairvoyance in that line. We cannot point to a Victorian drama as we do to an Elizabethan drama, and challenge the world to match it. This is due perhaps in part to those incalculable changes which have substituted the novel for the drama. The public of the present time is a public of readers rather than of hearers, and the muster-roll of brilliant novelists, from Scott and Jane Austen, through Thackeray and Dickens, down to George Eliot and George Meredith, can be written off against the playwrights of the sixteenth century. Poetry, surveyed from a sufficient altitude, claims these imaginative makers, though they used the vehicle of prose. Even less than the sixteenth has the nineteenth produced an epic, and for similar reasons. Tennyson chose the right name for his Arthurian string of studies when he called them *Idylls of the King*. To claim for them epical coherence was only a brilliant afterthought. It is not given to any race under the conditions of conscious culture to create a genuine epic. That rare flower of art puts forth its bloom in the first dawn of national existence. If we except the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* how few real epics does the human race possess! The German *Nibelungen Lied* is a late *rifacimento* of Scandinavian sagas. Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, our nearest approach to a true epic, is the digest of a score of previous romances. The *Song of Roland* is an epical lyric. We call the *Æneid* an epic because it throbs with the sense of Rome. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*. We call the *Divine Comedy* an epic, because it embalms the spirit of the Middle Ages at their close; we call *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* epics because they carry such a weight of meaning and are so monumentally constructed. But the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and Milton's *Paradise* are not epics in the proper sense of the word; they are the products of reflection and individual genius, not the self-expression of a nation in its youth. And just as the novel has absorbed our forces for the drama, so has it satisfied our thirst for epical narration. In that hybrid form where poetry assumes the garb of prose, both drama and epic for the modern world lie embedded.

What, then, are the specific channels of Victorian utterance in verse? To define them is difficult, because they are so subtly varied and so inextricably interwoven. Yet I think they may be superficially described as the idyll and the lyric. Under the idyll I should class all narrative and descriptive poetry, of which this age has been extraordinarily prolific; sometimes assuming the form of minstrelsy, as in the lays of Scott; sometimes approaching to the

(1) Darley, Landor, Beddoes, Horne, Procter, Shelley, Browning, Taylor, Swinburne, and possibly Tennyson, demand commemoration in a footnote.

classic style, as in the Hellenics of Lander; sometimes rivalling the novellette, as in the work of Tennyson; sometimes aiming at psychological analysis, as in the portraits drawn by Robert Browning; sometimes confining art to bare history, as in Crabbe; sometimes indulging flights of pure artistic fancy, as in Keats' *Endymion* and *Lamia*. Under its many metamorphoses the narrative and descriptive poetry of our century bears the stamp of the idyll, because it is fragmentary and because it results in a picture. Here it inclines to the drama, here it borrows tone from the epic; in one place it is lyrical, in another it is didactic; fancy has presided over the birth of this piece, reflection has attended the production of that. But in each case the artist has seen his subject within narrow compass, treated that as a complete whole, and given to the world a poem in the narrative and descriptive style, reminding us of the epic in its general form, of the drama or the lyric in its particular treatment. Those who have read the technical lessons which the idylls of Theocritus convey, will understand why I classify this exuberant jungle of Victorian poetry under the common title of idyll.

No literature and no age has been more fertile of lyric poetry than English literature in the age of Victoria. The fact is apparent. I should superfluously burden my readers if I were to prove the point by reference to Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Clough, Swinburne, Arnold, Tennyson, and I do not know how many of less illustrious but splendid names, in detail. The causes are not far to seek. Without a comprehensive vehicle like the epic, which belongs to the first period of national life, or the drama, which belongs to its secondary period, our poets of a later day have had to sing from their inner selves, subjectively, introspectively, obeying impulses from nature and the world, which touched them not as they were Englishmen, but as they were this man or that woman. They had no main current of literature wherein to plunge themselves, and cry: "*Ma naufragar m'è dolce in questo mar.*"¹ They could not forego what made them individuals; tyrannous circumstances of thought and experience rendered their sense of personality too acute. When they sang, they sang with their particular voice; and the lyric is the natural channel for such song. But what a complex thing is this Victorian lyric! It includes Wordsworth's Sonnets and Rossetti's ballads, Coleridge's "*Ancient Mariner*" and Keats's odes, Clough's "*Easter Day*" and Tennyson's "*Maud*," Swinburne's "*Songs before Sunrise*" and Browning's "*Dramatis Personæ*," Thomson's "*City of Dreadful Night*" and Mary Robinson's "*Handful of Honeysuckles*," Andrew Lang's Ballades and Sharp's "*Weird of Michael Scot*," Dobson's dealings with the eighteenth century and Noel's "*Child's Garland*," Barnes's Dorsetshire Poems and Buchanan's London Lyrics, the songs from Empedocles on Etna and

(1) "To drown in this great tide is sweet for me."

Ebenezer Jones's "Pagan's Drinking Chant," Shelley's Ode to the West Wind and Mrs. Browning's "Pan is Dead," Newman's hymns and Gosse's Chant Royal. The kaleidoscope, presented by this lyric is so inexhaustible that any man with the fragment of a memory might pair off scores of poems by admired authors, and yet not fall upon the same parallels as those which I have made.

The genius of our century, debarred from epic, debarred from drama, falls back upon idyllic and lyzical expression. In the idyll it satisfies its objective craving after art. In the lyric it pours forth personality. It would be wrong, however, to limit the wealth of our poetry to these two branches. Such poems as Wordsworth's "Excursion," Byron's "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Clough's "Amours de Voyage," are not to be classified in either species. They are partly autobiographical, and in part the influence of the tale makes itself distinctly felt in them. Nor again can we omit the translations, of which so many have been made; some of them real masterpieces and additions to our literature. Cary's Dante, Rossetti's versions from the early Tuscan lyrists, Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, are eminent examples. But the list might be largely extended. Then again Morris's "Song of Sigurd," Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," E. Arnold's "Light of Asia," deserve a place apart, as epical rehandlings of memorable themes.

IV.

In all this Victorian poetry we find the limitations of our epoch, together with its eminent qualities. Criticism and contemplation have penetrated literature with a deeper and more pervasive thoughtfulness. Our poets have lost spontaneity and joyful utterance. But they have acquired a keener sense of the problems which perplex humanity. The author of "In Memoriam" struck a false note when he exclaimed—

"I sing but as the linnet sings."

Nothing can be more unlike a linnet's song than the metaphysical numbers of that justly valued threnody. Clough came closer to the truth when he hinted at the poet's problem in this age as thus:—

"To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unkilled to sunder and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe."

The most characteristic work of the century has a double object, artistic and philosophical. Poetry is used to express some theory of life. In Byron the world-philosophy is cynical or pessimistic. Shelley interweaves his pantheism with visions of human perfectibility. Wordsworth proclaims an esoteric cult of nature. Swinburne at one time rails against the tyrant gods, at another preaches the

gospel of republican revolt. Matthew Arnold embodies a system of ethical and æsthetical criticism in his verse. Clough expresses the changes which the Christian faith has undergone and the perplexities of conduct. Thomson indulges the blackest pessimism, a pessimism more dolorous than Leopardi's. Browning is animated by a robust optimism, turning fearless somersaults upon the brink of the abyss. Mrs. Browning condenses speculations upon social and political problems. Roden Noel, too little appreciated to be rightly understood, attempts a world-embracing metaphysic of mysticism. Even those poets who do not yield so marked a residuum of philosophy are touched to sadness and gravity by the intellectual atmosphere in which they work. Virgil's great line—

• “Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt”—

might be chosen as a motto for the *corpus poetarum* of our epoch. In reading what the age has produced, certain phrases linger in our memory—

“Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.”

“The still, sad music of humanity.”

“Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.”

• “Tears from the depth of some divine despair.”

“Seek, seeker, in thyself, submit to find
In the stones bread and life in the blank mind.”

These haunt us like leading-phrases, the master notes of the whole music.

Starting with enthusiasm at the commencement of the century, our poets have gradually lost such glow of hope as inspired them with spontaneous numbers in its earlier decades. The wide survey of elder and contemporary literatures submitted to their gaze has rendered them more assimilative, reproductive, imitative, reminiscent than spontaneous. When Matthew Arnold defined poetry in general to be a “criticism of life,” he uttered a curious and pregnant paradox. It would be hardly a paradox to assert that Victorian poetry is in large measure the criticism of all existing literatures. More and more we have dedicated our powers to the study of technicalities, to the cultivation of the graces, to the elaboration of ornament, and to the acclimatisation upon English soil of flowers borrowed from alien gardens of the Muses. We have forgotten what George Sand said to Flaubert about style: “Tu la considères comme un but, elle n'est qu'un effet.” The result is a polychromatic abundance of what may be called cultured poetry, which does not reach the heart of the people, and does not express its spirit. That is due no doubt in part to the fact that there is less of aspiration than of meditation to deal with now, less of an actual joy in eventful living than a serious reflection upon the meanings and the purposes of life.

Yet this poetry is true to the spirit of a critical and cultured age; and when the time comes to gather up the jewels of Victorian literature, it will be discovered how faithfully the poets have uttered the thoughts of the educated minority.

A comprehensive survey of our poetry is rendered difficult by the fact that no one type, like the drama of the sixteenth century, has controlled its movement. We cannot regard it as a totality composed of many parts, progressing through several stages of development. In this respect, again, it obeys the intellectual conditions of the century. Its inner unity will eventually be found, not in the powerful projection of a nation's soul, but in the careful analysis and subtle delineation of thoughts and feelings which agitated society during one of the most highly self-conscious and speculative periods which the world has passed through. The genius of the age is scientific, not artistic. In such an age poetry must perforce be auxiliary to science, showing how individual minds have been touched to fine issues of rhythmic utterance by the revolutions in thought which history, philosophy and criticism are effecting.

V.

Passing from these general reflections to points of comparison in detail, we must remember that Victorian poetry started with a return to Elizabethan, and that this motive impulse has never wholly been lost sight of. The two periods may be fitly compared in that which both possess in common, a copious and splendid lyric. Our means of studying Elizabethan lyric poetry have been largely increased in the past years by the labours of Mr. Thomas Oliphant, Professor Arber, Mr. W. J. Linton, and Mr. A. H. Bullen. To the last-named of these gentlemen we owe three volumes of lyrics culled from Elizabethan song-books, which are a perfect mine of hitherto neglected treasures.¹ Taken in connection with the songs from the dramatists and the collected lyrics of men like Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Herrick, these books furnish us with a tolerably complete body of poems in this species.

What strikes us in the whole of this great mass of lyric poetry, is its perfect adaptation to music, its limpidity and directness of utterance. Like Shelley's skylark, the poet has been—

“Pouring his full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.”

Each composition is meant to be sung, and can be sung, because the poet's soul was singing when he made it. They are not all of one kind or of equal simplicity. The lyrics from the song-books, for example, have not the intensity of some songs introduced into the dramas of that period, “in which,” as Mr. Pater once observed while speaking

(1) They are published by Mr. J. C. Nimmo, the last of them called *Love Poems from the Song-books of the Seventeenth Century*, being privately printed.

of the verses sung by Mariana's page in *Measure for Measure*, "the kindling power and poetry of the whole play seems to pass for a moment into an actual strain of music." They are rarely so high-strung and weighty with meaning as Webster's dirges, or as Ford's and Shirley's solemn descants on the transitoriness of earthly love and glory. Nor, again, do we often welcome in them that fulness of romantic colour which makes the lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher so resplendent. This is perhaps because their melodies are not the outgrowth of dramatic situations, but have their life and being in the aerial element of musical sound. For the purposes of singing they are exactly adequate, being substantial enough to sustain and animate the notes, and yet so slight as not to overburden these with too much meditation and emotion. We feel that they have arisen from the natural marrying of musical words to musical phrases in the minds which made them. They are the right verbal counterpart to vocal and instrumental melody, never perplexing and surcharging the tones which need language for a vehicle with complexities of fancy, involutions of ideas, or the disturbing tyranny of vehement passions. And this right quality of song, the presence of which indicates widespread familiarity with musical requirements in England of the sixteenth century, may be likewise found in the more deliberate lyrics of dramatic or literary poets—in Jonson's and Shakespeare's stanzas, in the lofty odes of Spenser and the jewelled workmanship of Herrick.

We discover but little of this quality in the lyrics of the Victorian age. It is noticeable that those poets upon whom we are apt to set the least store now, as Byron, Scott, Hood, Campbell, Moore, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, possessed it in greater perfection than their more illustrious contemporaries.

I once asked an eminent musician, the late Madame Goldschmidt, why Shelley's lyrics were ill-adapted to music. She made me read aloud to her the "Song of Pan" and those lovely lines "To the Night," "Swiftly walk o'er the western wave, Spirit of Night!" Then she pointed out how the verbal melody seemed intended to be self-sufficing in these lyrics, how full of complicated thoughts and changeful images the verse is, how packed with consonants the words are, how the tone of emotion alters, and how no one melodic phrase could be found to fit the dædal woof of the poetic emotion.

"Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out—

"How different that is," said Madame Goldschmidt, "from the *largo* of your Milton—

"Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow!

"How different it is from Heine's simplicity—

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
"Herz liebchen trägt' ich dich fort.

"I can sing *them*," and she did sing them then and there, much to my delight; "and I can sing Dryden, but I could not sing your Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats; no, and not much of your Tennyson either. Tennyson has sought out all the solid, sharp words, and put them together; music cannot come between." This was long ago, and it gave me many things to think over, until I could comprehend to what extent the best lyrics of the Victorian age are not made to be sung.

Madame Goldschmidt's remarks were only partially true perhaps. There is no reason, if we possessed a Schubert, why Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" should not be set to music; and Handel could surely have written alternate choruses and solos for a considerable part of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." Yet the fact remains that Victorian lyrics are not so singable as Elizabethan lyrics; and the reason is that they are far more complex, not in their verbal structure merely, but in the thoughts, images, emotions which have prompted them. The words carry too many, too various, too contemplative suggestions. Nothing can be lyrically more lovely than—

"Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

Or than—

"Fair are others: none beholds thee:
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour;
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!"

Or than—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again."

But Wordsworth in the last of these examples is meditative, reflective, questioning; his stanza will not suit the directness of musical melody. But the finest phrases in the specimens from Keats and Shelley, "charmed magic casements," "perilous seas," "that liquid splendour," perplex and impede the movement of song.

It is not precisely in poignancy or depth or gravity of thought

that the Victorian differ from the Elizabethan lyrists. What can be more poignant than—

“Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.”

What can be deeper than—

“Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping;
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.”

What can be graver than—

“The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings.”

For pure poignancy, profundity, and weight, Elizabethan lyrics will compare not unfavourably with Victorian. The difference does not consist in the ore worked by the lyrists, but in their way of handling it. In this later age a poet allows himself far wider scope of treatment when he writes a song. He does not think of the music of voice or viol, but of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of the soul. The result is a wealthier and fuller symphony, reaching the imaginative sense not upon the path of musical sound, but appealing to the mental ear and also to that “inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.” The Victorian lyric, superior in its range, suggestiveness, variety and richness, inferior in its spontaneity and birdlike intonation, corresponds to the highly-strung and panharmonic instrument of the poet's spirit which produced it, and to the manifold sympathies of the reader's mind for which it was intended. It is infused with the intermingled hues of fancy, contemplation, gnomic wisdom, personal passion, discursive rhetoric, idyllic picture-painting. Modes of complicated expression, involving serried reasoning, audacious metaphors, elliptical imagery, and rapid modulations from one key of feeling to another, which a playwright like Shakespeare employed only in his dramatic dialogue, find themselves at home in the lyrical poetry of our age.

VI.

For another point of comparison, let us take some of those “lyrical interbreathings” in Elizabethan dramatic dialogue, which are surcharged with sweetness, and contrast these with the sweetness of Victorian verse. I might select Shakespeare's lines upon the flowers

scattered by *Perdita* in *The Winter's Tale*. But I prefer to choose my examples from less illustrious sources. Here, then, is the sweetness of Fletcher:—

“I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young and blessed,
Fair as the spring, and as his blossoms tender;
But I, a nipping north-wind, my head hung
With hails and frosty icicles: are the souls so too,
When they depart hence—lame, and old, and loveless?
Ah, no! 'tis ever youth there: age and death
Follow our flesh no more; and that forced opinion,
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.”

Here is the sweetness of Ford:—

“For he is like to something I remember,
A great while since, a long, long time ago.”

Here is the sweetness of Dekker:—

“No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.”

Here is the sweetness of Massinger:—

“This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And in the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued and served.”

The sweetness of these passages, none of which are singular or such as may not easily be matched with scores of equal passages from the same and other playwrights, is like the sweetness of honey distilling from the honeycomb. It falls unsought and unpremeditated with the perfume of wilding flowers. Nay more, like honey from the jaws of Samson's lion, we feel it to be *ex forti dulcedo*, the sweetness of strength.

When we turn to the sweetness of Victorian poetry, we rarely find exactly the same quality. In Keats it is overloaded; in Coleridge it is sultry; in William Morris it is cloying; in Swinburne it is inebriating; in Shelley it is volatilised; in Wordsworth it is somewhat thin and arid; in Tennyson it is sumptuous; in Rossetti it is powerfully perfumed. We have exchanged the hedgerow flowers for heavy-headed double roses, and instead of honey we are not unfrequently reminded—pardon the expression—of jam. Poets, who by happy accident or deliberate enthusiasm have at some moment come nearest to the Elizabethan simplicity and liquidity of

utterance, catch this honeyed sweetness best. We feel that Browning caught it when he wrote:—

“A footfall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half-germinating spices; mere decay
Produces richer life, and day by day
New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.”

Tennyson produced something different when he wrote that musical idyll—“Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,” which closes upon two incomparable lines of linked melody long drawn out:—

“The moan of doves from immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.”

Here, as in the former instance of lyric verse, it would be unreasonable to contend that Elizabethan poets surpassed the Victorian. On the contrary, the latter know more distinctly what they are about, and sustain the sweetness of their style at a more equal level. They are capable of a more perfectly even flow of sugared verse. What we have to notice is that the quality has altered, and that the change is due to the more involved, more concentrated intellectual conditions of the later age. Poets are no longer contented with impulsive expression. And as I said before, they cannot “recapture the first fine careless rapture” of their adolescent masters in the art of song. The wayward breezes and the breath of wild flowers in that earlier sweetness escape them:

VII.

The freedom and spontaneity of the Elizabethan age had attendant drawbacks. Owing to the absence of reflection and self-criticism, poets fell into the vices of extravagance and exaggeration, bombast and euphuism. In their use of language, the indulgence of their fancy, the expression of sentiment and the choice of imagery, they sought after emphasis, and displayed but little feeling for the virtue of reserve. All the playwrights, without even the exception of Shakespeare, are tainted with these blemishes. Jonson, who was an excellent critic when he dictated mature opinions in prose, showed a lack of taste and selection in his dramas. There is a carelessness, a want of balance, a defect of judgment in the choice of materials and their management, a slovenliness of execution, throughout the work of that period. Superfluities of every kind abound, and at the same time we are distressed by singular baldness in details. What can be poorer, for example, than Jonson's translations from Virgil and Catullus, more clumsy and superfluous than his translations from Sallust and Tacitus? Poets seem to have been satisfied with saying “This will do,” instead of labouring

till the thing was, as it had to be. They tossed their beauties like foam upon the tide of tumultuous and energetic inspiration. Yet even in this carelessness and unconsidered fecundity, we recognise some of the noblest qualities of the Elizabethan genius. There is nothing small or mean or compassed in that art. Its vices are the vices of the prodigal, not of the miser; of the genial spendthrift, whose imprudence lies nearer to generosity than to wanton waste. We pardon many faults for the abounding vigour which marks these poets; for their wealth of suggestive ideas, their true sympathy with nature, their insight into the workings of the human heart, their profuse stream of fresh and healthy feeling.

When the Elizabethan spirit declined in England it was the business of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to impose limits on all this "unchartered freedom" of the intellect. Then the good and bad effects of critical canons and academical authority came to light. We had our Dryden and our Pope, our Goldsmith and Swift, our Addison and Steele, our Fielding and Johnson. But we had also a deplorable lack of real poetry in comparison with the foison of Elizabethan harvests. If not miserly, the English genius, so far as fancy and imagination are concerned, became thrifty. It erred by caution rather than by carelessness. It doled its treasures out like one who has a well-filled purse indeed, but who is not hopeful of turning all he touches into gold like Midas.

At the beginning of the Victorian age one sign of the return to Elizabethanism was the license which poets allowed themselves in matters pertaining to their art. Keats, in *Endymion*, Shelley, in *The Revolt of Islam*, Byron, in nearly every portion of his work, displayed Elizabethan faults of emphasis, unpruned luxuriance, defective balance. It was impossible, however, for the nineteenth century to be as euphuistic or as chaotic as the sixteenth. Taste, trained by critical education, and moulded by the writers of Queen Anne's reign, might rebel against rules, but could not help regarding them. In spite of these restraints, however, poets who almost exactly reproduced the Elizabethans in their blemishes and virtues, like Wells and Beddoes, poets who caricatured them with a pathetic touch of difference, like Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith, appeared about the middle of the century. And then Browning loomed on the horizon, surely the brawniest neo-Elizabethan Titan whom our age has seen, and whom it has latterly chosen to adore. As years advanced, mere haphazard fluency grew to be less and less admired; and while keeping still within the sphere of romantic as opposed to classical art, the English poets aimed at chastened diction, correct form, polished versification. Tennyson, who represents the height of the Victorian period, brought poetic style again to the Miltonic or Virgilian point of finish. In him a just conception of the work as a whole, a consciousness of his

aims and how to attain them, together with a high standard of verbal execution, are combined with richness of fancy and sensuous magnificence worthy of an Elizabethan poet in all his glory.

When, therefore, we compare the two epochs upon this point of taste and style, we are able to award the palm of excellence to the latter. Having lost much, we have gained at least what is implied in artistic self-control, without relapsing into the rigidity of the last century.

VIII.

The freedom, of which I have said so much, as forming the main note of Elizabethan poetry, accounts for the boldness with which men of letters treated moral topics, and for their clear-sighted outlook over a vast sphere of ethical casuistry. Not to the spirit of that age, but to the genius of our nation, I ascribe the manly instinct which guided these pioneers of exploration and experience through many a hazardous passage. The touch of the Elizabethan poets in such matters was almost uniformly right. They may show themselves gross, plain-spoken, voluptuous. We should not tolerate Jonson's *Crispinus*, or Shakespeare's *Mercutio*, or Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* at the present day. But they were not prurient or wilfully provocative. It is impossible to imagine an Elizabethan Zola, or an Elizabethan Paul Bourget—writers, that is to say, who deliberately attempt to interest those who read their works in moral garbage. Of garbage there is enough in that literature, and more than enough; but only in the same sense as there were open drains and kennels in the streets of London, by the brink of which high-tempered gentlemen walked, and duels were fought, while dreams of love warmed young imaginations, and wise debates on statecraft or the destinies of empires were held by greybeards. Of such kind is the rivulet of filth in Elizabethan poetry, coursing, as the sewer then coursed, along the paths of men, dividing human habitations.

We have forced the sewage, which is inseparable from humanity, to run underneath our streets and houses. We have prohibited the entrance of unsavoury topics into our literature. If Marston were born again among us we should stop our noses, and bid the fellow stand aloof. Even Thomas Carlyle has been christened by even Mr. Swinburne, Coprostonos, or some such Byzantine title, indicating intolerable coarseness.¹ This shows how resolute we are to root out physical noisomeness, and with what sincerity we prefer typhoid poison to the plague accompanied by evil odours. It does not prove that we are spiritually cleaner than our ancestors. The right deduction is that

(1) I am not sure of the epithet, and have none of Swinburne's diatribes against Carlyle to refer to.

the race has preserved its wholesomeness under conditions altered by a change of manners. Neither then nor now, in the age of Elizabeth or in the age of Victoria, has the English race devoted its deliberate attention to nastiness.

In breadth of view, variety of subject, our Victorian poets rival the Elizabethan. Life has been touched again at all points and under every aspect with equal boldness and with almost equal manliness. But since the drama has ceased to be the leading form of literature, the treatment of moral topics has of necessity become more analytical and reflective. If space allowed, this opinion might be supported by a comparison of the two epochs with regard to philosophic poetry. In sententious maxims, apophthegms on human fate, pithy saws, and proverbial hints for conduct, Elizabethan literature abounds. But we do not here meet with poems steeped in a pervading tone of thought—thought issuing from the writer's self, shaping his judgments, controlling his sensations, modelling his language, forcing the reader to sojourn for a season in the brain-wrought palace of his mood. For instance, Shakespeare uttered the surest word of imaginative doubt, of that scepticism which makes man question his own substantiality, when Prospero exclaimed—

“We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

Marston in one phrase expressed man's desire to escape from self, that impossible desire which underlies all reaction against the facts of personal existence :—

“Can man by no means creep out of himself,
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?”

Webster reiterated a dark conviction of man's impotence in lines like these—

“We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and bandied
Which way pleases them.”

Yet neither these nor any other Elizabethan poets elaborated their far-reaching views on life into schemes of versified philosophy. We do not find among them a Shelley or a Thomson. Pungent as the gnomic sentences of that age may be, they have relief and background in a large sane sympathy with man's variety of vital functions. The rapier of penetrative scrutiny is plunged and replunged into the deepest and most sensitive recesses of our being. But the thinker speedily withdraws his weapon, and suffers imagination to play with equal curiosity upon the stuff of action, passion, diurnal interests, the woof of sentient self-satisfied existence. Regarding human nature as a complex whole, those poets seized on its generic aspects and touched each aspect with brief incisive precision. Our poets are apt to concentrate their mind upon one aspect, and to subli-

mate this into an all-engrossing element, which gives a certain sustained colour to their work. Less rich in gnomie wisdom, they are more potent in the communication of settled moods—more “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.” It follows that while the Elizabethans had nothing of what Goethe called “lazzaretto poetry,” we have much. The affectations of our age do not run toward verbal euphuism, but toward sickliness of sentiment and a simulated discontent with the world around us. A man of Mr. Mallock’s calibre would not have set society in the sixteenth century at work upon the problem, “Is life worth living?” Schopenhauer and Hartmann could hardly have existed then, and they assuredly would not have found disciples. But in an age which produces essayists and philosophers of this sort, poetry cannot fail to be introspective and tinged with morbidity. Fortunately, though this is so, few verses have been written by Englishmen during the nineteenth century of which their authors need repent upon the death-bed.

IX.

The Elizabethan poets, far more truly than their Italian predecessors, if we except Dante, and more truly than any of their contemporaries in other countries, loved external nature for its own sake. There is hardly any aspect of the visible world, from the flowers of the field to the storm-clouds of the zenith, from the stars in their courses to the moonlight sleeping on a bank, from the embossed foam covering the sea-verge to the topless Apennines, which was not seized with fine objective sensibility and illustrated with apt imagery by Shakespeare and his comrades. Yet, keenly appreciative of nature as these poets were, nature remained a background to humanity in all their pictures. Her wonders were treated as adjuncts to man, who moved across the earth and viewed its miracles upon his passage. Therefore, although imaginatively and sympathetically handled, these things were lightly and casually sketched.

The case is different with the literature of this century, for reasons which can be stated. In the first place our poets have mostly been men leading a solitary life, in close connection with nature, withdrawn from the busy hum of populous cities. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Rossetti: it is clear, by only mentioning the leading poets of our age, that this is the fact; and to enlarge the list would be to prove the point superfluously. Unlike the writers of the Restoration and Queen Anne’s reign, Victorian poets have not breathed the atmosphere of society, the town, the coffee-house. Even if they lived in London, the town, the coffee-house, society had ceased to exist for them. Unlike the

writers of Elizabeth's and James's reigns, they have not had the theatre, with its paramount interest in human action and passion, its vast and varied audience, to concentrate their gaze on man. And while circumstance divided them in this way from what Pope called "the proper study of mankind," the special forms of poetry they cultivated—idyllic and contemplative verse, lyric in its extended sense, descriptive and reflective—led them perforce to nature as a source of inspiration. They worked, moreover, through a period in which the sister art of painting devoted herself continually more and more to the delineation of the outer world in landscape. And this brings us to the decisive difference, the deep and underlying reason why external nature has exercised so powerful and penetrative an influence over contemporary poetry. What we call science, that main energy of the age, which has sapped old systems of thought, and is creating a new basis for religion, forces man to regard himself as part and parcel of the universe. He is no longer merely *in* it, moving through it, viewing it and turning it round, as Sir Thomas Browne delightfully said, for his recreation. He knows himself to be, in a deep and serious sense, *of* it, obedient to the elements, owing allegiance to the sun.

Even the poets of the beginning of the century, who resented the impact of science most—even Keats, who cried—

"Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?"

bowed to the dominant spirit of the nineteenth century. Keats, "the Elizabethan born out of due time," as he has been called, kept himself indeed unspotted from the contagion of science. Yet his passion for nature, moving though it did on lines traced by Spenser, has a far greater intensity, a far more fiery self-abandonment to the intoxication of earth, than would have been possible in the sixteenth century. Professor Conington used to formulate Keats's craving after nature in a somewhat ribald epigram: "Would thou wert a lollipop, then I could suck thee." The modern spirit took this form of sensuous imaginative subjectivity in Keats. In Byron it became a kind of lust, burning but disembodied, an escapement of the defrauded and disillusioned soul into communings with forces blindly felt to be in better and more natural tune with him than men were. Shelley's metaphysical mind was touched by nature, to utterances of rapt philosophy, which may some day form the sacred songs of universal religion. *Prometheus Unbound* and the peroration of *Adonais* enclose in liquid numbers that sense of spirituality permeating the material world upon which our future hopes are founded. Wordsworth, working apart from his contemporaries, expressed man's affinity to nature and man's dependence on the cosmic order with greater reserve. Still, it is difficult to go farther in nature-worship than Wordsworth

did in those sublimely pathetic lines written at Tintern Abbey; and nothing indicates the difference between the Victorian and the Elizabethan touch on the world better than his blank verse fragment describing a pedestrian journey through the Simplon Pass.

In the course of the nineteenth century it might seem as though this passion for nature—the passion of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—had declined. To assume this would, however, be a great mistake. What has steadily declined is the Elizabethan strain, the way of looking upon nature from outside. The modern strain, the way of looking upon nature as congenial to man, has strengthened, but with fear and rending of the heart, and doubt. The time is not yet ripe for poetry to resume the results of science with imaginative grasp. What has been called the cosmic enthusiasm is too undefined as yet, too unmanageable, too pregnant with anxious and agitating surmise, to find free utterance in emotional literature. In our days science is more vitally poetical than art; it opens wider horizons and excites the spirit more than verse can do. Where are the fictions of the fancy compared with the vistas revealed by astronomers, biologists, physicists, geologists? Yet signs are not wanting—I see them in some of the shorter poems of Lord Tennyson, I see them in the great neglected work of Roden Noel, I see them in the fugitive attempts of many lesser men than these—which justify a sober critic in predicting that our century's enthusiasm for nature is but the prelude to a more majestic poetry, combining truth with faith and fact with imagination, than the world has ever known.

X.

It will have been noticed that in this essay the terms Elizabethan and Victorian are used with considerable laxity. The object is to define two periods of English literature, the one extending from Wyatt to Milton, or, roughly speaking, from the year 1530 to the year 1650, the other covering the whole of the nineteenth century, and dating from the publication of Walter Savage Landor's *Gebir*. These two periods are divided by a space of a hundred and fifty years, during which our literature developed upon lines divergent from the course taken by the Renaissance of the sixteenth century. I have contended that Victorian literature is marked by a reaction in favour of Elizabethanism, and that the general scope and tone of poetry in these periods are closely similar.

Form is a matter of such prominence in art that I shall perhaps be excused for recapitulating some points upon this topic. During the Restoration and Queen Anne's reign versifiers lost the power and liking for that English unrhymed iambic, which began with Marlowe and culminated with Milton. They dropped the use of lyric measures,

rarely employed the sestina or the octave or the Spenserian stanza, and so utterly neglected the sonnet that even a poet of Gray's exquisite tact was unable to produce a tolerable specimen. The song became neat, terse, epigrammatic, shorn of picturesqueness, sparkling with elegance. But the dominant metre of the eighteenth century was the rhyming couplet. Poets used this form with a fine sense of its point, with a sustained respect for its structural limitations; not as the Elizabethans had employed it, loosely, with variety of pause and period, and with frequent *enjambements* from one line to another. The wilding graces which we appreciate in the couplets of Marlowe, Beaumont, Spenser, Fletcher, were abhorred by the school of versifiers at whose head stands Pope.

In close connection with these changes in the form of poetry the intermediate period of a hundred and fifty years exhibits a marked alteration of artistic aim and feeling. Diction is corrected, luxuriant shoots are pruned; wit, sense, and taste—words recurring with significant frequency in the literature of the eighteenth century—are cultivated at the expense of imagination and capricious fancy. At the height of the epoch a conceit is held in abomination, and a play on words regarded as a crime. The point and polish of Pope, the limpid purity of Goldsmith, the weighty eloquence of Johnson, were the climax of this counter movement in our literature. Didactic, satirical, epistolary compositions assumed predominance under the reign of criticism, sense, restricted form.

With the dawn of the Victorian age a second reaction set in. It was indicated by the Rowley poems of Chatterton, the lyrics of Blake, the sonnets of Bowles, the blank verse of Cowper and of Landor. Then the current ran strongly, as we have already seen, towards Elizabethan metres, Elizabethan modes of workmanship and ways of regarding art and nature. The English Renaissance of the sixteenth century became renaissant in the nineteenth.

It has been the purpose of the foregoing pages to show in what way this renaissant Elizabethanism of the Victorian epoch differs from that of the earlier period, how the altered conditions of English life, especially in the growth of great cities and the emergence of grave social problems through the development of mechanical industry, have saddened and subdued the tone of our poets; how criticism and the physical sciences, together with changes in religious thought, have affected their outlook over the world and man; why they have become more contemplative and analytical, less spontaneous, with a tendency to pessimism, instead of the genial optimism of their predecessors; and finally, to what extent the absence of a commanding type of national art, like the drama, has forced them into idyllic, descriptive, meditative, and lyrical forms of utterance.

It is impossible to condense the net result of this comparison in a

single formula. Yet one of the principal conclusions to which it leads us may be singled out. When we survey the literatures of these two epochs, we shall be struck with the generalizing force and breadth of the earlier, the particularizing subtlety and minuteness of the latter. The Elizabethans seem to sing with one voice, although the key in which their melody is cast may vary. They treat of nature and of man from a common point of view, albeit the world and humanity affect them differently. The Victorians have each a voice of his own, an attitude toward man and nature determined by specific mental faculty. Each has been born something separate, and made something still more separate by education. Elizabethan art is instinctive, Victorian art reflective. The material submitted to the workman in the one age is a complex whole; and this is surveyed in its superficies, seized in its salient aspects. In the other age the complex has been disintegrated, parcelled into details by the operation of sympathies and intuitions proper to distinct individualities. Our first question with regard to an Elizabethan is: What grasp and grip does he possess upon the common stuff of art? Our first question with regard to a Victorian is: How does the man envisage things, from what point of view does he start, by what specific spirit is he controlled? Thus in the nineteenth century we come face to face with individualities who affect us mainly through the tone of their particular natures. The poets are critical and self-conscious in creation. We are critical and self-conscious in submission to their influence, in estimating their achievement. This intimate and pungent personality, settling the poet's attitude toward things, moulding his moral sympathies, flavouring his philosophy of life and conduct, colouring his style, separating him from fellow-workers, is the leading characteristic of Victorian literature—that which distinguishes it most markedly from the Elizabethan.

While many points have been passed in review much has naturally been omitted, and the method of treatment has necessitated the suppression of important modifications. It would in the one case have been interesting to raise the question how far Puritanism influenced the national tone in literature, whether, for example, the abeyance into which music fell after the Commonwealth had anything to do with the decline of song and spontaneous melody. It would have been desirable in the second case, while treating of Restoration, Queen Anne, and Georgian poetry, to have qualified some sweeping statements by an examination of a lyricist like Gray, and to have shown to what extent the three main periods marked out shade into one another at their edges. But two Greek proverbs, no less than want of space, warn me to lay down the pen here. "Nothing overmuch," "The half is better than the whole."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF OPTIMISM.

In many ways public attention in England has lately been called afresh to the great and universal question of what our modern science, if fatal to miraculous Christianity, will itself put, or allow to be put, in place of it. Only a few months since, in the pages of this Review, a new manifesto was issued by one of our best-known Positivists, which purported to describe the exact religious position taken up by the infant Church of Humanity. Mr. John Morley has republished in ten volumes what is, under one of its aspects, neither more nor less than an anti-Christian creed, embedded in a series of criticisms. Other eminent writers equally anti-Christian have been again exhibiting their opinions to the gaze of the pitiable millions, who still sit hugging the broken fetters of theology. Indeed, we may say that during the past two years, each of the principal sects into which the Protestantism of science has split itself has appealed to us afresh, through the mouth of some qualified minister; whilst the hold which such questions have on the public mind, whenever they are put in a way which the public can comprehend, has been curiously illustrated by the eagerness of even frivolous people, in devouring a recent novel, which on ordinary grounds would be unreadable, and whose sole interest consisted in its treatment of Christianity.

Stimulated by the example of our scientific instructors, I propose to follow, as faithfully as I am able, in their footsteps. There are certain canons of criticism, and there is a certain sceptical temper, which they have applied to Christianity, and which they say has destroyed it. The same canons and temper I now propose to apply to the principal doctrine which they offer to the world as a substitute.

Of course it will be said that thinkers who call themselves scientific offer us doctrines of widely different kinds. No doubt this is true. Amongst men of science as doctrinaires, there are as many sects as there are amongst theological Protestants; nor was it without meaning, as I shall show by-and-by, that I spoke of their creeds collectively, under the name of Scientific Protestantism. But though, like theological Protestants, they differ amongst themselves, and even quarrel amongst themselves, like theological Protestants also, they have fundamental points of agreement; and it is solely with those last that I now propose to concern myself. Let us take first a hasty glance at their differences; and it will be presently plain enough what the points of agreement are.

Putting aside, then, all minor questions, Scientific Protestantism may be said, with substantial accuracy, to be composed at the present moment of five principal sects, which differ from one another mainly in the following ways. One of them, whilst denying, as they all do, both miracles and a future life, believes in a personal God, not unlike the Father of the Gospels. Indeed, it adopts most of what the Gospels say of Him. It accepts their statements; it only denies their authority. There is a second sect which retains a God also, but a God, as it fancies, of a much sublimer kind. He is far above any relationship so definite as that of a father; indeed, we gather that he would think even personality vulgar. If we ask what he is, we receive a double answer. He is a metaphysical necessity; he is also an object of sentiment; and he is apprehended alternately in a vague sigh and a syllogism. He is, in fact, a God of the very kind that Faust described so finely when engaged in seducing Margaret. Neither of these two sects is greatly admired by a third, which regards the God of the first as a mutilated relic of Christianity, and the God of the second as an idle, maundering fancy. It has, however, an object of adoration of its own, which it declares, like St. Paul, as the reality ignorantly worshipped by the others. Its declaration, however, unlike St. Paul's, is necessarily of extreme brevity, for this Unknown God is nothing else than the Unknowable. It is the philosopher's *substance* of the universe underlying phenomena; and it raises our lives somehow by making us feel our ignorance of it. These three sects we may call Unitarians, Deists, and Pantheists. There is a fourth which considers them all three ridiculous; but the third, with its Unknowable, the most ridiculous of all. This fourth sect has also its God, which is best described by saying that it differs from the Unknowable in being known in one particular way. It is revealed in a general tendency, discoverable in human affairs, which, taking one thousand years with another, is alleged on the whole to make for righteousness or for progress. The individual man is not made in God's image; but the fortunes or the misfortunes of a sufficient number of men are something still better—they are the manifestations of God himself. Lastly, we have a fifth sect, nearest akin to the fourth, but differing from it and from all the others in one important particular. It rids itself of any idea of God altogether, as a complete superfluity. An object of adoration, like all the others, it has; and, like the fourth, it finds this object in the tendencies of human history. But why, it asks, should we call them the manifestations of God? Why wander off to anything so completely beside the point? They are not the manifestations of God. It is obvious what they are; they are the manifestations of Humanity. We have here, under our noses, in a visible and tangible form, the true object of all these sublime emotions, those hours of

comforting contemplation, which men have been offering in vain to the acceptance of all the infinities in rotation. The object which we have scoured the universe and ransacked our fancies to find, has all the while been actually in contact with ourselves, and we ourselves have been actually integral parts of it.

Here, then, classified with sufficient accuracy, are the principal forms of religion, which those who reject Christianity are now offering the world, in the name of science, as substitutes. Now the great fact which I wish to point out is this: however much the four first differ from one another and from the last, yet the main tenets of the last form an integral part of all. The worshippers of Humanity base their worship of it on certain beliefs as to evolution and progress, which give to human events some collective and coherent meaning. Every one of the other sects, let it worship what it will, bases its worship on precisely the same foundation. The Scientific Theists, denying both a future life and a revelation, and yet maintaining that God has moral relations with man, and that a man's personal pleasure is the least thing a man lives for, can explain such a doctrine only by affirming a social progress which enlarges the purposes of the individual and exhibits the purpose of God. The religion of the Unknowable is obviously but the religion of Humanity, with the Unknowable placed under it, like the body of a violoncello, in the hope of producing a deeper moral vibration; and of every form of scientific theism we may say the same with equal even if not with such obvious truth. I do not suppose that anybody will dispute this, otherwise I should dwell on it longer, so as to place it beyond a doubt. I will take it then for admitted that in all scientific religions, in all our modern religions that deny a future life and a revelation, the religion of Humanity is an essential, is indeed the main ingredient. Let us now consider with a little more exactness what, as a series of propositions, this religion of Humanity is.

Every religious doctrine has some idea at the bottom of it far simpler than the propositions in which alone it can be stated logically. Let us see what is the idea at the bottom of the religious doctrine of Humanity. It appeals to us most forcibly perhaps under its negative aspect. Under that aspect we may seize it completely, thus. Let us take Shakespeare's lines—

“ Life is a tale,
Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

Let us realise fully all that these lines mean. The idea in question is a protest against that meaning.

In this form, however, there is nothing scientific about it. It

is merely the protest of an individual based on his own emotions, and any other individual may with equal force contradict it. To make it scientific it must be transferred to a different basis—from the subjective experience of the individual to the objective history of the race. The value to each man of his own personal lot depends entirely on what each man thinks it is. No one else can observe it; therefore no one else can dispute about it. But the lot of the race at large is open to the observation of all. It is obvious to all that this lot is always changing, and the nature of these changes, whether they have any meaning in them or none, is not a matter of opinion, but of facts and inductions from facts. The religious doctrine of Humanity asserts that they have a meaning. It asserts that they follow a certain rational order, and that whether or no they are related to the purposes of any God, they have a constant and a definite relation to ourselves. It asserts that, taken as a whole, they have been, are, and will be, always working together—though it may be very slowly—to improve the kind of happiness possible for the human being, and to increase the numbers by whom such happiness will be enjoyed.

Here, put in its logical and categorical form, is the primary doctrine common to all our scientific religions. The instant, however, it is thus expressed, another proposition, through a process of logical chemistry, adheres to it and becomes part of its structure. This proposition relates not to the tendencies of the race, but to the constitution of the average individual character. It asserts, and very truly, that a natural element in that character is sympathy; but it asserts more than this. It asserts that sympathy, even as it exists now, is a feeling far stronger and wider than has usually been supposed; that it is capable, even now, when once the idea of progress has been apprehended, of making the fortunes of the race a part of the fortunes of the individual, and inspiring the individual to work for the progress in which he shares; and it asserts that, strong as sympathy is now, it will acquire, as time goes on, a strength incalculably greater.

These two propositions united may be summed up thus. The Human Race as a whole is a progressive and improving organism; and the conscience, on the part of the individual that such is the case, will be the principal cause of its continued progress in the future, and will make the individual a devoted and happy partaker of it.

Here is the religion of Humanity reduced to its simplest elements. I have called it the religion of Humanity because the name is now familiar, and may help to show the reader what it is I am talking about. But having used it thus far, I shall now beg leave to change it, and instead of the religion of Humanity I shall speak of the creed

of Optimism. For my present purpose it is a great deal clearer. A religion is a creed touched with emotion; a creed is nothing but a dry series of propositions. My present purpose is simply to examine two dry propositions, and I will put all questions of emotion as far as possible into the background. I am aware that the word Optimism is sometimes used with a meaning which many devotees of the religion of Humanity would repudiate. George Eliot, for instance, declared she *was* not an Optimist. Things were not for the best, she said; but *they* were always tending to get better. She accordingly said that she would sooner describe herself as a Meliorist. Nobody again lays greater or more solemn weight on the doctrine of progress than does Mr. John Morley; and yet nobody would more bitterly ridicule the doctrines of Dr. Pangloss. But in spite of the sober and even sombre view which such thinkers take of the human lot, they still believe that it holds some distinct and august meaning, that the tides of affairs, however troubled, do not eddy aimlessly, and do not flow towards the darkness, but keep due on towards the light, however distant. They believe, in short, that the human lot has something in it, which makes it, in the eyes of all who can see clearly, a thing to be acquiesced in not merely with resignation, but devoutness. The soberest adherents of the religion of Humanity admit as much as this; and no violence is done to the meaning, or even to the associations of the word, if all who admit thus much, from the most to the least sanguine, are classed together under the common name of Optimists.

And now having seen what Optimism is, let us before going farther, make ourselves quite clear as to what results on life its exponents claim for it. They do not claim for it, as has been sometimes claimed for Christianity, that it is the foundation of the moral code. Our modern Optimists, without a single exception, hold the foundations of the moral code to be social. According to their theory, all its cardinal precepts have been the results not of belief, but of experience, and simply represent the conditions essential to social union. Belief, in certain important ways, may modify them; but it neither created them nor can substantially change them. Christianity, for instance, has put chastity on a pedestal, but it was not Christianity that made adultery a crime, nor would the completest atheism enable us to construct a society which could live and thrive without some sexual discipline. This is the view taken by modern science, and we may all accept it, as far as it goes, for true. Since then the propositions which compose the creed of Optimism are not propositions from which the moral code is deduced, what moral result is supposed to spring from an assent to them? The result is supposed to be this—not any new assent to the reasonableness of that code, but a new heart in obeying it. In other words, the end of moral conduct being the welfare of society, our assent to the creed of

Optimism makes that welfare incalculably nearer and dearer to us than it would be otherwise, and converts a mere avoidance of such overt acts as would injure it into a willing, a constant, an eager effort to promote it. This is what Optimism, when assented to, and acting on the emotions, claims to do for conduct; and indeed it is no slight thing. It is a thing that makes all the difference between the life of a race of brutes, and the life of a race with something which we have hitherto called divine in it. For those who deny any other life but the present, what Optimism announces is practically the re-creation of the soul, and our redemption from the death of an existence merely selfish and animal. Optimism announces this, and of all scientific creeds it alone pretends to do so; and if its propositions are true, there are plausible grounds for arguing that a genuine religion of the kind described will result from it.

And now we come to the question which I propose to ask—*Are its propositions true?* Or are we certain that they are true? And if we are certain, on what kinds of evidence do we base our certainty? We have already got them into condition to be submitted to this inquiry. We have stripped them, so to speak, for the operation. There they stand, two naked propositions, whose sole claim to our acceptance is that they are scientific truths, that they are genuine inductions from carefully observed facts, that they have been reached legitimately by the daylight of reason, that prejudice and emotion have had nothing to do with the matter; that they stand, in short, on precisely the same footing as any accepted generalisation of physics or physiology. One of them, as we have seen, is a proposition relating to the changes of human history; the other is a proposition relating to the sympathetic capacity of the individual.

I propose to show that the first is not as yet a legitimate generalisation at all; that the facts of the case as at present known, not only are insufficient, but point in two opposite ways, that the certainty with which the proposition is held by our scientific instructors is demonstrably due to some source quite other than scientific evidence, and finally, that even if, in any sense, the proposition should be found true, the truth would be found inadequate to the expectations based on it.

This is what I propose to show with regard to the proposition asserting progress. With regard to the proposition that deals with human sympathy, I propose to show that it is less scientific still, that whilst here and there an isolated fact, imperfectly apprehended, may suggest it, the great mass of facts absolutely and hopelessly contradict it, and furthermore, that even granting its truth, its truth would cut both ways, and annihilate the conclusions it supported.

This last proposition we will consider first. Let us repeat it in set terms. It asserts that the sympathetic feelings of the average

man are sufficiently strong and comprehensive to make the alleged progress of the human race a source of appreciable and constant satisfaction to himself. And the satisfaction in question is no mere pensive sentiment, no occasional sunbeam gilding an hour of idleness; but it is a feeling so robust and strong that it can not only hold its own amongst our ordinary joys and sorrows, but actually impart its own colour to both. It will also, as progress continues, increase in strength and in importance.

Now in considering if this is true, let us grant all that can be granted; let us grant, for argument's sake, that progress is an acknowledged reality—that human history, if regarded in a way sufficiently comprehensive, shows us, written across it in gigantic characters, some record of general and still continuing improvement. Are our characters such that the knowledge of this fact will really cause us any flow of spirits sufficiently vivid to take rank amongst our personal joys, and to buoy us up in personal despondency and sorrow? Or again, are they such that this general improvement of the race will be an object nearer our hearts than our own private prosperity, and will really incite us to sacrifice our strength and our pleasures to its promotion? To these questions there are two answers, which I shall give separately.

The first answer is, that from one point of view they are simply questions of degree. For instance, supposing it were suddenly made known to all of us, that some extraordinary amelioration in the human lot would, owing to certain causes, accomplish itself during the next ten days, the whole race would probably experience a sense of overmastering joy, through which ordinary sorrows and annoyances would hardly make themselves felt. Or again, should it be known that this glorious piece of progress were contingent on every one making some specified effort, we may safely say that for the time very few men would be idle. And again, should it be known that by indulgence in personal passion the results of this progress would be grievously and visibly diminished, for ten days, doubtless, self-restraint would be general. But in proportion as we suppose the rate of the progress to be slower, and the importance to the result of each separate act to be less, our satisfaction in the one and our anxiety about the other would dwindle, till the former would be perceptible only in the hush of all other emotions; and the latter, as affecting action, would cease to be perceptible at all.

To convince ourselves that such is the law which this feeling would follow, we have only to look at the commonest experiences of life; for the sympathy with general progress of which we are alleged to be capable, is not supposed to have anything miraculous about it, but to be simply a particular application of a faculty in daily exercise. Now an ordinary man is delighted if some great

good fortune happens to some other who is very near and dear to him—if his son or his daughter or his brother, for instance, marries well and happily; but if the same good fortune happens to some unknown connection, his delight is at best of a very lukewarm kind; whilst if he hears of a happy marriage in Germany, it is nonsense to pretend that he is really delighted at all. Again, if he reads in the *Times* of an accident to a train in America, he says it is shocking, and goes on with his breakfast; but if a telegram comes to inform him that his son was amongst the passengers, he at once is in torture till he learns if his son is safe. So too with regard to conduct, the consequences to be expected from any given act will influence his choice or his avoidance of it in proportion to their nearness or their remoteness, to their certainty or their uncertainty, to the clearness with which he is able to grasp them, and also to their objective magnitude relative to the amount of effort required from himself in doing the act or in abstaining from it. This is evident in cases where the consequences are consequences to the doer. A reward to be given in ten years times stimulates no one as much as a reward to be given tomorrow; nor does a fit of the gout hovering dimly in the future keep the hand from the bottle like a twinge already threatening. Again, if the ill-consequences of an act otherwise pleasant have in them the smallest uncertainty, a numerous class is always ready to risk them; and as the uncertainty becomes greater, this class increases. All intemperance, all gambling, all extravagance, all sports such as cricket and hunting, and the very possibility of a soldier's life as a profession, depend on this fact. Few men would enlist if they knew that they would be shot in a twelvemonth; few men would go hunting if they knew they would come home on a stretcher. And what is true of men's acts regarded as affecting themselves, is equally true of them regarded as affecting others. Sympathy follows the same laws as selfishness. Supposing a young man knew that if he did a certain action his mother would instantly hear of it and die of grief in consequence, he would be a young man of very exceptional badness if this knowledge were not a violent check on him. But suppose the act were only one of a series, making his general conduct only a little worse, and suppose that the chance of his mother's hearing of it were slight, and that it would, if she did hear of it, cost her only one extra sigh, the check so strong in the first case would in this be extremely feeble. Here again is a point more important still. In the case of any act, regarded as affecting others, which involves effort or sacrifice, the motive to perform it depends for its strength or weakness on the proportion between the amount of the sacrifice and the amount of good to be achieved by it. A man may be willing to die to save his wife's honour, but he will hardly be willing to do so to save her new

ball-dress, even though she herself thinks the latter of most value. A man would defy himself one truffle to keep a hundred men from starving, but he would not himself starve to give a hundred men one truffle. The effort is immense on one side, the result infinitesimal on the other, and sympathy does nothing to alter the unequal balance. Lastly, results to others, as apprehended by sympathy, even when not small themselves, are made small by distance. No man thinks so much of what will happen to his great-grandchildren as he does of what will happen to his children; nor would it be easy to raise money for building a hospital which would not be finished for fifteen hundred years. Sympathy then with other people, or with any cause or any object affecting them, influences our actions in proportion as the people are near to us, or as the objects are large, distinct, or important; whence it follows that to produce a given strength of motive, the more distant an object is the larger and more distinct it must be.

And now let us turn again to the progress of the human race; and supposing it to be a fact, and accepting it as described by its prophets, let us consider how far our sympathies are really likely to be affected by it. Is it quick enough? Is it distinct enough? Is there a reasonable proportion between the efforts demanded from us on its behalf, and the results to be anticipated from these efforts? And how far, in each individual case, are the results certain or doubtful?

Now one of the first things which our scientific Optimists impress on us is, that this progress is extremely slow. Before it has brought the general lot to a condition which in itself is even approximately satisfactory, "immeasurable geologic periods of time," Mr. Morley tells us, will have to intervene; and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in this Review, a month or two since, warned us not to be in a hurry. He is far more sanguine indeed than Mr. Morley; but even he thinks that we must wait for three thousand years, before the results of Progress begin to be worth talking about. Now, "to a practical man," says Mr. Harrison, "three thousand years is an eternity." I quite agree with him; to a practical man it is; and thus, whether his calculations are accepted, or Mr. Morley's, our own efforts on behalf of the general welfare are divided by a practical eternity from their first appreciable fruits. Now since Mr. Harrison refers us to practical men, let us try to imagine, guided by our common experience, how the knowledge that this kind of progress was a reality, would be likely to affect the practical men we know. Let us first think how it would affect their feelings; and then how, through their feelings, it would affect their actions. The two questions are separate, and involve different sets of considerations.

To begin then with the question of mere feeling. If we wish to form some conjecture as to how men are likely to feel about the

things of the remote future, we cannot do better than resort to a test which is suggested to us by the Optimists themselves, and consider how men feel about the things of the remote past. Of course, as we may see in the case of a man's own life, the feelings excited by the past differ in kind from those excited by the future; but the intensity of the one, we may say with confidence, is a fair measure of the intensity of the other. If a man who has caused himself suffering by his own acts, forgets that suffering the first moment it is over, he is not likely to trouble himself about the possibility of its repetition. And the same thing will hold good as to our feeling for past and future generations. Events that are going to happen three thousand years hence will hardly be more to us than events which happened three thousand years ago. Now what man in any practical sense cares anything about what happened three thousand years ago? To re-people the cities and temples of the past—Memphis, and Thebes, and Babylon—to see at the call of the imagination the earth give up her dead, and buried generations come and go before us, is no doubt an occupation that many of us find fascinating. But the pleasure of watching these ἀμνηστὰ κάρνηα has nothing akin to any personal interest in them. Neither, again, has the interest taken in them by the historian. Were we to learn to-day for the first time that all the plagues of Egypt had been repeated ten times over, or that a million slaves had been tortured by Pharaoh Necho, nobody's spirits would be in the least damped by the intelligence. The strongest feelings producible by the longest contemplation of the greatest triumphs and the greatest misfortunes of antiquity are mere phantoms, mere wreaths, mere reflections of the reflections of shadows, when compared with the annoyance producible by a smoky chimney. Supposing we were to discover that three thousand years ago there was a perfectly happy and a perfectly civilized society, the conditions of which were still perfectly plain to us, the discovery no doubt would be intensely interesting if it afforded us any model that we could ourselves imitate. But our interest would be centred in the thought not that other people had been happy, but that we, or that our children, were going to be. The two feelings are totally different. Supposing we were to discover on some Egyptian papyrus a receipt for making a certain delicious tart, the pleasure we might take in eating the tart ourselves would have nothing to do with any gratification at the pleasure it gave Sesostris. The conclusion, then, that we may draw from our obvious apathy as to the happiness of our remote ancestors is that we are really equally apathetic as to the happiness of our remote descendants. As the past ceases to be remote—as it becomes more and more recent, some faint pulsations of sympathy begin to stir in us; when we get to the lives of our grandfathers the feeling may be quite

recognisable; when we get to the lives of our fathers, it may be strong. This is true; and the same thing holds good as to the future. We may feel strongly about the lives of our children, more weakly about the lives of our grandchildren; and then presently we cease to have any feeling at all. Were we promised that progress in the future would be quicker than progress in the past, the case would change in proportion to this promised quickness; but this is precisely what we are not promised.

I said that this appeal to the past was suggested by the Optimists themselves. The feelings indeed which they dwell upon as producible are somewhat different from those on which I have just commented. But they are less so to the point as indicating the possibility of any sympathy with the future, and are seen when analysed to be even more fantastic. What the Optimist tells us that we ought to feel, can feel, and if we do but think over things, must feel, is not so much gladness or sorrow at our ancestors having been happy or unhappy, as gratitude towards them, for the happiness that their efforts have secured for us. Now the efforts of our ancestors have secured us a great number of things; if they have secured us our happiness they have secured us also our afflictions. If we owe to them our present medical skill, we also owe to them consumption, and gout, and scrofula. Our gratitude therefore is to be of a somewhat eclectic character. Its object is not the whole of our ancestors, but only that proportion of them whose lives have been beneficial to us. But we can never know accurately what that proportion is. It is an undistinguished part of a dimly apprehended whole. How are we to be grateful to a shadowy abstraction like this? Mr. Harrison might tell us, and he actually does tell us, that we know our ancestral benefactors through certain illustrious specimens of them—"poets, artists, thinkers, teachers, rulers, discoverers;" indeed, he says that the worshipping gratitude in question "is felt in its most definite mode when we enter into communion" with such great men as these. This no doubt makes the idea clearer; but it only does so to make its absurdity clearer also. Some great men have done good to posterity—good which we feel now; but many have done evil; and there are wide differences of opinion as to which of them has done what. Is Frederick the Great, for instance, to be the object of worshipping gratitude, or of aversion? Are we to enter into communion with him, or avoid him? Or supposing all such doubts as these to be settled, and the calendar of the saints of progress to be edited to the satisfaction of us all, there are difficulties still greater behind. Many men whose actions have been undoubtedly beneficial, have been personally of exceedingly doubtful character; the good they have done to posterity has been in many cases unforeseen and unintended by themselves; or even if they

have foreseen it, love of posterity has not been their motive in doing it. Who, for instance, feels any worshipping gratitude to Lord Bacon? We may admire his genius, or may recognise his services; but benefit to us was not his object in producing them, and therefore our gratitude is not their recompense. It is as irrational to be grateful for an unintended benefit, as it is to be angry for an unintended injury. Of course we have some feeling about such great men. It is shown in its strongest form in the people we call hero-worshippers. But the feeling of the hero-worshipper is the very reverse of the vicarious feeling for humanity postulated by our Optimists. The hero-worshipper admires his heroes because they differ from the rest of mankind, not because they resemble and represent them. Even could we imagine that one or two great men actually foresaw our existence, and toiled for us with a prophetic love, we cannot imagine this of the great masses of our predecessors. So far as they are concerned, we are the accidental inheritors of goods which they laid up for themselves; and if there is any reason to praise them for what they have done well, there is equal reason to grumble at them for not having done it better.

If these reflections do not appear conclusive, let us turn from our ancestral benefactors, to our remote contemporary benefactors. Our attitude towards them will enlighten us somewhat further. To some of the remotest of our contemporaries we owe some of our homeliest comforts. To take one instance out of many, we owe tea to the Chinese. Now does any English tea-drinker feel any worshipping gratitude towards the Chinese? We care for them as little as they care for us; and if we learnt to-morrow that the whole Chinese race was a myth, it is doubtful if one of us would eat a worse dinner for the news. If we feel so little about remote benefactors who are living, we shall hardly feel more about remote benefactors who are dead; and we shall feel less about remote recipients of benefits, who will not be born for an eternity.

To sum up, then, what experience teaches us as the extent to which an idea like that of human progress, moving imperceptibly to a goal incalculably distant, is able to affect the feelings of the ordinary individual, we must say that there is no evidence of any sort or kind that for practical purposes it is able to affect them at all.

And now let us pass on from this consideration to another. The emotions required by the Optimist we have shown to be not possible. Let us now consider how, supposing they were possible, they would be likely to influence action. We shall see that their influence, at the best, would be necessarily very feeble; and that it would be enfeebled by the very conditions which we mainly counted on to strengthen it. Supposing the human race could last only another two years, even Mr. Harrison would admit that we might well be

indifferent about improving it, and feel sad rather than elated at its destiny. As it is, Mr. Harrison, though he cannot say that it is eternal, yet promises it a duration which is an eternity for all practical purposes; and he conceives that in doing this he is investing it with interest and with dignity. He thinks that, within limits, the longer the race lasts, the more worthy of our service it will seem to our enlightened reason. One of the most solemn reflections which he presses on our hearts is this, that the consequences of each one of our lives will continue *ad infinitum*.

Now, from one point of view Mr. Harrison is perfectly right. Granting that we believe in progress, and that our feelings are naturally affected by it, among the chief elements in it which cause it thus to affect them will be its practical eternity—its august magnitude. But the moment we put these feelings, as it were, into harness, and ask them to produce for us action and self-sacrifice, we shall find that the very elements which have excited the wish to act have an equal tendency to enervate the will. We shall find that, as the porter in *Macbeth* says, they are “equivocators.” They “provoke the desire, but take away the performance.” For the longer the period we assign to the duration of the human race and of progress, the mightier the proportions of the cause we are asked to work for, the smaller will be the result of our efforts in proportion to the great whole; less and less would each additional effort be missed. If the consequences of our lives ceased two years after our death, the power of these consequences, it is admitted, would be slight either as a deterrent or a stimulant. Mr. Harrison thinks that they will gain force, through our knowledge that they will last *ad infinitum*. But he quite forgets the other side of the question, that the longer they last they are a constantly diminishing quantity, ever less and less appreciable by any single human being, and that we can only think of them as infinite at the expense of thinking of them as infinitesimal.

Now, as I pointed out before, it is a rule of human conduct that there must to produce an act, be some equality between the effort and the expected result; but in the case of any effort expended for the sake of general progress there is no equality at all. And not only is there no equality, but there is no certain connection. The best-meant efforts may do harm instead of good; and if good will be really done by them, it is impossible to realise what good. How many workmen of the present day would refuse an annuity of two hundred a year, on the chance that by doing so they might raise the rate of wages 1 per cent. in the course of three thousand years? But why talk of three thousand years? Our care, as a matter of fact, does not extend three hundred. Do we any of us deny ourselves a single scuttle of coals, so as to

make our coal-fields last for one more unknown generation? It is perfectly plain we do not. 'The utter inefficacy' of the motives supplied by devotion to progress, for its own sake, may at once be realised by comparing them with the motives supplied by devotion to it for the sake of Christianity. The least thing that the Christian does to others he does to Christ. However slight the result, Christ judges it by the effort and the intention; a single mite may be valued by him as much as a thousand pounds; and however far away from us may be the human beings we benefit, Christ, who is served through them, is near. But the naked doctrine of progress has no idea in it at all analogous to this idea of Christ. Compared with Christianity it is like an optical instrument with some essential lens wanting. Christianity made our infinitesimal influence infinite; scientific Optimism makes our infinite influence infinitesimal.

But perhaps it will be said that the idea of general progress is not supposed to move and stimulate us directly, but is embodied for each one of us in some homely and definite service which we can do to those about us; and that we do not do such service for the love of the race in general, but rise to the general love through doing the particular services. The answer to this is obvious. If this is all that is claimed for the idea of progress, all claim for it that it influences action is abandoned. It does not tend to make men energetic, philanthropic, and useful who are not so naturally. Such men it leaves exactly as it finds them—the selfish, selfish still, and the filthy, filthy still. It affects those only who act well independently of it; and all that it can be supposed to do for these is not to make them choose a particular line of conduct, but to give them a new excuse for being pleased with themselves at having chosen it. This brings us back to the question of mere feeling; and the feeling supposed to be produced by the idea of progress, we have already seen to be a mere fancy and illusion. As I have taken special care to point out, nobody claims for Optimism that it supplies us with a rule of right. That is supplied by social science and experience. What is claimed for it is, that it gives us new motives for obeying this rule, and a feeling of blessedness in the thought that it is being obeyed. We have now seen that in no appreciable way has it any tendency to give us either.

All this while we have been supposing that progress was a reality, and inquiring if it will excite certain feelings. Let us now reverse our suppositions. Let us suppose the admittedly real thing to be our capacity for the feelings, and inquire what grounds there are for believing in the progress which is to excite them. Of course the question is not one which can be argued out in a page or two; but we can take stock in a general way of what the arguments are. The first feature that strikes us in human history is change. Do these

changes follow any intelligible order? If so, to what extent do they follow it? And is it an order which can afford us any rational satisfaction? Now that they follow some intelligible order to some extent is perfectly undeniable. The advance of certain races from savagery to civilisation, and from a civilisation that is simple to a civilisation that is complex, is a fact staring all of us in the face; and with regard to certain stages of this advance, few people will seriously deny that it has been satisfactory. It is true that, putting aside all theological views of man, certain races of savages have in all probability been the happiest human animals that ever existed; still if we consider the earliest condition of the races that have become civilised, we may no doubt say that up to a certain point the advance of civilisation made life a better thing for them. But is it equally plain that after a certain point has been past, the continuance of the advance has had the same sort of result? The inhabitants of France under Henri IV. may have been a happier set of men than its inhabitants under Clovis; but were its inhabitants under Louis XVI. a happier set of men than its inhabitants under Henri IV.? Again, if civilisations rise, civilisations also fall. Is it certain that the new civilisations which in time succeed the old bring the human lot to a veritably higher level? To answer these questions, or even to realise what these questions are, we must brand into our consciousness many considerations which, though when we think of them they are truisms, we too often forget to think of. To begin, then: Progress for those who deny a God and a future life, means nothing, and can mean nothing but such changes as may make men happier; and this meaning again further unfolds itself into a reference, first to the intensity of the happiness; secondly, to the numbers who partake in it. Thus, what is commonly called a superior civilisation need not, after a certain step, indicate any real progress. It may even be a disguise of retrogression. It seems, for instance, hardly doubtful that in England the condition of the masses some fifty years ago was worse than it had been a hundred years before. The factory system during its earlier stages of development, though a main element in the most rapid advances of civilisation ever known to the world, did certainly not add for the time to the sum total of happiness. The mere fact that it did not do so for the time is in itself no proof that it may not have done so since; but it is a proof that the most startling advances in science, and the mastery over nature that has come of them, need not necessarily be things which in their immediate results, can give any satisfaction to the well-wishers of the race at large. But we may say, more than this. Not only need material civilisation indicate no progress in the lot of the race at large, but it may well be doubted if it really adds to the happiness of that part of the race who receive the fullest fruits of it. It is

difficult in one sense to deny that express trains and Cunard steamships are improvements on mail coaches or wretched little sailing boats like the *Mayflower*. But are the public in trains happier than the public who went in coaches. Is there more peace or hope in the hearts of the men who go from New York to Liverpool in six days than there was in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers? No doubt we who have been brought up amongst modern appliances should be made miserable for the time if they were suddenly taken away from us. But to say this is a very different thing from saying that we are happier with them than we should have been if we had never had them. A man would be miserable who, being fat and fifty, had to button himself into the waistcoat which he wore when he had a waist and was nineteen. But this does not prove that a large-sized waistcoat makes his middle age a happier time than his youth. Advancing civilisation creates wants, and it supplies wants; it creates habits and it ministers to habits; but it is not always exhilarating us with fresh surprises of pleasure. Suppose, however, we grant that up to a certain point the increase of material wants, together with the means of meeting them, does add to happiness, it is perfectly evident that there is a point where this result ceases. A workman who dines daily off beefsteak and beer may be happier than one whose dinner is water and black bread; but a man whose dinner is ten different dishes need not be happier than the man who puts up with four. There is a certain point, therefore, not an absolute point, but a relative point, beyond which advances in material civilisation are not progress any longer—not even supposing all classes to have a proportionate share in it. Accordingly the fact that inventions multiply, that commerce extends, that distances are annihilated, that country gentlemen have big battues, that farmers keep fine hunters, that their daughters despise butter-making, and that even agricultural labourers have pink window-blinds, is not in itself any proof of general progress. Progress is a tendency not to an extreme, but to a mean.

Let us now pass to another class of facts, generally held to show that progress is a reality, namely the great men that civilisation has produced. Let us, for instance, take a Shakespeare, or a Newton, or a Goethe, and compare them with the Britons and the Germans of the time of Tacitus. Do we not see an image of progress there? To this argument there is more than one answer. It is an argument that points to something, but does not point to so much as those who use it might suppose. No doubt a man like Newton would be an impossibility in an age of barbarism; we may give to civilisation the whole credit of producing him, and admit that he is an incalculable advance on the shrewdest of unlettered savages. But though we find that civilisations produce greater men than bar-

barism we do not find that the modern civilisations produce greater men than the ancient. Were they all to meet in the Elysian Fields Newton would probably not find Euclid his inferior, nor would Thucydides show like a dwarf by Professor Freeman. Further, not only do the limits of exceptional greatness show no tendency to expand, but the existence, at any point, of exceptionally great men is no sure indication of any answering elevation amongst the masses, any more than the existence of exceptionally rich men is a sure indication that the masses are not poor. The intellectual superiority of Columbus to the American savages was, unfortunately, no sign that his followers were not in many ways inferior to them.

What, then, is the evidence that progress, in the sense of an increasing happiness for an increasing number, is really a continuous movement running through all the changes of history? It cannot be said that there are no facts which suggest such a conclusion, but they are absurdly insufficient in number, and they are balanced by others equally weighty, and of quite an opposite character. Isolated periods, isolated institutions, do indeed very strikingly exhibit the movement in question. One of the most remarkable instances of it is the development of the Church of Rome, looked at from the Catholic standpoint. Again, we constantly find periods in a nation's history during which the national happiness has demonstrably moved onwards. Few of the phenomena on which the faith in progress rests have given to that faith such a violent stimulus as the rapid movement observable in such periods. A case in point is the immense and undoubted improvement which during the past forty years has taken place in the condition of the working classes in England; and no doubt, in spite of the ruinous price paid for it, France purchased by the Revolution an improvement not dissimilar. But these movements are capable of an interpretation very different from that which our sanguine Optimists put on them. They resemble a cure from an exceptional disease rather than any strengthening of the normal health. The French Revolution has been thought by many to have been a chopping up of society and a boiling of it in Medea's caldron, from whence it should issue forth born into a new existence. In reality it resembled an ill-performed surgical operation, which may possibly have saved the nation's life, but has shattered its nerves and disfigured it till this day. Whilst as for ordinary democratic reforms—and this is plainest with regard to those which have been most really needed—their utmost effect has been to cure a temporary pain, not to add a permanent pleasure. They have been pills, they have not been elixirs.¹

(1) The causes of material or national advance will be probably recognised in time as being mainly, though not entirely, due to the personal ambitions of a gifted and vigorous minority; and the processes which are now regarded as signs of a universal progress, are constant cures, or attempts at cures of the evils or maladjustments, which are at first incident to any important change.

The most authenticated cases, then, which we have of any genuine progress are to all appearance mere accidents and episodes. They are not analogous to a man progressing, but to a tethered animal which has slipped getting up on its legs again. As to the larger movements which form the main features of history, such as the rise of the Roman Empire, these movements, like waves, are always observed to spend themselves; and it is impossible to prove, without some aid from theology, that the new waves which have shaped themselves out of the subsided waters, are larger, higher, or more important than the last. This is true even of the parts of such movements as history principally records; but of the part, which for our modern Optimists is the most important—which is, indeed, the only important part for them, history can hardly be said to have left any general record at all. The important part of such movements is their relation to the happiness of the masses. Does any one pretend that we have any materials for tracing through the historic ages the fluctuations in the lot of the unnamed multitudes? Here and there some riot, some servile war, or some Jacquerie, shows us that at a certain period the masses in some special district were miserable, and we can trace through other periods some legal amelioration of their lot. But taking the historic periods of the world as a whole, the history of the happiness or the misery of the majority is a book of which everything has perished except some scattered fragments, the gaps between which can be only filled up by conjecture, in many cases not even by that; which fail to suggest in any serious way that the happiness of the multitudes concerned has followed any intelligible order, and which certainly negatives the supposition that there has been any continuous advance in it. Mr. Harrison says that in three thousand years progress should at least be appreciable to the naked eye. Will Mr. Harrison, or any one else, maintain as scientifically demonstrated, that the children whipped to their work in our earlier English factories were happier than the Egyptian brick-makers amongst the melons and the flesh pots?

There is, however, another hypothesis possible, which may give the doctrine of progress a more scientific character. It may be said that though the changes of history hitherto have been seemingly vague and meaningless, they have been really preparatory for a movement which is about to begin now. Telegraphs, ocean steamers, express trains, and printing-presses have, it may be admitted, done little for the general happiness as yet; their importance may have been slight if we regard them as mere luxuries: but all this while they have been knitting the races of men together; they have been making the oneness of Humanity a visible and accomplished fact; and very soon we shall all of us start in company on a march towards the higher things that the future has in store for us. What

shall we say to some idea of this sort—that progress is a certainty henceforward, though it may have been doubtful hitherto? The idea is a pleasant one for the fancy to dwell upon, and it is easy to see how it may have been suggested by facts. But facts certainly give us no assurance that it is true; they do but suggest it, as a cloud may suggest a whale. It is no doubt easier to conceive the possibility of a general onward movement in the future than it is to conceive that of it as a reality in the past. Indeed no one can demonstrate that it will not actually take place. All I wish to point out is that there is no certainty that it will; and not only no certainty, but no balance of probability. The existing civilisation, which some think so stable, and which seems, as I have said, to be uniting us into one community, contains in itself many elements of decay or of self-destruction. In spite of the way in which the Western races seem to have covered the globe with the network of their power and commerce, they are outnumbered at this day in a proportion of more than two to one, by the vast nations who are utterly impervious to their influence—impervious to their ideas, and indifferent to their aspirations. What scientific estimate then can be made of the influence on the future of the Mohammedan and Buddhist populations, to say nothing of the others equally alien to our civilisation, who alone outnumber the entire brotherhood of the West? Who can forecast—to take a single instance—the part which may in the future be played by China? And again, who can forecast the effects of over-population? And who can fail to foresee that they may be far-reaching and terrible? How, in the face of disturbing elements like these, can the future of progress be anything more than a guess, a hope, an opinion, a poetic fancy? At all events, whatever it is, it is certainly not science.

Let us, however, suppose that it is science. Let us suppose that we have full and sufficient evidence to convince us of the reality and continuance of a movement, slow indeed as its exponents admit it to be, but evidently in the direction of some happy consummation in the future. Now what, let us ask, will this consummation be? It is put before us by the creed of Optimism as the ultimate justification of all our hope and enthusiasm, and, as Mr. Morley says, of our “provisional acquiescence” in the existing sorrows of the world. Does anyone, then, profess to be able to describe it exactly to us? To ask this is no idle question. Its importance can be proved by reference to Mr. Harrison himself. He says that if a consummation in heaven is to have the least real influence over us, it is “not enough to talk of it in general terms.” “The all-important point,” he proceeds, “is what kind of heaven? Is it a heaven of seraphic beatitude and unending hallelujahs as imagined by Dante and Milton, or a life of active exertion? And if of active exertion

(and what can life mean without exertion?) of what kind of exertion?" Now with regard to heaven it would be perfectly easy to show that this demand for exact knowledge is unreasonable and unnecessary; for part of the attraction of the alleged beatitude of heaven consists in the belief that it passes our finite understanding, that we can only dimly augur it, and that we shall be changed before we are admitted to it. But with regard to any blessed consummation on the earth, such details as Mr. Harrison asks for are absolutely indispensable. Our Optimists tell us that, on the expiration of a practical eternity, there will be the beginnings at any rate of a blessed and glorious change in the human lot. In Mr. Harrison's words, I say, What kind of change? Will it be a change tending to make life a round of idle luxury, or a course of active exertion? And if of active exertion, of what kind of exertion? Will it be practical or speculative? Will it be discovering new stars, or making new dyes out of coal tar? No one can tell us.

On one point no doubt we should find a consensus of opinion; but this point would be negative, not positive. We should be told that poverty, overwork, most forms of sickness, and acute pain would be absent; and surely it may be said that this is a consummation fit to be striven for. No doubt it is; but from the Optimist's point of view, this admission does absolutely nothing to help us. The problem is to construct a life of superlative happiness; and to eliminate physical suffering is merely to place us on the naked threshold of our enterprise. Suppose I see in the street one day some poor orphan girl, utterly desolate, and crying as if her heart would break. That girl is certainly not happy. Let us suppose I see the same girl next day, equally desolate, but distracted by an excruciating toothache. I could not restore her parents to her, but I can, we will say, cure her toothache, and I do. I ease her of a terrible pain. I cause her unutterable relief; and no doubt in doing so I myself feel happy; but as to the orphan—all I do is this—I restore her to her original misery. And so far as the mere process of stamping out pain is concerned, there is nothing to show that it might not leave life in no better position than that of an orphan cured of a toothache. Indeed, if we may trust the suggestion thrown out by optimistic writers, it would not, even so far as it went, be an unmixed good. These writers have often hinted that pain and trouble probably deepen our pleasures; so if pain and trouble were ever done away with, the positive blessings of life might, on their own showing, be not heightened but degraded.

Again, let us approach the question from another side; and instead of regarding progress as an extinction of pain, let us regard it as the equitable distribution of material comforts amongst all. No one would wish to speak flippantly—or at all events no sane man can

think lightly—of the importance of giving to all a sufficiency of daily bread. But however we realise that privation and starvation are miseries, it does not follow—indeed we know it not to be true—that a light heart goes with a full stomach. Or suppose us to conceive that in the future it would come to do so, and that men would be completely happy when they all had enough to eat, would this be a consummation calculated to raise our enthusiasm, or move our souls with a solemn zeal to work for it? Would any human being who was ever capable of anything that has ever been called a high conception of life, feel any pleasure in the thought of a Humanity, “shut up in infinite content,” when once it had secured itself three meals a day, and smiling every morning a satisfied smile at the universe, its huge lips shining with fried eggs and bacon?

I am not for an instant saying that mere physical well-being is the only sort of happiness to which Optimists look forward. But it is the only sort of happiness about which their ideas are at all definite; and I have alluded to it as I have done, merely to point out that their only definite ideas are ridiculously insufficient ideas. I do not doubt for a moment that thinkers like Mr. Harrison anticipate for transfigured Humanity pleasures which to them seem nobler than the noblest we can enjoy now; but about these pleasure I say there is no consensus of opinion; what opinion there is, is quite indefinite, and there is nothing to show that these pleasures will ever be realised, and judging from the hints we have of them, there is much to show that they would be impossible. To sum up then, the altered Humanity of the future, even granting that we are advancing towards it, may be compared to an image of which one part only is definite. It is not like an image with feet of clay and with a head of gold, but like an image with a stomach of clay, and everything else of cloud.

We have now examined the creed of Optimism from two points of view, assuming in turn the truth of each one of its two propositions, and inquiring into the truth of the other. We first assumed the reality of progress, and asked how far our sympathy was capable of being stimulated by it; we next assumed the alleged capacities of our sympathy, and asked what grounds there were for any belief in a progress by which sympathy of the assumed kind could be roused. And we have seen that, so far as scientific evidence is concerned, both the propositions in question are unsupported and fanciful.

There remains for us yet a third test to submit it to, and this will be found to be the most fatal of all. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that both the propositions are true; and we shall see that they contain in themselves elements by which their supposed meaning is annihilated. Let us assume, then, that progress will, in process of time, produce a state of society which we should all regard

as satisfactory; and let us assume that our sympathies are of such a strength and delicacy that the far-off good in store for our remote descendants will be a source of real comfort to our hearts and a real stimulus to our actions—that it will fill life, in fact, with moral meanings and motives. It will only require a very little reflection to show us that if sympathy is really strong enough to accomplish this work, it will inevitably be strong enough to destroy the work which it has accomplished. If we are, or if we should come to be, so astonishingly sensitive that the remote happiness of posterity will cause us any real pleasure, the incalculable amount of pain that will admittedly have preceded such happiness, that has been suffered during the countless years of the past, and will have to be suffered during the countless intervening years of the future, must necessarily convert such pleasure into agony. It is impossible to conceive, unless we throw reality overboard altogether, and decamp frankly into dreamland—it is impossible to conceive our sympathy being made more sensitive to the happiness of others, without its being made also more sensitive to their misery. One might as well suppose our powers of sight increased, but increased only so as to show us agreeable objects; or our powers of hearing increased, but increased only so as to convey to us our own praises.

Can any one for an instant doubt that this is a fact? Can he trick himself in any way into any, even the slightest, evasion of it? Can he imagine himself, for instance, having a sudden interest roused in him, from whatever cause, in the fortunes of some young man, and yet not feeling a corresponding shock if the young man should chance to be hanged for murder? The idea is ridiculous. The truth of the matter is, that unless our sympathies had a certain obtuseness and narrowness in them, we should be too tender to endure a day of life. The rose-leaves might give a keener pleasure; but we should be unable to think of it, because our skins would be lacerated with thorns. What would happen to us if, retaining the fastidiousness of man, we suddenly found that our nostrils were as keen as those of dogs? We should be sick every time we walked through a crowded street. Were our sympathies intensified in a similar way, we should pass through life not sick, but broken-hearted. The whole creation would seem to be groaning and travelling together; and the laughter and rejoicing of posterity would be drowned by the intervening sounds, or else would seem a ghastly mockery.

But suppose—we have been waiving objections, and we will now waive them again—suppose that the intervening pain does somehow not inconvenience us; and that our sympathies, “on this bank and shoal of time, jump it,” and bring us safely to the joy and prosperity beyond. Now this jump, on Mr. Harrison’s own showing, will carry us across an eternity. It will annihilate the distance between

our own imperfect condition and our posterity's perfect condition. But how does Mr. Harrison imagine that it will stop there? He admits that all human existence will come to an end some day, but the end, he thinks, does not matter because it is so far off. But if sympathy acquires this power of jumping across eternities, the end ceases to be far off any longer. The same power that takes us from the beginnings of progress to the consummation of progress, will take us from the consummation of progress to its horrible and sure destruction—to its death by inches, as the icy period comes, turning the whole earth into a torture-chamber, and effacing for ever the happiness and the triumph of man in a hideous and meaningless end. Knowing that the drama is thus really a tragedy, how shall we be able to pretend to ourselves that it is a divine comedy? It is true that death waits for all and each of us; and yet we continue to eat, drink, and be merry: but that is precisely because our sympathies have not those powers which Mr. Harrison asserts they have, because instead of connecting us with what will happen to others in three thousand years, it connects us only slightly with what will happen to ourselves in thirty.

We thus see that the creed of Optimism is composed of ideas that do not even agree with each other. They might do that, however, and yet be entirely false. The great question is, do they agree with facts? and not only that, but are they forced on us by facts? Do facts leave us no room for rationally contradicting or doubting them? In a word, have they any basis even approximately similar to what would be required to support a theory of light, or heat, or electricity, of the geologic history of the earth, or of the evolution of species? Is the evidence for their truth as overwhelming and as unanimous as the evidence Professor Huxley would require to make him believe in a miracle? Or have they ever been submitted to the same eager and searching scepticism which has sought for and weighed every fact, sentence, and syllable that might tend to make incredible our traditional conception of the Bible? They certainly have not. The treatment they have met with has been not only not this, but the precise opposite. Men who claim to have destroyed Christianity in the name of science justify their belief in Optimism by every method that their science stigmatizes as most immoral. Mr. Harrison admits, with relation to Christianity, that the Redemption became incredible with the destruction of the geocentric theory, because the world became a speck in the universe, infinitely too little for so vast a drama. But when he comes to defending his own religion of Optimism he says, "the infinite littleness of the world" is a thought we "will put away from us" as an "unmanly and unhealthy musing." Similarly Mr. John Morley, who admits with great candour that many facts exist which suggest doubts of progress,

instead of examining these doubts and giving their full weight to them, tells us that we ought to set them aside as "unworthy." Was ever such language heard in the mouths of scientific men about any of those subjects which have formed their proper studies? It is rather a parody of the language of such men as Mr. Keble, who declared that religious sceptics were too wicked to be reasoned with, and who incurred, for this reason more than any other, the indignant scorn of all our scientific critics. Which of such critics was ever heard to defend a theory of the authorship of Job or of the Pentateuch by declaring that any doubts of their doubts were "unmanly" or "unhealthy"? Who would answer an attack on the Darwinian theory of coral-reefs by calling it "unworthy"? or meet admitted difficulties in the way of a theory of light by following Mr. Harrison's example, and saying "we will put them aside"?

Let the reader consider another statement explicitly made by Mr. John Morley relative to this very question of Optimism. He quotes the following passage from Diderot:—"Does the narrative present me with some fact that dishonours humanity? Then I examine it with the most rigorous severity. Whatever sagacity I may be able to command I employ in detecting contradictions that throw suspicion on the story. It is not so when the action is beautiful, lofty, noble." "*Diderot's way*," says Mr. Morley, "*of reading history is not unworthy of imitation.*" Is it necessary to quote more? This astonishing sentence—not astonishing for the fact it admits, but for the naïve candour of the admission—describes in a nutshell the method which men of science, who have attacked Christianity in the name of the divine duty of scepticism, and of a conscience which forbids them to believe anything not fully proved—this sentence describes the method which such men consider scientific when establishing a religion of their own. Let us swallow whatever suits us; whatever goes against us let us examine with the most rigorous severity.

No feature in the history of modern thought is more instructive than the contrast I have just indicated—the contrast between the scepticism, and the exactingness of science, in its attack on Christianity, and its abject credulity in constructing a futile substitute. That there is no universal, no continuous meaning in the changes of human history, that progress of some sort may not be a reality, I am not for a moment arguing. All I have urged hitherto is, that there is no evidence, such as would be accepted either in physical or philosophical science, to prove there is. The facts, no doubt, suggest any number of meanings, but they support none; and if Professor Huxley is right in saying that it is very immoral in us to believe in such doubtful books as the Gospels, it must be far more immoral in him to believe in the meaning of human existence. What the spectacle of the world's history would really suggest to an impartial scientific

observer, who had no religion and who had not contracted to construct one, is a conclusion eminently in harmony with the drift of scientific speculation, generally. The doctrines of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, imply on the part of nature a vast number of failures—failures complete or partial. The same idea may be applicable to worlds, as to species in this world. If we conceive, as we have every warrant for conceiving, an incalculable number of inhabited planets, the history of their crowning races will, according to all analogy, be various. Some will arrive at great and general happiness, some at happiness partial and less complete, some may very likely, as long as their inhabitants last, be hells of struggle and wretchedness. Now what to an impartial observer the history of the earth would suggest, would be that it occupied some intermediate position between the completest successes and the absolutely horrible failures—a position probably at the lower end of the scale, though many degrees above the bottom of it. Considered in this light its history becomes intelligible, because we cease to treat as hieroglyphs full of meaning a series of marks which have really no meaning at all. We shall see constant attempts at progress, we shall see progress realised in certain places up to a certain point; but we shall see that after a certain point, the castle of cards or sand falls to pieces again; and that others attempt to rise, perhaps even less successfully. We still see numberless words shaping themselves, but never any complete sentence. Taken as a whole, we shall be reminded of certain lines, which I have already alluded to, referring to an “idiot’s tale.” The destinies of humanity need not be all sound and fury; but certainly regarding them as a whole, we shall have to say of them, that they are a tale without plot, without coherence, without interest—in a word, that they signify nothing.

I do not say for a moment that this is the truth about Humanity; but that this is the kind of conclusion which we should probably arrive at if we trusted to purely scientific observation, with no preconceived idea that life must have a meaning, and no interest in giving it one. No doubt such a view, if true, would be completely fatal to everything which to men, in what hitherto we have called their higher moments, has made life dignified, serious, or even tolerable. Hitherto in those higher moments they have risen, like the philosophers out of Plato’s cavern, from their narrow selfish interests, into the light of a larger outlook, and seen that life is full of august meanings. But that light has not been the light of science. Science will give men a larger outlook also; but it will raise them above their narrower interests, not to show them wider ones, but to show them none at all. If then the light that is in us is darkness, we may well say, how great is that darkness! It is from this darkness that reli-

gion comes to deliver us, not by destroying what science has taught us, but by adding to it something that it has not taught us.

Whether we can believe in this added something or not is a point I have in no way argued. I have not sought to prove that life has no meaning, but merely that it has none discoverable by the methods of modern science. I will not even say that men of science themselves are not certain of its existence, and may not live by this certainty; but only that, if so, they are unaware whence this certainty comes, and that though their inner convictions may claim our most sincere respect, their own analysis of them deserves our most contemptuous ridicule.

If there is a soul in man, and if there is a God who has given this soul, the instinct of religion can never die; but if there is any authentic explanation of the relations between the soul and God, and for some reason or other men in any way cease to accept this, their own explanations may well, by a gradual process, resolve themselves into a denial of the theory they seek to explain. And such, according to our men of science themselves, has been the case with the orthodox Christian faith, when once it began to be disintegrated by the solvent of Protestantism. The process is forcibly alluded to by Mr. Harrison. Traditional Protestantism dissolved into the nebulous tenets of the Broad Churchmen; the tenets of the Broad Churchmen dissolved into Deism, Deism into Pantheism and the cultus of the Unknowable, and the last into Optimism. Mr. Harrison fails to read the lesson of history farther, and to see that Optimism in its turn must yield to the solvent of criticism, and leave the religious instinct, or what is the same thing, a sense of a meaning in life, as a forlorn and bewildered emotion without any explanation of itself at all. What Optimism is at present must be abundantly evident. It is the last attempt to discover a peg on which to hang the fallen clothes of Christianity. As Mr. Harrison tells us, most of our scientific Optimists have been brought up with all the emotions of that faith. They have got rid of the faith, but the emotions have been left on their hands. They long for some object on which to lavish them, just as Don Quixote longed to find a lady-love; and if we may judge from certain phrases of Mr. Harrison, they have modestly contented themselves with asking not that the object should be a truth, but merely that it should not, on the face of it, be a falsehood. He does not ask how well Humanity deserves to be thought of, but how well he and his friends will be able to think of it. Once more let us say that this emotion which they call the love of Humanity is not an emotion I would ridicule. I only ridicule their bestowal of it. The love of Humanity, with no faith to enlighten it, and nothing to justify it beyond what science can show, is as absurd as the love of Titania

lavished on Bottom; and the high priests of Humanity, with their solemn and pompous gravity, are like nothing so much as the Bumbles of a squabbling parish. We all know what Hobbes said of Catholicism, that it was the ghost of the dead Roman Empire, sitting enthroned on the ashes of it. Optimism, in the same way, is the ghost of Protestantism sitting on its ashes, not enthroned but gibbering.

I hope that before long I may again return to this subject, to touch on many points which I have been unable to glance at now. On former occasions I have been asked by certain critics what possible use, even suppose life is not worth much, I could hope to find in laying the fact bare. To the Optimists as men of science no explanation is needed. Every attempt to establish any truth, or even to establish any doubt, according to their principles is not only justifiable, but is a duty. To others, an explanation will not be very far to seek. If there is a meaning in life, we shall never understand it rightly, till we have ceased to amuse ourselves with understanding it wrongly. Humanity, if there is any salvation for it, will never be saved till it sees that it cannot save itself, and asks in humility, seeking some greater power, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But as matters stand, it will never see this or ask this, till it has seen face to face the whole of its own ghastly helplessness, and tasted—at least intellectually—the dregs of its degradation. When we have filled our bellies with the husks that the swine eat, it may be that we shall arise and go.

W. H. MALLOCK.

IBSEN'S SOCIAL DRAMAS.

So long ago that the most patient chronicler of the unimportant must have forgotten the fact, I published in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* a study of the work of the Norwegian poet, Henrik Ibsen, up to the year 1874, a study which was afterwards reprinted, in enlarged form as part of a certain volume. I mention this here merely to absolve myself from the duty of examining in the very briefest way the early writings of the poet. At the time the article I speak of appeared, the name of Ibsen was absolutely unrecognised in this country; it is a pleasure to me to know that it was I who first introduced it to English readers—a very poor and inadequate interpreter, but still the first. That name is now widely admired in England, and has long passed beyond any need of emphatic recommendation. All Europe admits that it is one of the greatest in contemporary literature, and by degrees, even here, its possessor is becoming studied and popularised.

It is the more convenient to take for granted the work of Henrik Ibsen previous to 1874, because what he has published since that year has been exclusively of a peculiar class, and that a class in which he had scarcely made any previous essays. The political comedy of *De Unges Forbund* (The Young Men's Union), which appeared as long ago as 1869, has a little of the character of Ibsen's later social dramas, but not very much. All the rest of his early work—his astounding *tours de force* in dramatic rhyme, his saga-tragedies, his historical dramas, his lyrics, although in all of these the careful critic traces the elements of his later and more highly developed manner—is distinguished, to a startling degree, from his social prose dramas, by a total difference of form and tone. The work by which we judge him to-day is an unbroken series of seven plays, all dealing with contemporary life in Norway, all inspired by the same intensely modern spirit, all rigorously divested of everything ideal, lyrical, or conventional, whether in form or spirit. These seven dramas are, at present, Ibsen's claim to be considered as a European imaginative writer of the first class. By the side of their strenuous originality and actuality, the lovely creations of his youth fade into comparative unimportance. These were in the tradition of poetry; those are either masterpieces of a new sort of writing or they are failures.

Ibsen, be it admitted, for the sake of the gentle reader, is not a poet to the taste of every one. The school of critics now flourishing amongst us, to whom what is serious in literature is eminently dis-

tasteful, and who claim of modern writing that it should be light, amusing, romantic, and unreal, will find Ibsen much too imposing. The critic who is bored with Tolstoi, who cannot understand what Howells is aiming at, and who sees nothing but what is "improper" in Guy de Maupassant, will not be able to put up with Ibsen. There is no doubt that he takes his literary analysis and his moral curiosity very "hard." He has no conception of literature as an anodyne, and like all converts, he is a more zealous enemy of æsthetic and formal beauty in literature than those who have never been adepts in touching "the tender stops of various quills." Ibsen's new departure was marked by the rejection of verse as a vehicle. The latest of his historical plays, his *Kjser og Galileer* (Emperor and Galilean), a vast ten-act tragedy as long as Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, was written in prose, and marks the transition. Ibsen had "grown weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme," and from that day to this he has used it only in short copies of verses. The announcement of his complete divorce reached me in a letter from which I will here translate a few words. He had told me of the preparation he was making for a new play—the same which afterwards appeared as *Samfundets Støtter*—and I ventured, with plentiful lack of judgment, as the event proved, to beg that it might be in verse. Dr. Ibsen replied—

There is one point which I must discuss with you. You think my new drama ought to be written in verse, and that it will gain an advantage if it is. Here I must simply contradict you; for the piece is, as you will find, developed in the most realistic way possible. The illusion I wish to produce is that of truth itself; I want to produce upon the reader the impression that what he is reading is actually taking place before him. If I were to use verse, I should by so doing be stultifying my own intention and the object which I placed before me. The variety of everyday and unimportant characters, which I have intentionally introduced into the piece, would be effaced (*udviskede*) and blended into one another, if I had allowed them all to converse in a rhythmic movement. We are no longer living in the time of Shakespeare, and among sculptors there is beginning to be a discussion whether statuary ought not to be painted with lively colours. Much can be said for and against such a practice. I myself would not have the Venus of Milos painted, but I would rather see a negro's head carved in black marble than in white. On the whole, my feeling is that literary form ought to be in relation to the amount of ideality which is spread over the representation. My new drama is not, indeed, a tragedy in the old-world signification of the word, but what I have tried to depict in it is human beings, and for that very reason I have not allowed them to talk "the language of the gods."

This severely realistic conception of what dramatic form should be, a conception which sounded oddly at first on the lips of a poet who had written impassioned five-act plays entirely in elaborate rhymed measures, was in strict harmony with the mental and moral tone of the author in this his new departure. Dr. Georg Brandes, in his interesting volume, *Det Moderne Gjennembruds Mænd*, has

given us some valuable particulars regarding Ibsen's political and philosophical experiences at this crisis of his life. During the Franco-German war, it would seem that his sentiment with regard to life and history underwent a complete revolution. He woke up to see, or to think he saw, that we were living in the last scene of the last act of a long drama; that all which politics, morals, literature were giving us was but the last and driest crumbs swept up from under the table of eighteenth-century revolution; that "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" was played out as a motto, and had come to mean the direct opposite of what it meant to "the late lamented Guillotine." He saw, or thought he saw, politicians wasting their energies on local and superficial revolutions, not perceiving that all things were making ready for a universal revolt of the spirit of men. A few months later, in the following sentences, he anticipated, with a very surprising exactitude, recent utterances of Tolstoi. Ibsen wrote thus to Georg Brandes:—

The State is the curse of the individual. How has the national strength of Prussia been purchased? By the sinking of the individual in a political and geographical formula. . . . The State must go! That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the State, set up in its place spontaneous action, and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing.

It was in such a mood as this that Ibsen received news of the Paris Commune with extreme disgust, regarding this caricature of his ideal as likely to delay the realisation of his genuine desire through at least a generation. To await the new revolution, as religious mystics await the solemn Second Advent, was now useless. The hope of the immediate future had sunk behind the Seine, and Ibsen turned from watching the horizon to diagnose the symptoms of that mortal moral disease of which, as it appeared to him, Europe was fast advancing towards social death. The hypocrisy of society and the brutality of personal egotism—these were the principal outward signs of that inward but universal malady which he saw the world sinking beneath. It was with no thought of reforming society, with no zeal of the missionary or the philanthropist, that he started on his new series of studies. He would spend the few years left to him before the political agony of Europe in noting down, with an accuracy hitherto unparaleled, the symptoms of her disorder. But with him always, since 1870, there has remained, pre-eminent among his political convictions, this belief that the State is the natural enemy of the individual. Always an exile from his own country, he had settled in Dresden, rejoicing in the freedom of a small and uninfluential Government. But in 1875, when Saxony became more and more identified with the vaunting glory and greatness of the Empire,

he fled again. In a letter to me at that time he says: "I must go. In April I shall flit to Munich, and see if I can settle there for two or three years. I fancy that all spiritual life breathes with greater fulness and comfort there than here in North Germany, where the State and politics have drafted all the strength of the people into their service, and have arrested all genuine interests." Always this bogey of the State, paralysing individual action, driving the poet through the cities of Europe to avoid the iron clangour of its colossal system of wheels.

Such was, briefly, the mood, as a literary artist and as a political moralist, in which Ibsen started upon the creation of his remarkable series of dramas. To enumerate them—and this must now be done—is to enumerate the entire published work of twelve years. Courted and flattered as he has been, tempted by the results of his immense prosperity to bend to slighter and less arduous work, Ibsen has never, during this long period of final maturity, resigned for a moment his idea of diagnosing, in a series of sternly realistic dramas, the disease of which this poor weary world of ours, according to his theory, is expiring. At present these plays are seven in number, issued in the winters of the years successively named. First came *Samfundets Støtter* (The Pillars of Society), in 1877; then *Et Dukkehjem* (A Doll's House), in 1879; *Gengangere* (Ghosts), in 1881; *En Folkefiende* (An Enemy of the People), in 1882; *Vildanden* (The Wild Duck), in 1884; *Rosmersholm* (the name of an old manor-house), in 1886; and, lastly, *Fruen fra Havet* (The Lady from the Sea), in 1888. Some brief description of these seven dramas, all closely related to one another, will give a rough idea, to those who do not read Danish, of a very extraordinary group of literary products.

In *The Pillars of Society* Ibsen published a play which did not at once discover to critical readers the fact that he was making a new departure. In the first place it was a drama of to-day, the scene of which was laid in a little Norwegian sea-side town, and Ibsen had already once, in *De Unges Forbund* (The Young Men's Union) of 1869, written a modern political comedy of life in such a part of his native country. In the second place, the piece distinctly recalled, both in form and in substance, Bjornson's exceedingly successful satiric drama *En Fallit* (A Bankruptcy), which had attracted a great deal of attention in 1875. Looking back at the two plays, it is now difficult to understand what relation it was we thought we saw between them. The interest in Bjornson's play has faded, that in Ibsen's has increased; but undoubtedly, at the first production of *The Pillars of Society*, it seemed to be less original than it now seems. Bjornson, with his fresh and vivid fancy, ill-regulated zeal for moral health, and uncertain powers of technical dramatic skill, has scarcely

held his own with Ibsen of late years. But it is difficult not to believe that the rivalry between these two great poets has been beneficial to the greater of the two, and if I had space, or could hope to hold the interest of the reader in such a discussion, I should like to dwell upon the relation of Bjornson's *Leonora* and *The New System* to *A Doll's House*, and the possible influence of Bjornson's *A Glove* on *The Wild Duck*. As far as strenuousness of purpose, depth of psychological insight, and freedom from passion are concerned, however, Ibsen appears to me to be as indisputably superior to Bjornson as in grace of touch and occasional felicity of expression he is inferior.

A certain local and peculiarly Norwegian species of hypocritical respectability is the main disease treated in *The Pillars of Society*. The pathognomonic sign which attends this special malady and distinguishes it from all others, is the cautious lying silence which holds its tongue so carefully, in small social circles, and wraps around its consciousness of guilt garment after garment of false propriety, spurious indignation, and prudent hypocrisy. The hero of the play is Consul Bernick, whose ship-building business is the wealthiest and longest-established industry in the town—who is the main “pillar,” in fact, upon which society supports itself. He not only acts as a support to the trade and the finance of the place, but by his studied morality he gives high tone to its social character. The town bristles with his charities and his improvements, and he is the very darling of its respectabilities. There are, however, two shadows, rather than spots, upon the luminous disk of this great moral sun. It is whispered that Dina Dorf, the agreeable young female to whom the consul has so condescendingly given a home in his family, is the daughter of a married woman, a strolling actress, by Johan Tønneson, Mrs. Bernick's younger brother, who was forced in consequence of this intrigue to leave for America, robbing the Bernicks of a large sum of money in the act of his departure. It is, moreover, known that Mrs. Bernick's half-sister, Lena Hessel, obstinately persisted in following her nephew to the United States, and has disgraced herself there by lecturing, and even by publishing a successful book. These misfortunes, however, are never mentioned, or mentioned only to call forth sympathy for the irreproachable Bernick.

When the curtain rises on *The Pillars of Society*, we are introduced, in a brilliant succession of scenes, and in a spirit of pure comedy, to the bustle of social and industrial life in the little seaport town. An artisan, who is foreman of the Workmen's Society, is reminded: “You are, first and foremost, foreman in Consul Bernick's wharf. Your first and foremost duty is towards the society which calls itself Consul Bernick's firm, for that is what we all live by.” Ladies, the clergy, those townsfolk whose interest it is to get a railway opened

to the town, every person, of whatever species, who exists in and on the municipality, are seen to be whirled in the current of Bernick's stupendous egotism, and the smallest critical objection to his authority is parried either by a threat or else by an appeal to do nothing to undermine so invaluable a pillar of the social edifice. Yet with the opening of the second act we learn that this splendid reputation for respectability is all based upon a structure of lies, and, strangely enough, we begin at this point to study Bernick with curiosity. What seemed an insupportable fatuity is seen to be a deep design of cunning hypocrisy, a magnificent *chef-d'œuvre* of egotistical force of purpose. We are present at the development of a moral intrigue far more serious than any of the roseate imbroglios of eighteenth-century comedy; the Scapins and the Mascarilles, whose impudence has descended, in forms always wholly conventional, to the common drama of our day, are swallowed up, are lost and buried, in this gigantic figure of a knave, before whom the Church, and the sex, and the commune, alike bow down as to a god.

Gradually the edifice of lies comes toppling down like a house of cards. In the episode of the mother of Dina Dorf, it has been Consul Bernick himself, and not Johan Tønneson, who has been the actor, while Johan has really sacrificed himself to shield the consul. The story of the theft is a pure fiction; and on Johan Tønneson's reappearance in Norway the danger breaks out again. Bernick resolves to ship him away again in an untrustworthy vessel, and as he braces himself to the committing of this murder, a torchlight procession of the townsfolk is in the act of approaching his house, to congratulate him on his support of public morality. Johan does not, as a matter of fact, start in the leaky ship, but the toils are gathering around the consul, and when the torchlight procession arrives, half in remorse, half in cynicism, he makes a clean breast of all his rogueries. The revelation comes like a thunderbolt on the deputation, and the townsfolk regard the confessions more as eccentricity than anything else. The firm of Bernick and Co. will rule the roast, we feel, as much as ever it did. The air has been cleared; that is all. There has been a moral thunderstorm. The play ends thus:—

Bernick.—There is another thing which I have learned in these last days. It is that you women are the real pillars of society.

Miss Hessel.—That's a poor lesson to have learned, Brother. No! the spirits of truth and liberty, those are the pillars of society.

The whitewashing of Bernick at the end gives a somewhat conventional termination to this picturesque and powerful play, one of the most animated in action which the poet has produced. *The Pillars of Society* was still, in measure, a well-manufactured drama,

of the admired type familiar to managers. Ibsen does not recur again to this type. Henceforth he carries his realism to a much further extent, and aims at giving no more and no less than an accurate diagram of a section of life. During the two years which preceded his next public appearance, he gave great thought and attention to the question of form, and his second social tragi-comedy was a much more serious affair.

No work of Ibsen's, not even his beautiful Puritan opera of *Brand*, has excited so much controversy as *A Doll's House*. This was, no doubt, to a very great extent caused by its novel presentment of the mission of woman in modern society. In the dramas and romances of modern Scandinavia, and especially in those of Ibsen and Björnson, the function of woman had been clearly defined. She was to be the helper, the comforter, the inspirer, the guerdon of man in his struggle towards loftier forms of existence. When man fell on the upward path, woman's hand was to be stretched to raise him; when man went wandering away on ill and savage courses, woman was to wait patiently over her spinning-wheel, ready to welcome and to pardon the returning prodigal; when the eyes of man grew weary in watching for the morning-star, its rays were to flash through the crystal tears of woman.¹ But in *A Doll's House* he confronted his audience with a new conception. Woman was no longer to be the shadow following man, or if you will, a *skin-leka* attending man, but an independent entity, with purposes and moral functions of her own. Ibsen's favourite theory of the domination of the individual had hitherto been confined to one sex; here he carries it over boldly to the other. The heroine of *A Doll's House*, the puppet in that establishment *pour rire*, is Nora Helmar, the wife of a Christiania barrister. The character is drawn upon childish lines, which often may remind the English reader of Dora in *David Copperfield*. She has, however, passed beyond the Dora stage when the play opens. She is the mother of children, she has been a wife for half a dozen years. But the spoiling of injudicious parents has been succeeded by the spoiling of a weak and silly husband. Nora remains childish, irrational, concentrated on tiny cares and empty interests, without self-control or self-respect. Her doctor and her husband have told her not to give way to her passion for "candy" in any of its seductive forms; but she is introduced to us greedily eating macaroons on the sly, and denying that she has touched one when suspicion is aroused.

Here, then, in Nora Helmar, the poet starts with the figure of a woman in whom the results of the dominant will of man, multiplying the powers and gifts of womanhood, are seen in their extreme

(1) In his early historical tragedy of *The Pretenders* Ibsen had put it: "To love, to sacrifice all and to be forgotten—that is woman's saga."

development. Environed by selfish kindness, petted and spoiled for thirty years of dwarfed existence, this pretty, playful, amiable, and apparently happy little wife is really a tragical victim of masculine egotism. A nature exorbitantly desirous of leaning on a stronger will has been seized, condemned, absorbed by the natures of her father and her husband. She lives in them and by them, without moral instincts of her own, or any law but their pleasure. The result of this weakness—this, as Ibsen conceives, criminal subordination of the individuality—is that when Nora is suddenly placed in a responsible position, when circumstances demand from her a moral judgment, she has none to give; the safety, even the comfort, of the man she loves precede all other considerations, and with a light heart she forges a document to shield her father or to preserve her husband's name. She sacrifices honour for love, her conscience being still in too rudimentary a state to understand that there can be any honour that is distinguishable from love. Thus Nora would have acted, if we can conceive Nora as ever thrown into circumstances which would permit her to use the pens she was so patient in holding. But Nora Elmar has capacities of undeveloped character which make her far more interesting than the, to say the truth, slightly fabulous Nora. Her insipidity, her dollishness, come from the incessant repression of her family life. She is buried, as it were, in cotton-wool, swung into artificial sleep by the egotistical fondling of the men on whom she depends for emotional existence. But when once she tears the wrappings away, and leaps from the pillowed hammock of her indolence, she rapidly develops an energy of her own, and the genius of the dramatist is displayed in the rare skill with which he makes us witness the various stages of this awaking. At last, in an extraordinary scene, she declares that she can no longer live in her doll's house; husband and wife sit down at opposite ends of a table, and argue out the situation in a dialogue which covers sixteen pages, and Nora dashes out into the city, into the night; while the curtain falls as the front door bangs behind her.

The world is always ready to discuss the problem of marriage, and this very fresh and odd version of *L'Ecole des Femmes* excited the greatest possible interest throughout the north of Europe. The close of the play, in particular, was a riddle hard to be deciphered. Nora, it was said, might feel that the only way to develop her own individuality was to leave her husband, but why should she leave her children? The poet evidently held the relation he had described to be such an immoral one, in the deepest and broadest sense, that the only way out of the difficulty was to cut the Gordian knot, children or no children. In almost Nora's very last reply, moreover, there is a glimmer of relenting. The most wonderful of things may happen, she confesses; the reunion of a developed wife to a reformed hus-

band is not, she hints, beyond the range of what is possible. We are left with the conviction that it rests with him, with Helmar, to allow himself to be led through the fires of affliction to the feet of a Nora who shall no longer be a doll.

Ibsen's dramas have a curious way of containing each the germ of the action of the next. As the relation of Bernick to his wife suggests to us the whole plot of *A Doll's House*, so the horrible incident of the diseased friend of the family, the dissipated and dying Dr. Rank, foreshadows the subject of *Ghosts*. This, or I am very much mistaken, is one of the most thrilling and amazing works in modern literature. I know nothing to compare with it for sheer moral horror except *Le Crime et le Châtiment*. The ghosts, or revenants, who give their name to this piece, are the results of self-indulgent egotism, of sensual hypocrisy, stalking through the lives of the next generation of men. These are the spectres of the pleasures of the dead, the teeth of the children set on edge by those sour grapes that their fathers ate. The warping of individuality by hereditary weakness, caused by selfish indulgence, is the tragic central idea of the dreadful play of *Ghosts*. It opens with light comedy, but the plot instantly thickens. A wealthy widow, mother of one son, an interesting delicate youth who has chiefly resided in Paris, welcomes that son on his return to be present at the opening of an asylum which had been built in honour of her husband's memory. He, the late Captain Alving, has been a "pillar of society" and of the Church. His wife knows, and always has known, that he was a person of hopelessly dissolute conduct, but her life during their marriage was sacrificed to a skilful concealment of this fact, and since his death she has laboured no less to preserve his reputation unsullied. Some remarks of her son Oswald about the non-matrimonial but yet faithful connections entered into so often by artists and men of letters in France—remarks made to the conventional and shallow Pastor Manders—lead to a discussion in which, after her son has left the room, Mrs. Alving tears the mask from the hypocrisy of her husband's past life and the torture of her own. She relates a certain incident which finally opened her eyes to her husband's moral incapacity, and made her send her little son away, as a baby, out of such corrupting influences. She has scarcely finished telling this story, which frightens Pastor Manders half out of his wits, when through a door left ajar they hear Oswald repeating the particular offence, and, starting up, Mrs. Alving groans out the word "Ghosts!" Her care has been in vain; the spectre of hereditary vices has revisited her swept and garnished home.

So far, no doubt, Alexander Dumas *filz* or even Sardou would go. But Ibsen, in his daring realism, goes much farther still. The only confidant of Mrs. Alving, in the dreadful guard she kept over the outward respectability of her husband, had been his physician, and

the poet, with unparalleled daring, pursues the phantoms into a still lower circle of hell. In her life of long-drawn moral anguish, in the sacrifice of her individuality to hypocritical sham of every kind, the only reality which has escaped the universal taint of falseness has been the mutual love of mother and son. She has separated herself all these years from Oswald, that his young life might be untouched by the moral miasma of his home, but she has kept up close intimacy with him by correspondence, and he loves her warmly. Now he has returned, ignorant of the truth about his father, and devoted to his mother, the latter hopes to enter at last upon a period of rest and happiness, in which she need pretend nothing and endure nothing, but lie at peace watching the growth of Oswald's character. But she notices that he drinks too freely, smokes too much, and seems always restless and listless. At last he confesses to her that he is never well, that his life is physically ruined, that his nerves and body are a wreck. The evil advances with the play. His brain rapidly softens; in the long and almost intolerably affecting scene with which the play ends his reason flickers out, and the spectator, when the curtain falls, is left uncertain whether his mother will, or will not, indulge his last conscious wish, and cut his senseless second childhood short with a dose of morphia. It is hardly possible, in addressing the prudish English reader, to suggest the real meaning of the whole thing. Ghosts! ghosts! the avenging deities born of the unclean blood that spurtled from the victim of Cronos! How any human creature can see the play acted through without shrieking with mental anguish, I cannot tell. Perhaps the distraction of the scene makes it a little less terrible to witness than to read. As literature, at all events, if anything exists outside Æschylus and Shakespeare more direct in its appeal to the conscience, more solemn, more poignant, than the last act of *Ghosts*, I at least do not know where to look for it.

A storm of ill-will from the press was at first the only welcome which *Ghosts* received. It was not possible that it should be otherwise. Conventional readers were shocked by the theme, and the drastic treatment of the theme; artistic readers could not reconcile themselves to such an outrage upon dramatic tradition. The tide soon turned; the amazing power and originality of the drama, and its place in its author's work, were presently perceived. In the meantime the wash-pot of journalism was poured over the poet. A year later he took his revenge in the interesting novelette in dialogue—for it really cannot be called a play—named *An Enemy of the People*. Björnson had been saying, with his careless vehemence, "The majority is always right;" Ibsen sardonically answers, "Excuse me, the majority is never right!" The hero of *An Enemy of the People* is a sort of Henrik Ibsen in practical life, a critic who is execrated because he tells the unvarnished truth to unwilling

ears. The poet is, if it be possible, less optimistic in this than even in his preceding drama. The situation is this. A certain Dr. Tomas Stockmann has made the fortune of a little Norwegian seaside watering-place, by developing its natural resources, and by creating public baths, which are a centre of popular attraction. This little impoverished community has found, thanks to Dr. Stockmann, that its speculation in the baths has proved to be "a broken hill." Unhappily, Dr. Stockmann, who is physician and sanitary officer to the town as well as director of the baths, discovers that the drainage system of the place is defective, and that the water is full of impurities. He warns the municipality in vain. To make alterations would frighten away the public and affect, perhaps destroy, the popularity of the watering-place; and besides, there is no other outlet for the drainage of the tan-works of an influential citizen. The municipality determines nothing must be done. Dr. Stockmann then appeals to the newspapers on both sides; they are unanimous that nothing must be printed. He summons a public meeting: it hisses him down and will let nothing be said. It is at this meeting that they whom he has for so many years sustained and benefited howl at him as "an enemy of the people." He is boycotted, stoned, and driven from the town, merely for saying aloud what every one privately knows to be the truth.

The allegory is transparent, and the play is really a piece of rather violent personal polemic. The story would make an interesting novel; it hardly endures dramatic treatment. The work, however, remains so far dramatically true that Dr. Stockmann is in no personal degree Ibsen himself, or even a mere mouthpiece for his ideas, but represents a type, a temperament, of a very conceivable and consistent kind. He is a Radical so intense that the business of radicalism itself is as hateful to him as any other form of political jugglery. Absolute honesty, at whatever cost; absolute devotion to individuality, no matter who is offended; these are the only rules for conduct that he recognises. Accordingly, while Scandinavian criticism has been almost unanimous in holding that *An Enemy of the People* is below the level of its author's works, and has something provincial and temporary in its evolution, I cannot but hold Dr. Stockmann to be one of the most original, and to me most distinct, of Ibsen's creations. There is a great deal of Count Tolstoi in him, but whether Ibsen knew anything of the personal life and character of the great Russian so long ago as 1882 I cannot tell.

In *An Enemy of the People* the animal spirits of the poet seemed to support him on a high wave of indignant idealism. He declared the majority tame and cowardly and hypocritical, it is true, but vowed that the good man, even if quite solitary, may find his virtue his own reward, and exult like the sons of the morning. But all this physical glow of battle had faded out when he came to write *The Wild Duck*,

a strange, melancholy, and pessimistic drama, almost without a ray of light from end to end. This is a very long play, by far the most extended of the series, and is, on the whole, the least interesting to read, although, like all its author's works, it possesses scenes of a thrilling vivacity. The wild duck which gives its name to the piece is an unhappy bird which is kept in captivity in a garret, and is supposed to be shot at last with a pistol by a morbid little girl. Unfortunately it is herself the little girl is found to have shot, and by no means accidentally. The hero is a most distressing Gregers Werke, a type of the new neurotic class: a weak and bloodless creature, full of half-formed aspirations and half-delirious hopes for the future of humanity. In *The Wild Duck* cynical selfishness is absolutely dominant; it has it all its own way to the end, and, if I comprehend the undercurrent of the plot at all, the ideal spirit of goodness is the untamed bird in its close and miserable garret, captive to circumstances, and with no hope of escape. There is really not a character in the book that inspires confidence or liking. I confess a preference for the merry cynic, Dr. Relling, with his monstrous set of immoral paradoxes. The photographer, Helling Ekdal, who bullies the wild duck and drives his relatives crazy with his hateful tricks and his manners, is almost beyond what a reader can bear. I read *The Wild Duck* on deck as I crossed the Atlantic in the winter of its publication, and I shall always identify its gloomy pages with the desolate environment of the dreadful ocean. *The Wild Duck* is not the kind of imaginative literature that Mr. Lang would appear to hanker after. It is not an anodyne by any means; and if it is a medicine I do not quite understand how the dose is expected to act. There can be no doubt that it is by far the most difficult of Ibsen's dramas for a reader to comprehend. I am told, however, that it is effective enough on the stage.

In *Rosmersholm* Ibsen rose again to the height of his genius. This is no less sad a play than the most mournful of its predecessors, but it labours under no obscurity of motive or sluggishness of story. It is charged to an extraordinary degree with the explosive elements of modern thought and morals, and it is a chain of veritable ethical surprises. It closes, as we shall see, in utter darkness, but in the course of the piece so many flashing threads of hope and love have been introduced that the entire web cannot be pronounced dismal. It is a story of what the French call *une fin de race*. At the old manor-house of Rosmersholm, the family of Rosmer have lived for generation after generation, conservative, honourable, and reserved. The Rosmers have always been distinguished, they have never been amusing. No Rosmer has ever been known to laugh, and their prestige has spread a kind of anti-hilarious tradition around them. In the neighbourhood of Rosmersholm it has long been considered ungentleman-like to be merry. The

last of the Rosmers, Johannes, formerly priest of the parish, remains in the house, its latest representative. His wife, Beate, who long had languished in a melancholy and distracted state, drowned herself just outside the door, in the mill-dam, a little more than a year before the play begins. Yet much earlier than that a poor but extremely clever girl from Finmark, Rebecca West, had entered the household, and gradually had obtained complete moral authority in it. Rebecca West is one of Ibsen's most admirable creations. She is an adventuress, as much as was our other friend of the name, Miss Sharp. But there is a great distinction between the two Beckies. Rebecca West thirsts for power, for influence, for independence, and she is scarcely more scrupulous than Becky Sharp, but intellectually and spiritually she is a very much finer creature. In a certain sense she is beneficent; her instincts are certainly distinguished, and even splendid; had she been completely successful, she would have been an exceptionally admired member of society. She comes into the morbid and melancholy environment of the Rosmers, with all her warmth of vitality. She is fired with a longing to save and to rehabilitate the family. She sees that Beate is past helping, and she therefore sweeps her away into the mill-dam as fast as she can; she sees that Johannes, with his beautiful mind and delicate, harmonious ideas, can be redeemed, if only Beate is got rid of. But with Beate must go the old conservative religion, the old high and dry politics. Johannes Rosmer must free himself from prejudice, as Rebecca has freed herself. After Beate's suicide, things gradually grow more hopeful in the sad old house. Rosmer and Rebecca, always on the footing of friends only, remain together, and become more and more attached to one another. Rosmer takes the colour of Rebecca in all things; accepts the radicalism that she, a nameless daughter of the people, delights in; gradually drops the Christianity that she disdains. But meanwhile a strange psychological change has taken place in her own ideas. Passionately in love with Rosmer, it has been her constant disappointment that he, with his old-world honour and his Rosmer timidity, has never suggested any closer relation between them than that of friendship. But as months pass on, she catches his sensitive distinction; Anteros takes the place of Eros in her breast, and in her new intensity of spiritualised affection, she cannot think otherwise of herself than as Rosmer's friend. Her old work as an adventuress, however, revenges itself; their fair companionship is rudely broken into from without. To prevent the scandal which idle tongues have raised, Rosmer, deeply shocked, offers instant marriage to Rebecca. But, in the meanwhile, conscience has brought up before her the spectre of Beate, persecuted to her death, and she dares not accept. Rosmer finds that the last of a venerated race cannot with impunity break all the political, moral, and religious traditions of his family. He is solitary in his freedom

of mind, and even between Rebecca and himself the demon of doubt has penetrated. "At last, after Rebecca has, by a full confession, sacrificed all to recover Rosmer's love, and has not regained it fully, they arrive at the determination to end their confused and hopeless relations by plunging together into the mill-dam where Beate drowned herself. Their suicide is observed, at the very close of the play, by an old woman, from the windows of the manor-house; and the house of Rosmer has fallen. The most obvious of many morals in this striking play is that new faith, modern ideas in ethics and religion, cannot with safety be put into old bottles. Opinions may perforce be altered, but the hereditary tendency remains, paralyzing the will.

Since the earlier part of this article was written, I have received Ibsen's Christmas gift to his admirers, his new drama of *The Lady from the Sea*. Perhaps the charm of novelty has biased me, but I think not; I fancy this new work will be admitted to be one of the brightest jewels in the poet's crown. He has never been more daring in his analysis of character, never more brilliant in his evolution of it, than here; and there is thrown over the whole play a glamour of poetry, of mystery, of landscape-beauty, which has not appeared in Ibsen's work, to anything like the same extent, since *Per Gynt*. And, moreover, after so many tragedies, this is a comedy. The title can scarcely be translated, because a *havfrue* is a mermaid, a "sea-lady," and there is an under-meaning in this. It is the old story of the mortal who "left lonely for ever the kings of the sea." In a little coast-town of Norway—very possibly the poet's birthplace, Skien—the district physician, Dr. Wangel, being left a widower with two daughters, thinks he will marry again. But at the mouth of the fjord, in a lighthouse on a desolate skerry, an exquisite girl lives with her father, the keeper. Wangel makes her acquaintance, falls in love with her, and persuades her to marry him. He frankly tells her of his own previous happy marriage, and she confesses it is not the first time she has been wooed. But the alliance is a fortunate one, until she loses her firstborn and only child. From that time she becomes gloomy, wayward, and morbid, and though she loves her husband, she seems divided from him. She is still to all the town "the lady from the sea," the sea-wife. She pines for the roaring tides, for the splendour and resonance of the unconquerable ocean, and nothing takes the place of the full salt breeze she has abandoned. She bathes every day in the harbour, but she disdains these tame and spiritless waters of the fjord, and declares that they do her no good. She has lived the very life of the sea; her blood has tides in it, is subject to ebb and flow. She has been transplanted too late from her ocean-rock; she pines like a sea-weed in a tank or a petrel in a cage.

But there is more than this to afflict her spirit. The old alliance she hinted at was a betrothal to a nameless man, a Finn, nursed, perhaps, by some storm-gathering witch, mate of a ship, who has exercised an

absorbing influence over her. He is a creature of the sea, a sort of impersonation of the waves. She confesses all this to her husband, and tells him that she one day received a letter, from this man, summoning her to a rendezvous on a desolate promontory. When she got there he told her that he had murdered his captain (a godly slaughter, by his own account), and was now flying from justice. He took a ring from her, tied it to one of his own, and flung it out to sea. The result of this enforced betrothal, to which her own will was never a partner, is that she feels ever more and more the sea, embodied in this wild, seafaring Finn, coming between her and her husband. At last, in the play, the Finn comes back to claim her, and it is not until her husband leaves her perfectly free to choose between the two men, and liberates her individual responsibility, that the morbid charm is broken, and she rapturously selects to remain with her husband, while the merman goes desperately down into his waters. It is impossible here to give the smallest idea of the imagination, subtlety, and wit concentrated in carrying out this curious story. *The Lady from the Sea* is connected with the previous plays by its emphatic defence of individuality and its statement of the imperative necessity of developing it; but the tone is quite unusually sunny, and without a tinge of pessimism. It is in some respects the reverse of *Rosmersholm*; the bitterness of restrained and baulked individuality, which ends in death, being contrasted with the sweetness of emancipated and gratified individuality, which leads to health and peace.

Here must be drawn to a close this brief and imperfect sketch of the great Norwegian poet's seven social dramas. I have spoken of them merely from the literary side; much could and should be said of them from the theatrical.¹ It is easy to be led away into extravagant praise of what is comparatively little known. Perhaps better-equipped critics than myself, if they read Danish, would say that they found Ibsen occasionally provincial, sometimes obscure, often fantastic and enigmatical. These to whom the most modern spirit in literature is distasteful, who see nothing but the stitches of the canvas in the vast pictures of Tolstói, would reject Ibsen, or would hark back to his old sweet, flute-like lyrics. But others, who believe that literature is alive, and must progress over untrodden ground with unfamiliar steps, will recognise a singular greatness in this series of social dramas, and will not grudge a place for Henrik Ibsen among the foremost European writers of the nineteenth century.

EDMUND GOSSE.

(1) Last spring I had the pleasure of attending a course of lectures on the Modern Drama, at the Royal Institution, by Mr. William Archer. In the course of the second of these he spoke in a very interesting manner of Ibsen as an acting dramatist. I regret that these valuable lectures have not been published and were not apparently reported.

A VISIT TO BOKHARA THE NOBLE.

THE ancient city of Bokhara still deserves its title of Al Sherif, or the Noble. For though it is no longer the capital of a great sovereign, or, as it once was, the Athens of Central Asia; though it no more contains, as it did in the time of Master Anthony Jenkinson, Ambassador from Queen Elizabeth, "many houses, temples, and monuments of stone sumptuously builded and gilt, and specially Bath stones, so artificially built that the like thereof is not in the worlde"; though decay is unmistakably written upon its features, and the curtain of civilization is fast descending with remorseless folds upon the stage of religious fanaticism and princely pomp; yet this mysterious and, till lately, inaccessible city, is still a rare and romantic spectacle. Its crowded bazaars present a microcosm of the unchanging East, and in the interval before the old life and traditions die out they shine with the strange luminousness of the Oriental sunset under which they have grown. Bokhara's patent of nobility among cities is not yet extinguished. It may still boast an individuality without an equal in Asia.

Identified by some writers with the Bazaria of Quintus Curtius, generally derived from the Sanskrit name, Vihara, or a college of wise men, associated in local legend with the mythical hero Afrasiab, there is little doubt that Bokhara is one of the most ancient cities in the East. Since it emerged into the light of history about 700 A.D., it has been alternately the spoil of the most famous conquerors and the capital of the greatest kings. Under the Iranian Samanid dynasty, who ruled for a hundred and thirty years till 1000 A.D., it was regarded as a pillar of Islam and as the pride of Asia. Students flocked to its universities, where the most learned mullahs lectured; pilgrims crowded its shrines. A proverb said, "In all other parts of the world light descends upon earth, from holy Bokhara it ascends." Well-built canals carried streams of water through the city; luxuriant fruit-trees cast a shadow in its gardens; its silkworms spun the finest silk in Asia, its warehouses overflowed with carpets and brocades; the commerce of the East and West met and changed hands in its caravanserais; and the fluctuations of its market determined the exchange of the East. The Samanids were succeeded by the Turki Seljuks and the princes of Kharezm; and then, like a storm from the desert, there swept down upon Bokhara the pitiless fury of the Mongol, engulfing all in a like cataclysm of ruin. Jagatai and Oktai, sons of Jenghiz Khan, made some

amends, by beneficent and merciful rule, for the atrocities of their father; and it was about this time that the elder brothers Polo, making their first voyage to the East, "*si virent à une cité qui est appelée Bocara, moult noble et grant.*" A change of ownership occurred when about 1400 A.D. the great Conqueror Timur—great, whether we regard him as savage, as soldier, or as statesman—overran the East, and established a Tartar dynasty that lasted a hundred years—a period which has been termed the Bokharan Renaissance. Another wave of conquest, the Uzbek Tartars, ensued, again bringing to the surface two great names, that of Sheibani Mehemmed Khan, who overthrew the Timurid sovereigns and established an ethnical ascendancy that has lasted since; and Abdullah Khan, the national hero of Bokhara, which owed to his liberal tastes much of its later architectural glory, its richly endowed colleges, and its material prosperity. Subsequent dynasties, exhibiting a sorrowful record of incapacity, fanaticism, and decay, witnessed the gradual contraction of the once mighty empire of Transoxiana into a petty khanate. It is true that Bokhara still refers with pride to the rule of Amir Maasum, founder of the present or Manghit reigning family in 1784; but a bigoted devotee, wearing the dress and imitating the life of a dervish, was a poor substitute for the mighty sovereigns of the past. The dissolution of the times, yearly sinking into a deeper slough of vice, venality, and superstition, was fitly expressed in the character and reign of his grandson, the infamous Nasrullah (1826—1860), whose son, Mozaffur-ed-din (1860—1885), successively the foe, the ally, and the puppet of Russia, has left to his heir, the reigning Amir, a capital still breathing some of the aroma of its ancient glory, but a power whose wings have been ruthlessly clipped, and a kingdom indebted for a nominal independence to the calculating prudence rather than to the generosity of Russia.

English imagination has for centuries been stirred by the romantic associations of Bokhara, but English visitors have rarely penetrated to the spot. The first who reached its walls was the enterprising merchant already named, Master Anthony Jenkinson, who was dispatched on several adventurous expeditions to the East between 1557 and 1572, acting in the double capacity of ambassador to Queen Elizabeth and agent to the Muscovy Trading Company, which had been formed to open up the trade with the East. He stayed two and a half months in the city, being treated with much consideration by the King, Abdullah Khan; and has left a record of his journey and residence in Bokhara, the facts of which display a minute correspondence (at which no one acquainted with the magnificent immobility of the East would express surprise) with the

customs and manners of to-day.¹ In the eighteenth century the record was limited to three names: Colonel Garber in 1732, and Mr. George Thompson and Reynold Hogg in 1741.² In this century Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Alexander Burnes, succeeded in reaching Bokhara from India in 1832, and in concluding a treaty of commerce with the Amir. Then in 1842 came the horrible tragedy which has inscribed the names of Stoddart and Conolly in the martyrology of English pioneers in the East. Sent in 1838 and 1840 upon a mission of diplomatic negotiation to the khanates of Central Asia, whose sympathies Great Britain desired to enlist in consequence of her advance into Afghanistan, they were thrown by the monster Nasrullah into a foul subterranean pit, infested with vermin, were subjected to abominable torture, and finally were publicly beheaded in 1842. Dr. Wolff, the missionary, travelling to Bokhara in 1843, in order to clear up their fate, ran many risks, but at length escaped with his life. For forty years, however, owing partly to the terror inspired by this disaster and to the perils of the journey, partly to the increasing influence of Russia, who did not encourage English intruders upon her new preserves, not a single Englishman set foot in Bokhara. A deep mystery overhung the place like a cloud, from which occasionally peeped the glint of Russian arms, or rang the voice of Russian cannon. A flash of light was thrown upon the prevailing darkness about half-way through this period by the heroic voyage of the Hungarian Vambéry, who penetrated to Bokhara in the garb of a mendicant dervish in 1863, and whose work, being published in English, awoke a profound sensation in this country.³ In 1873, Dr. Schuyler, the American, visited Bokhara under Russian patronage, in his tour through the Czar's dominions in Central Asia, and wrote a work which may be described as monumental, and is still a classic on the subject.⁴ Dr. Jansdell, the so-called missionary, was the next English visitor to Wolff, in 1882. I do not know of any others till the small batch who have, not without difficulty, obtained leave to go since the Trans-Caspian Railway was made, and of whom I was fortunate enough to be one.

Russia may point to the history of her dealings with Bokhara and to the present condition of that State with not unreasonable satisfaction as a successful diplomatic achievement. Without putting herself to the risk or expense of annexation, leaving the Amir on his throne and the mullahs in their mosques, allowing the embers of fanaticism to smoulder slowly into ashes, she has appropriated the richest and

(1) *Early Voyages in Russia and Persia*, by Anthony Jenkinson and other Englishmen. Edited for the Hakluyt Society by E. D. Morgan, 1886.

(2) *Vide* Professor Grigorieff's criticism of Vambéry's *History of Bokhara*, in the Appendix to Schuyler's *Turkistan*, vol. i.

(3) *Travels in Central Asia*, by Arminius Vambéry.

(4) *Turkestan*, by Eugene Schuyler. 2 vols.

most fertile part of the old Khanate, containing the renowned capital of Timur, Samarkand, and including the upper and middle valleys of the Zerafshan, which place at her mercy the entire water supply of Bokhara; she has obtained possession of all the posts required by her strategical needs, including the command of the water-way of the Oxus; and thus having drawn her coils tightly round the victim, can gaze with amused indifference upon its restricted movements and quaint though powerless contortions. This process of absorption has been as rapid as it has been complete. It was only in 1859 that Russia commenced her conquering march against Turkestan. It was not till 1866 that Cossack and Uzbeg met on the battle-field. In 1868 Samarkand was captured, and a treaty was concluded with Mozaffur-ed-din, by which the Zerafshan province was torn from his dominions, and a substantial indemnity exacted from his revenues, the Amir himself being left an ostensible sovereignty which he was too astute to jeopardise and too impotent to strengthen. A second treaty in 1873 still further defined his subordination and sealed the ascendancy of Russia. When the old man died in 1885 his subjects might either deplore a reign which had allowed a historic monarchy to dwindle into a feudatory state, or felicitate the cunning that had saved an expiring order from total extinction. To his prudent subservience his son owes the fact that there is still an Amir of Bokhara, and that the distinction of being the Last of the Manghits has been postponed for another generation.

When the Russians started their military railway from the shores of the Caspian in 1881, in order to assist the campaign against the ~~Turkomans~~ of the desert, it was never expected that it would be carried farther east than the oases which skirt the lofty mountain border of Khorasan. Any one who had then contemplated a railway to Bokhara the Noble would have been derided as a lunatic. Russia still kept up an outward show of respect, less for the sovereign than for his capital, to which even Russian visitors were not encouraged to go, and which to every one else remained an impenetrable mystery. With the annexation of Merv, however, in 1884, and the risk of war with England, an extension became desirable. The rails were pushed forward with alarmed rapidity to Merv and to the Oxus, the latter of which they reached in January, 1888. There remained only a gap of two hundred and thirty miles to Samarkand, the military centre of Russian Central Asia; and though the greater part of this stretch lay through Bokharan territory, yet the conditions which I have described will prepare the reader to hear that Bokharan scruples, if they existed, were not overtly expressed, and that the name Bokhara shortly figured among the stations in the columns of the Trans-Caspian Bradshaw.

Some concession, however, was made to native susceptibilities; for

at first the attitude of the Bokhariots towards the railway was one of undisguised suspicion. It was regarded as foreign, subversive, anti-national, and even Satanic. Shaitan's Arba, or the Devil's Wagon, was what they called it. Accordingly it was stipulated that the railway should as far as possible avoid the cultivated land, and should pass at a distance of ten miles from the city of Bokhara. This suggestion the Russians were not averse to adopting, as it supplied them with an excuse for building a rival Russian town around the station buildings, and for establishing a cantonment of troops to protect the latter, a step which might have been fraught with danger in the nearer neighbourhood of the capital. Now, however, the Bokhariots are victims to much the same regrets as the wealthy English landowners, who, when the railway was first introduced in this country, opposed at any cost its passage through their property. Already when the first working train steamed into Bokhara with rolling stock and material for the continuation of the line, the natives crowded down to see it, and half in fear, half in surprise, jumped into the empty wagons. Presently apprehension gave way to ecstasy. As soon as the line was in working order they would crowd into the open cars in hundreds, waiting for hours in sunshine, rain, or storm, for the engine to puff and the train to move. I found the third-class carriages reserved for Mussulman passengers crammed to suffocation, just as they are in India; the infantile mind of the Oriental deriving an endless delight from an excitement which he makes not the slightest effort to analyse or to solve. Etiquette prevents the Amir himself from travelling by a method so repugnant to Oriental tradition; but he exhibits all the interest of reluctant ignorance, and seldom interviews a Russian without inquiring about its progress.¹

In a short time the new Russian town of which I have spoken will start into being. Plots of land adjoining the railway have been eagerly bought up by commercial companies, who will transfer their headquarters hither from the native city. An imposing station building had, when I visited it, risen to the height of two courses of stone above the ground. Barracks are to be built; streets will be laid out; a Residency will receive the Russian diplomatic Agent to the Amir, who now lives in the capital under limitations arising from his restricted surroundings, and from the fact that according to Bokharan etiquette every distinguished stranger in the city, himself included, becomes *ipso facto* a guest of the Amir, and is supplied with board and lodging. In another decade the new Bokhara will have attracted to itself much of the importance of the ancient city; and with its rise and growth the prestige of the latter must inevit-

(1) Vide *Buchara nach und vor der Transkaspischen Eisenbahn*. Von Staatstrath Dr. O. Heyfelder. Unsere Zeit, Leipzig, Oct., 1888.

ably decline. Thus by a seeming concession to native sentiment the Russians are in reality playing their own game.

For some while before arriving at the station the shaft of a lofty minaret soaring above the trees, and the outline of a swelling azure dome, had indicated to us the vicinity of a centre of population. The flat-roofed houses of Eastern towns can never be seen at a distance save from a much superior height. An Englishman could not approach a spot linked by such mournful associations to the history of his country, involved till lately in such a cloud of darkness, without a thrill at once of excitement and of emotion. The fact that he was doing without difficulty and in comfort what more adventurous spirits had only accomplished before at nameless risk, could not detract from either sensation. Bokhara, which he was approaching, might still be called a virgin city. Under a Tartar dynasty it yet breathed the atmosphere of the *Arabian Nights*, and rose like an enchanted island from an ocean of disillusion. Trusting ourselves to a calèche drawn by a troika, or team of three horses abreast, which had been sent down from the Russian Embassy in the city to meet us, we started for the capital. But for this good fortune we might have been compelled to make the journey either on donkey-back or in one of the huge wooden springless carts of the country called *arbās*, the wheels of which are from eight to ten feet high, and on whose elevated floor the natives squat contentedly, while the driver, usually seated on a saddle on the horse's back, urges the vehicle in the most casual manner over inequalities that would upset any less clumsy construction. Donkeys appeared to be the most popular method of locomotion, it being considered undignified in that country to walk. Two and even three men sit astride of the same diminutive animal, dangling their legs to the ground; or a bearded veteran, with his knees tilted up to his chin by the ridiculously short stirrups, would be seen perched upon a heap of saddlebags, with a blue bale reared up behind him, which closer inspection revealed to be a daughter or a wife. Blinding clouds of dust, stirred by the great traffic, rolled along the road, which lay between orchards of mulberries, peaches, figs, and vines, or between fields in which the second grain crop of the year was already springing, or where hundreds of ripe melons littered the ground. We passed through several villages of low clay houses where dusty trees overhung the dry watercourses and thirsty camels stood about the wells, skirted a summer palace of the Amir surrounded by a mighty wall of sun-dried clay, and at length saw drawn out in a long line before us the lofty ramparts of the city, with buttresses and towers, eight miles round, and pierced by eleven gates, open from sunrise to sunset, but hermetically closed at that hour against either exit or entrance till the morrow.

Entering by one of these, the Sallia Khani, we made our way for over two miles through a bewildering labyrinth of streets and alleys to the Russian Embassy, situated near the Uglan Gate, at the far end of the city. This is a large native house with an extensive fruit-garden surrounded by a clay wall, which was lent to the Russians by the Amir, who had confiscated it from its former owner, both for their own accommodation and for the entertainment of all distinguished guests. The servants, horses, grocery, and food are supplied by the Amir, one of whose officers, called the *Mirakhur*, lives in the outer court, and sits for the most part of the day smoking a pipe and tranquilly surveying operations. In one court are picketed the horses of the Russian guard, consisting of twenty Cossacks of the Ural. In the next are several guest-chambers, whose furniture consists of a carpet, a rope bedstead, and a table; and in a third are the offices and reception-rooms of the Embassy, all on a scale of similar unpretentiousness and in pure native style. On our table was spread every morning a *dastarkhan* (literally table-napkin) or collation of sugar-plums, dried raisins, sweetmeats, and little cakes, together with a huge flat slab of brown bread—the traditional hospitality of the Amir. We never knew what to do with these dainties, which were not altogether to English taste, and the various plates with their contents became quite a nuisance. Washing was rather a difficulty, because the only jug known to the natives is a brass ewer, which holds about as much as a teapot; and the only basin a receptacle with a small bowl in the middle of a large brim, the idea being that it is sufficient for water to be poured over the hands to ensure ablution. I created a great sensation with an india-rubber bath. Every morning the attendants brought in the provisions of the day for the entire household, consisting of mutton, chickens, and fruit; but the uncertain arrival and quantity of these rendered the hour of meals rather precarious. We were most hospitably welcomed by the Russian *attaché*, who, in the absence of M. Tcharikoff, the resident, was acting as *chargé d'affaires*. He seemed to be overwhelmed with business, and deputations of the Amir's ministers and other gorgeously robed officials were coming in and out the entire day. If we lost our way in the town, which it was almost impossible not to do, we had only to mention *Elitchikhanch*, the name of the Embassy, to be at once shown the direction. I remember that as we reached our destination the sun was sinking. As its last rays lit up the horizon and threw the outline of dome and tower into picturesque relief, there rang through the cool calm air a chorus of piercing cries. The muezzins from a hundred minarets were calling the people to the Namaz, or evening prayer. In Bokhara, where the Mussulmans affect to be great purists, the Ezan, as it is called, is recited instead of chanted,

the latter being thought a heterodox corruption. For a minute or two the air is a Babel of sound. Then all sinks into silence and the shadows descend. At night the only sound is the melancholy beat of the watchman's drum as he patrols the streets with a lantern, no one being suffered abroad at that hour.

Bokhara is still a great city, for it numbers approximately one hundred thousand souls. Of these only one hundred and fifty are Europeans, nearly all of them Russians, Germans, or Poles. The bulk of the native population are Tajiks, the aboriginal Iranian stock, who may generally be distinguished from their Tartar brethren by the clearness and often by the brightness of their complexions, by the light colour of their hair and beards, sometimes a chestnut or reddish brown, and by their more refined features. Tajik and Uzbek alike are a handsome race, and a statelier urban population I never saw than in the streets and bazaars of the town. Every man grows a beard and wears an abundant white turban, consisting in the case of the orthodox of forty folds, and a long robe or *khalat* of striped cotton, or radiant silk, or parti-coloured cotton and silk. Bokhara has long set the fashion in Central Asia in the matter of dress, and is the great clothes mart of the East. Here the richness of Oriental fancy has expressed itself in the most daring but artistic combinations of colour. The brightest crimson and blue and purple and orange are juxtaposed or interlaced; and in Bokhara Joseph would have been looked upon as the recipient of no peculiar favour in the gift of a coat of many colours. Too often there is the most glaring contrast between the splendour of the exterior and the poverty that it covers. Many of the people are wretchedly poor; but living is absurdly cheap, and your pauper, undaunted by material woes, walks abroad with the dignity of a patriarch and in the garb of a prince.

Foreign elements are mingled in great numbers in the population. Slavery brought the Persians in old days to the Bokharan market, and has bequeathed to freedom their children and grandchildren. Usury brings the Hindus or Multani, as they are called, from a prevalent idea that Multan is the capital of India. With their dark complexions and lank black locks with their tight dress and red caste marks on the forehead, they are an unmistakable lot. Living in caravanserais without wives or families they lead an unsocial existence and return to their country as soon as they have made their fortune. Neighbourhood brings the Kirghiz, the Turkomans, and the Afghans. Business brings to Bokhara, as it has taken all over the world, the Jews, who are here a singularly handsome people of mild feature and benign aspect. Confined to an Oriental *ghetto* and for long cruelly persecuted in Bokhara, they still exhibit in their prescribed dress and appearance the stamp of a

peculiar people. The head is shaven save for two long locks hanging in a curl on either temple; they wear a square black calico bonnet trimmed with astrachan border, and a girdle round the waist. To my astonishment I met with one who could speak a little French.

One thing impressed itself very forcibly on my mind, namely, that Bokhara is not now a haunt of zealots but a city of merchants. It contains a peaceful, industrious, artizan population utterly unfitted for war, and as wanting in martial instinct as in capacity. The hostility to strangers, and particularly to Christians, sometimes degenerating into the grossest fanaticism, upon which earlier travellers have enlarged, has either disappeared from closer contact with civilization, or is prudently disguised. I attribute it rather to the former cause, and to the temperate conduct of the Russians in their dealings with the natives; because not even when I wandered about alone, and there was no motive for deception, did I observe the smallest indication of antagonism or repugnance. Many a face expressed that blank and haughty curiosity which the meanest Oriental can so easily assume; but I met with no rudeness or interference. On the contrary, the demeanour of the people was friendly, and no one when interrogated declined to answer a question. An acquaintance of the previous day would salute you as you passed by, placing his hand on his breast and stroking his beard. I never quite knew what to do on these occasions. For not having a beard to stroke, I feared it might be thought undignified or contrary to etiquette to finger the empty air.

I have frequently been asked since my return—it is the question which an Englishman always seems to ask first—what the women of Bokhara were like? I am utterly unable to say. I never saw the features of one between the ages of ten and fifty. The little girls ran about, unveiled, in loose silk frocks, and wore their hair in long plaits escaping from a tiny skull cap. Similarly the old hags were allowed to exhibit their innocuous charms on the ground, I suppose, that they could excite no dangerous emotions. But the bulk of the female population were veiled in a manner that defied and even repelled scrutiny. For not only were the features concealed behind a heavy black horsehair veil, falling from the top of the head to the bosom; but their figures were loosely wrapped up in big blue cotton dressing-gowns, the sleeves of which are not used but are pinned together over the shoulders at the back and hang down to the ground, where from under this shapeless mass of drapery appear a pair of feet incased in big leather boots. After this I should be more or less than human if I were to speak enthusiastically of the Bokharan ladies. Bokhara may have its Poole, but it certainly lacks a Worth.

From the people I pass to the city. In a place so arrogant of its spiritual reputation, it is not surprising that religious edifices should abound. Their number has, however, been greatly exaggerated. A devout Sunnite of Bokhara boasts that he can worship Allah in a different mosque on each day of the year. But this number must probably be halved. Similarly the alleged total of one hundred and sixty medresses, or religious colleges, is about double the actual figure. Both mosque and medresse are, with scarce an exception, in a state of great dilapidation and decay; the beautiful enamelled tiles, bearing in blue and white characters texts from the Koran, having fallen or been stripped from the lofty *pishtaks* or façades, and the interiors being in a state of great squalor. In a panorama of the city are conspicuous three domes covered with azure tiles. One of these belongs to the great mosque *Musjid Baliand*, where the Jumma, or Friday service, is held, attended by the Amir, and in the presence, theoretically, of the entire population. The mosque consists of a vast open court surrounded by a double and sometimes a triple colonnade. The other two surmount the largest medresse of *Miri Arab*, standing opposite to it, said to contain one hundred and fourteen cells, and to have attached to it two hundred and thirty mullahs, and exhibiting in its structural detail the best decorative work in Bokhara. These buildings are typical of the religious life and even of the faith of the people, which, in the degradation of morals so conspicuous in the East of this century, and partly owing to contact with a civilization whose politic avoidance of proselytism or persecution has encouraged indifference, have become a hollow form, veiling hypocrisy and corruption. The fanaticism of the dervishes or *kalandars*, as they are called in the *Arabian Nights*, of whom there used to be many orders in Bokhara, living in *tekkehs* or convents, and who stirred a dangerous bigotry by their wild movements and appeals, has subsided or taken the form of a mendicancy which, if unattractive, does not threaten a breach of the peace. Religious toleration, inculcated on the one side, has developed on the other with an astonishing rapidity.

Between the *Musjid Baliand* and the *Miri Arab* rises the tapering shaft of the *Manari Kalian*, or Great Minaret, whence criminals are thrown headlong, and which no European has been allowed to ascend. It is nearly two hundred feet high, and is built of concentric rows of bricks stamped with decorative patterns, and converging towards the summit, where is an open gallery, on the roof of which reposes an enormous stork's nest. Some natives sitting at the base informed me that the keys were not forthcoming, but that on Fridays the doors flew mysteriously open. Their refusal to allow Christians to mount to the top is attributed to the fear that from that height sacrilegious eyes, looking down upon the flat roofs of the

town, might probe a little too deeply the secrets of female existence. I succeeded in obtaining a very fair panorama of the city by climbing to one of the highest points of the numerous cemeteries scattered throughout the place. From there was spread out around me a wilderness of flat clay roofs, above whose level surface towered the Ark or citadel, built on a lofty mound, the Great Minaret, the ruined *pishtaks* of medresses, and the turquoise domes.

The Manari Kalian is still used for public execution, three criminals, a false-coiner, a matricide, and a robber having expiated their offences in this summary fashion during the last three years. Judgment is pronounced by the native tribunals, with whose jurisdiction the Russians have not made the smallest effort to interfere. The execution is fixed for a bazaar day, when the adjoining streets and the square at the base of the tower are crowded with people. The public crier proclaims aloud the guilt of the condemned man and the avenging justice of the sovereign. The culprit is then hurled from the summit, and, spinning through the air, is dashed to pieces on the hard ground at the base.

This mode of punishment, whose publicity and horror are well calculated to act as a deterrent among an Oriental population, is not the only surviving proof that the nineteenth century can scarcely be considered as yet to have got a firm grip upon Bokhara. But a short time before my visit the Divan Begi, second Minister of the Crown, eldest son of the Kush Begi, or Grand Vizier—the crafty old man who for many years has guided the policy of the khanate, and whose memory extends back to the times of Stoddard and Conolly—was publicly assassinated by an Afghan in the streets. He was shot with two bullets, and soon after expired. Various explanations were given of this tragedy, one theory being that it was an act of private revenge for a recent official seizure of the murderer's property on account of taxes which he had refused to pay. Others contended that it was due to religious animosity, excited by the Persian descent and Shiite heresy of the slain man, his father, the Kush Begi, having been a Persian slave who rose to eminence by marrying a cast-off wife of the late Amir. But there seemed to be sufficient reason for believing that the act was really an expiring effort of outraged patriotism, the blow being directed against the minister who was supposed to be mainly responsible for the Russophil tendencies of the Government, and who had inflamed the indignation of the more bigoted of his countrymen by countenancing the advent of the railway, and thus setting the seal upon Bokharan humiliation. Whichever of these explanations be correct, the murderer was successful in his object, but paid the penalty by a fate consecrated in the immemorial traditions of Bokhara, but a startling incident under the new régime.

He was handed over by the Amir to the relatives of the murdered man. By them he was beaten with sticks and stabbed with knives. Accounts vary as to the actual amount of torture inflicted upon the miserable wretch; but it is said that his eyelids were cut off or his eyes gouged out. In this agonising condition he was tied to the tail of an ass and dragged through the streets of the town to the market-place, where his body was quartered and thrown to the dogs. It is consoling to know that this brutal atrocity, the *vendetta* of the East, was enacted in the absence of the Russian Resident, who, it is to be hoped, would have interfered to prevent its accomplishment had he been upon the spot.

The interior of the city is a wilderness of crooked alleys, winding irregularly between the blind walls of clay-built houses, which are without windows and have no aperture in their front but closely barred wooden doors. Trees line one of the principal streets and hang above the frequent tanks and pools, which are neither so large, so well filled, or so clean as those in Indian towns. On the contrary, the water is often low and stagnant; and if the pool is in the neighbourhood of a mosque, being considered holy, it is used for drinking as well as for washing, and spreads the germs of the various endemic diseases. The largest of these reservoirs is the Liabe-haus Divan-begi, near one of the most frequented mosques. Eight rows of stone steps descend to the water, in which men are always dipping their hands. The surrounding space is a popular lounge; and cooked meats, confectionery, fruits, and tea are dispensed from rows of stalls under an avenue of mulberry trees.

From dawn to sunset the largest crowd is collected in the Righistan or market-place in the north-west of the town. Every square foot of the surface is occupied by stalls and booths, which are frequently shaded by awnings of woven reed balanced on poles like the umbrellas of the *fakirs* on the banks of the Ganges at Benares. Here men come to buy provisions, meat, flowers, and fruit. The butchers' counters are covered with the *kundiaks* or fat rumps of the so-called big-tailed sheep, of which Marco Polo said, six hundred years ago, that "they weigh thirty pounds and upwards, and are fat and excellent to eat." Blocks of rose-coloured rock salt from the mines near Karshi were exposed in great abundance. Flowers appeared to be very popular, and many of the men wore a sprig of yellow blossom stuck behind the ear. Street vendors of meat went about shouting their wares, which consisted of kebobs and patties on trays. Fruit was extraordinarily luxuriant and good. Magnificent melons were sold at not more than a farthing apiece; and the price of luscious white grapes was only a rouble (two shillings) for eight pounds, or 288 English lbs. Peaches, apricots, and the celebrated Bokharan plums were not then in season. Not far away was the

horse market and donkey market. A horse might be purchased at any price from 5s. to £30; but a very respectable animal would cost about £10.

At the extremity of the Righistan rises the Ark or Citadel, raised on a lofty elevation a mile in circumference, and surrounded by a high battlemented wall. The entrance gateway is approached by a paved slope and leads between two towers, above which is fixed the European clock made for the tyrant Nāsrullah by the Italian prisoner, Giovanni Orlandi, as the ransom for his life.¹ Within the Ark are situated the palaces of the Amir and the Kush Begi, the Treasury, and the State prison. Sauntering out one morning quite early I endeavoured to penetrate into its interior, but was stopped and sent back by the frowns and gesticulations of a crowd of natives seated in the doorway. Somewhere in this pile of buildings was the horrible hole, or bug-pit, into which Stoddart and Conolly were thrown. It is said for some time to have been sealed up, though the fact that quite recently this was a common mode of Bokharan punishment is proved by the experience of the French travellers MM. Bonvalot and Capus, who visited the Bokharan fortress of Karshi in 1882, and were shown there a subterranean hole from which a sickening stench exhaled, and in which they heard the clank of chains, and saw the uplifted despairing hands of the poor wretches immured below. The *Times* correspondent who visited Bokhara a few months before I did was shown a part of the existing Zindan or prison, which he described in a letter to the *Times* (October 2, 1888). But either the officials must have had intimation of his visit, or he was not shown the worst part; for one of my companions, being admitted without warning, found one hundred prisoners huddled together in a low room, and chained to each other by iron collars round their necks, wooden manacles on their hands, and fetters on their feet, so that they could neither stand nor turn nor scarcely move. Possibly the Zindan is not the same as the Khana Khaneh, where Stoddart was tortured. M. Tcharikoff, the Resident, told me at Tashkent that the present Amir upon his accession shut up one of these prisons, the hundred and thirteen criminals who had long lain there being brought out, some of them beaten, and a few executed, but the majority released; and it may have been to the Khana Khaneh that he referred. However this be, the facts I have related will show that there still remains much to be done in mitigating the barbarity of native rule.

At all hours the most interesting portion of the city is the Tcharsu, or Great Bazaar, one of the largest and most important in the East. It covers a vast extent of ground, and is said to consist of thirty or forty separate bazaars, of twenty-four caravanserais for the storage of goods and accommodation of merchants, and of six *timis*, or circular

(1) For the pathetic story of this man *vide* Schuyler's *Turkestan*, vol. ii. p. 90.

vaulted spaces, from which radiate the principal alleys, shaded with mats from the sun, and crowded with human beings on donkey-back, on horseback, and on foot. Huge *arbas* crash through the narrow streets and just shave the counters on either hand. Behind these, in small cupboard-like shops, squat the Oriental tradesmen surrounded by their wares. Long lines of splendid camels laden with bales of cotton march superciliously along, attached to each other by a rope bound round the nose, the cartilage of which is forbidden to be pierced, in the familiar fashion of the East, by a humane decree of the late Amir. In different parts we may see the armotters' shops, the turners' shops, where the workman turns a primitive lathe by the aid of a bowstring; the vendors of brightly painted red and green saddles with tremendous pommels inlaid with ivory; of *shabraques*, or saddlecloths, a speciality of Bokhara, made of crimson velvet gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver thread, and powdered with silver spangles; of black curly lambskin fleeces from Karakul; of leather belts stuck with knives; of the bright green tobacco or snuff which the natives chew with great avidity, and which is carried in a tiny gourd fastened with a stopper; of pottery coarse in texture but spirited in design; of water pipes, or *tchilm*, in which two tubes project from a brass-mounted gourd, one of them holding the charcoal and tobacco, the other for the smoker's mouth; of embroideries executed in large flowery patterns, and for the most part in crimson silk on a cotton ground, by a needle fixed in a wooden handle like a gimlet. Elsewhere are the bazaars for harness, carpets, rope, iron, hardware, skins, dried fruits, and drugs, the latter containing, in addition to medicines, cosmetics for the ladies' eyebrows and lashes, and rouge for their cheeks and nails. Whole streets are devoted to the sale of cotton goods, gaudy Bokharan velvets and rainbow-coloured native silks and tissues. Here leather riding trousers, or *chumbar* are procurable, stained red with madder; and showily embroidered with silk down the front. There are displayed green leather boots all in one piece, or long riding boots with turned up toes and ridiculously high pointed heels.

Russian *samovars*, or tea-urns, are sold in great numbers, and one simmers in almost every shop, tea being as constant a beverage here as it is in Japan, or as coffee is in Constantinople. I thought the jewellery insignificant and poor. But on the other hand, the brass and copper work, which is confined to a separate bazaar, resounding the whole day with a mighty din of hammers, is original and beautiful. Elegant *kungans*, or brass ewers, may be purchased; and every variety of bowl, beaten into quaint designs and shapes, or with a pattern chiselled into the metal through a surface coating of tin. I was more than once offered silver coins of the Græco-Bactrian dynasty, bearing the inscription ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΕΥΘΥΔΗΜΟΣ.

Bargaining was only to be pursued with great patience and much cajolery, the vendor being as a rule by no means anxious to part with his article except for a considerable profit. Crowds will collect round a European as he is endeavouring to make a purchase, following each stage of the transaction with the keenest interest, and applauding the rival strategy. The object under discussion will be passed from hand to hand, and each will give his own opinion. Usually a volunteer middleman detaches himself from the crowd, and with a great show of disinterestedness affects to conciliate the owner and to complete the bargain. A good deal of gesticulation must of necessity be employed, for with a total ignorance of Tartar on the one side, and of English, German, or French on the other, and only an infinitesimal command of Russian on both, progress is difficult. The shopkeeper is very amenable to personal attention. He likes to be patted on the back and whispered to in the ear; and if, after a prolonged struggle, repeated perhaps for two or three days, you can at length get hold of his hand and give it a hearty shake, the bargain is clinched and the purchase is yours. The people struck me as very stupid in their computations, requiring calculating-frames with rows of beads in order to make the simplest reckoning, and being very slow in exchange. But I thought them a far less extortionate and rascally lot than their fellows in the marts of Cairo or Stamboul. Jenkinson's description of the Bokharan currency still holds good.

"Their money is silver and copper; for golde, there is none currant; they have but one piece of silver, and that is worth 12 pence English; and the copper money are called pooles, and 120 of them goeth to the value of the said 12d., and is more common payment than the silver."

At the time of my visit the silver *tenga* was worth about fivepence, and contained sixty-five of the little copper *puls*.

It is quite evident that the Russians possess a complete monopoly of the import trade from Europe. Earlier travellers report having seen many Birmingham and Manchester goods. I only noticed one shop where English wares were being sold, and they had come through a Bombay firm. Russian prints, calicoes, and cottons are successfully competing with the far more beautiful native materials, and hideous brocades from Moscow debauch the instinctive good taste of the East. Russian iron, hardware, and porcelain have driven out the native manufacture of these articles. Kerosene lamps are beginning to take the place of the mutton-grease candles, till a year ago the only means of lighting, and the sewing-machine buzzes in the cotton-seller's shop.

In another direction a great change may be traced to the last two or three years. For a long time the considerable trade with Russia was not in Russian hands. Native merchants, travelling by Oren-

burg to Nijni Novgorod, taking with them silk and cotton stuffs, camels' hair, goats' hair, wool and furs, and bringing back Russian commodities, reaped the double profit. In 1873, Dr. Schuyler reported that there was only one Russian merchant in Bokhara. Now that the railway has been opened, and communication is easy, the Russians are awakening to the possibilities of this vast untilled field of operation. Native monopoly is challenged in every quarter. There are branches in Bokhara of the Imperial Russian Bank, of the Central Asian Commercial Company, and of the Russian Transport Society; and of private firms, such as those of Messrs. Nadjeschda, Djukoff, Burnascheff, Durschmitt, Stein, Neumann, &c., all of whom are doing a lucrative business, and some of whom have started branches in other towns of the Khanate. Dr. Heyfelder has estimated the present Russo-Bokharan trade as having a value of 140 million roubles, or 14 millions sterling.¹ Let me quote his own words in a more recent production to which I have already been indebted.²

"In the summer of 1888 the landowners from Poltawa came to the Amir's dominion and bought up live sheep in Kara Kul, which they took home by the railway. From Moscow came buyers of lambskins; from Asia Minor, French dealers for the export of walnut-trees; from the Caucasus, Armenians and Jews, who bought huge quantities of carpets, so that the price was almost doubled. Not a single guest who attended the opening ceremonies, not one of the travellers from France, England, Italy, and Russia, who journeyed over the half-finished line, went away without purchasing some silks, embroideries, metal-work, arms, or knives. But they also brought with them European innovations; and already, in the winter of 1888, the bazaars were stocked with articles never before seen: porcelain, lamps, glasses, mirrors, brushes, writing materials, coffee, preserves, biscuits. At the railway stations appeared cards, cigars, beer, wine, brandy (the sale of which on their own soil the Bokharans have prohibited by agreement). European furniture, partly imported, partly imitated in uncouth fashion, came in the wake of European needs; European buildings in a modest way are springing up along the railroad; and near his country seat at Kari, the Amir has of his own accord had built two Russian edifices, the one in modern, the other in old Russo-Byzantine style. They are in stone, and are architecturally tasteful and pretty. Moreover, some engineers have constructed the station-buildings in beautifully hewn freestone and marble from the neighbouring rocks, as an example to the Sarmatians for the use of their rich mountain stones and marbles."

What a revolution the railway is on the verge of introducing in Bokhara, these details from the highest authority will enable us to judge.

Not yet, however, is the effect very noticeable to a stranger's eye. Customs and methods prevail which date from an immemorial antiquity, and alternately transport the observer to the Bagdad of Haroun al Raschid and to the Hebrews of the Mosaic dispensation,

(1) *Transkaspien und Seine Eisenbahn*, 1888.

(2) *Unsere Zeit.*, October, 1888.

In a low dark hovel I saw corn being ground by a miserable horse who, with blinded eyes, and his nose tied to a beam overhead, was walking round and round a narrow circle, and causing to revolve an upper and a nether millstone below the surface of the ground. I saw cotton being carded by the primitive agency of a double bow, the smaller one being fixed to the ceiling and the larger one attached to its string by a cord, and struck by a mallet so as to cause a smart rebound. One morning in the bazaar we observed a crowd collected in the street round a mounted horseman, and presently howls of pain issued from the centre of the throng. It turned out to be the Reis-i-shariat, a religious functionary or censor of morals—an office which was revived a century ago by Amir Maasum—whose duty it is to ride about the town, compelling people to attend the schools or mosques, and inspecting weights and measures. He was engaged upon the latter operation, and was comparing the stone weights in a shop, which are often substituted for metal because of their cheapness, with the standard weight. The luckless shopkeeper, convicted of fraud, was forthwith stripped bare in the street, forced to kneel down, and soundly castigated on the back with a leather thong whip, carried by the Reis's attendants. The features of the crowd expressed a faint curiosity, but not a trace of another emotion.

I have more than once quoted the words of Dr. Heyfelder. This gentleman, whom I was fortunate enough to meet, and in whose company I stayed at Bokhara, deserves a more than passing mention. He is a German by birth, who served as Chief of the Medical Staff with Skobelev through his famous Turkoman campaign in 1880-1, and has acted in a similar capacity to General Annenkoff's railway battalions since. Having now lived for a year and a half in Bokhara, he is, next to the Russian diplomats, the highest authority upon the place and people; and owing to the immense popularity which his amiability and gratuitous offering of professional services have procured him, enjoys opportunities of seeing the interior life of Bokhara which even they do not share. It would be hard to exaggerate the part which his manners and generosity have played in the pacification of this whilom haunt of fanaticism. As early as six in the morning people crowd into the embassy to see him. Very often so childish is their faith that they do not ask for a prescription, but simply implore his touch. At first the women declined to unveil, would not allow him to feel their pulse, and only communicated with him through the medium of a male relative. Familiarity, however, is fast obliterating this suspicion. When the lately murdered Divan-Begi was lying on his death-bed, and his life-blood was ebbing away, he kept asking every few minutes for the doctor. The latter was unfortunately at

a distance, and, owing to a block on the railway, could not come. A fat old Beg, he told me, came to him one day and said, "Can you make me better? I suffer from eating four dinners a day." "Certainly," said the doctor, "eat three." Thereupon the old gentleman became very angry and retorted, "How can I eat less when I am called upon to entertain venerable foreigners?" I asked the doctor whether it was out of benevolence that he continued to reside in Bokhara. "Yes," he replied, "and as a pioneer of civilization."

The object in which he is specially interested is the extirpation of the well-known Bokharan disease, the *reshta*, or *filaria medinensis*, a parasite which cannot even now be better described than in the words of Anthony Jenkinson three hundred years ago:—

"There is a little river running through the middes of the saide Citie, but the water thereof is most unholosome, for it breedeth sometimes in men that drinke thereof, and especially in them that be not there borne, a worme of an ell long, which lieth commonly in the legge betwixt the flesh and the skinne, and is pluckt out about the ancle with great art and cunning; the Surgeons being much practised therein, and if shee break in plucking out, the partie dieth, and every day she commeth out about an inche, which is rolled up, and so worketh till shee be all out."

So common is this malady in Bokhara that every fifth person suffers from it; and the same individual may be harbouring at the same time from two to ten, nay, from twenty to thirty, of these worms. Their extraction is not difficult or dangerous unless, as Jenkinson said, part of the worm is broken off and left in the flesh, when suppuration and consequent risk may ensue. When extracted it is sometimes from two to three feet long, and has the appearance of a long string of vermicelli. A curious feature is that the most minute examination of the drinking water of Bokhara under the microscope has never revealed the *reshta* germ. Nor, again, has Dr. Heyfelder ever discovered or identified a male specimen. He is inclined to think that the female, being oviparous, pushes her way to the surface of the skin when full of young; each *reshta*, upon dissection, being found to contain from a half a million to a million embryo worms. Either the male dies after fertilization, or the parasite is bisexual. The embryos, if occasionally dosed with a drop of water, will continue to live for six days. The doctor has made frequent efforts to obtain statistics from the natives both at Bokhara and Samarkand, as to the character, area, and probable causes of the affliction, but has failed to obtain any replies. It is by no means certain even that it is necessarily to be traced to the waters of the Zerafshan. Higher up the river it is more rare. At Kermineh it is quite an exception, at Samarkand it is only found when imported, and at Jizakh, once a centre of the disease, it has been immensely

reduced since the Russian occupation and superintendence of the water supply. The filthy condition of some of the open pools at Bokhara is quite sufficient to account for its wide propagation in that place. One of the commonest causes of reproduction is the shocking carelessness of the barbers, who are the professional extractors of the worm, and who throw down the living parasite, which very likely crawls away and multiplies its species a hundred thousandfold in some pool or puddle. Dr. Heyfelder would have a law passed that every *reshta* shall be burned upon extraction. By these means, coupled with a stringent supervision of the water supply, and a universal use of filters, he believes that the disease could be eradicated in ten years.

With a few words about the reigning Amir of Bokhara, Seid Achad Khan, I will conclude. Though the fourth son of his father, and the offspring of a slave, he was yet, on account of his superior intelligence, selected by Mozaffur-ed-din as his heir. The Russians wisely acquiesced in this nomination, and, taking time by the forelock, despatched the young man to St. Petersburg (where now also they are educating his younger brother), to imbibe Russian tastes and to be duly impressed by the coronation of the Czar. When he came back he told Dr. Heyfelder, in response to a query, that what he liked best in Russia was the lemonade and ice at Moscow; an answer which reminds one of Edmund O'Donovan's tale of the man who had been a servant of the Persian Embassy in London for nine years, and who, having returned to his native land, said that his dearest recollections of the British metropolis were its corned beef and bitter ale.

When the old Amir died in 1885 the Russians and their candidate were not caught napping. The death of Mozaffur-ed-din was concealed from the populace for twelve hours, and the fidelity of the troops and approaches to the palace were assured by the prompt measures taken by the aged Kush-Begi. Messengers were dispatched at full gallop to Kermineh, of which place Seid Achad was Beg or Governor. As soon as the death of the Amir leaked out a rumour was spread that Russian troops were advancing upon the town. The presence of General Annenkoff in the neighbourhood was turned to useful advantage, and in his company the young Prince, arriving with the utmost speed from Kermineh, rode into the capital and ascended the throne of his fathers without striking a blow. His eldest brother, Abdul Melik, who rebelled against his father seventeen years ago, has for some time been a fugitive in India, and is detained by the British Government at Abbotabad. Another elder brother, who was Beg of Hissar at the time of his brother's accession, and who also contemplated rebellion, was quietly

removed as a State prisoner to Baisun.¹ The opposition, if it exists, has not dared to lift its head since.

Seid Achad is a young man of twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, tall, black-bearded, dignified, and intelligent. I saw him at Bokhara. Clad in magnificent robes, and riding at the head of a long cavalcade through the bazaar, he looked worthy to be an Oriental monarch. Little is publicly known of his character, which I heard variously reported as inoffensive and avaricious. Nor is it possible to tell how far he is popular with his subjects, Oriental respect for the title outweighing all considerations for the personality of its bearer. If he can persuade them that he is still something more than a gilded marionette, as the Russians are politic enough to allow him to do, and if at the same time he tacitly takes his orders from Tashkent, there is no reason why he should not retain his crown. An Amir of Bokhara may well continue to exist on the same footing as a Nizam of Hyderabad, or a Maharajah of Kashmir. The Russians take great credit to themselves for having persuaded the young sovereign to issue a decree in 1886 totally abolishing slavery in the State of Bokhara, and giving to each man a written certificate of his freedom—a step which would hardly have been necessary if Clause XVII. of the Treaty of 1873 had been at all faithfully carried out.

“The traffic in human beings, being contrary to the law which commands man to love his neighbour, is abolished for ever in the territory of the Khanate. In accordance with this resolve the strictest injunctions will be given by the Amir to all his Beys to enforce the new law, and special orders will be sent to all border towns where slaves are transported for sale from neighbouring countries, that should any such slaves be brought there, they shall be taken from their owners and set at liberty without loss of time.”

The relations between the two courts are in the capable hands of M. Tcharikoff, a most accomplished man, speaking English fluently, and a thorough master of Oriental politics.

Among the prerogatives which are left to the Amir are the possession of a native army, and the insignia and retinue of an Asiatic Court. The former is said to consist of about twelve thousand men (in Vambéry's time it was forty thousand), but resembles an irregular gendarmerie rather than a standing army. I expect that its value, which might be guessed by analogy with the least warlike forces of the native princes in India, was very accurately gauged by the Governor-General of Transcaspia, General Komaroff, who laughed when I asked him if he thought the Bokharan soldiers were any good, and said, “They are possibly better than the Persians.” Their uniform

(1) For an account of this incident *vide* M. Bonvalot's new work, just published, *Through the Heart of Asia*, 1889, vol. i. p. 230-1.

consists of a black sheepskin shako, a loose red tunic with leather belt and cartridge-pouch, abundant pantaloons, and big leather boots. It is closely modelled on the Russian lines, and includes even Russian shoulder-straps. Each soldier is armed with some kind of musket and a sword; and the words of command, which were framed by a Cossack deserter named Popoff, who organized the army for the late Amir, are delivered in a mixture of Russian, Tartar, and English. The men are said to be volunteers, and while serving to receive pay equal to from £10 to £20 a year. The ideal of military efficiency in Bokhara seems to be limited to precision in detail, in which I was assured by some European officers that they are very successful. Every movement is smartly executed to the sound of a bugle, and the voice of the officers, whose uniform is fantastic and appearance contemptible, is never heard. There are some 150 signals, which it is not surprising to hear that it takes a man several years to learn. Where the British soldier is ordered to pile arms and to stand at ease, the Bokharan sits down on the ground. Some years ago the drill contained a movement of a most interesting character, which has since been abandoned. At a given signal the soldiers lay down upon their backs, and kicked their heels in the air. This was copied from the action of Russian troops in one of the earlier engagements, where, after crossing a river, they were ordered to lie down and shake the water out of their big top-boots. The retreating Bokhariots saw the manœuvre, and attributed to it a magical share in the Russian victory.

The Bokharan Court is still surrounded by all the pomp and much of the mystery of an Asiatic régime. The Amir is treated as a sort of demigod, whom inferior beings may admire from a distance. No glimpse is ever caught of the royal harem. *Batchas* or dancing-boys are among the inseparable accessories of the palace, and represent a Bokharan taste as effeminate as it is depraved. An audience with the Amir is attended with much formality, and is followed on his part by an offering of gifts. No European can be presented except in uniform or in evening dress. One of my companions, who was a relative of the Governor-General, having been granted an audience, found that he had not the requisite garments in which to go. Accordingly I had to rig him out in my evening clothes with a white tie and a Bond Street shirt. Etiquette further requires the presentee to ride to the palace on horseback; and a more comic spectacle than an English gentleman in a dress-suit riding in broad daylight in the middle of a gaudily dressed cavalcade through an oriental town cannot be conceived. At such moments even the English breast yearns for a decoration. When the audience is over a *dastarkhan* is

served, one or more horses with embroidered saddlecloths and turquoise-studded bridles are brought in, and he "whom the king delighteth to honour" is sent home with a wardrobe full of brilliant *khalats*.

On leaving Bokhara I could not help rejoicing at having seen it in what may be described as the twilight epoch of its glory. Were I to go again in later years it might be to find electric light in the highways. The King of Korea has it at Seoul, a surely inferior capital. The Amir of Afghanistan has it at Kabul. Then why not he of Bokhara? It might be to see window-panes in the houses, and to meet with trousered figures in the streets. It might be to eat *sakuska* in a Russian restaurant and to sleep in a Russian hotel; to be ushered by a *tchinornik* into the palace of the Ark, and to climb for fifty *kopecks* the Manari Kalian. Who can tell whether Russian beer will not have supplanted tea, and *vodka* have supplemented opium? Civilization may ride in the Devil's Wagon, but the Devil has a habit of exacting his toll. What could be said for a Bokhara without a Kush-Begi, a Divan-Begi, and an Inak, without its *mullahs* and *kalendars*, its *takhsabas* and its *mirzabashi*, its *shabraqes*, and *tchapans*, and *khalats*? Already the mist of ages is beginning to rise and to dissolve. The lineaments are losing their beautiful vague mystery of outline. It is something, in the short interval between the old order and the new, to have seen Bokhara, while it may still be called the Noble, and before it has ceased to be the most interesting city in the world.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

THE FUTURE OF AGNOSTICISM.

THE central and pressing problem, that awaits Christianity in the future, if we are to trust its official and orthodox teachers, is how shall it overcome that paralysis of religious faith which passes under a convenient solecism as *Agnostic*. Agnosticism is a vague and elastic phrase to describe the state of mind of large and growing sections of all cultured and thoughtful minds. It is almost assumed that the philosopher, the man of science, the man of great practical experience, is more or less an Agnostic, until he declares himself a convinced Christian, and then the fact is widely proclaimed and heartily welcomed. I propose to ask whether a phase of mind so largely prevailing in the higher intellectual ranks is permanent, creative, final. Is Agnosticism a substantive religious belief at all? Can it grow into a religious belief? Can it supersede religious belief?

It is not at all necessary to frame an exact definition of Agnosticism, a task that is far from easy. It may embrace a variety of different opinions, ranging through many types of Pantheistic and humanitarian belief, to the religion of the Unknowable, and so on down to a convenient screen for cynicism or a simple state of mere indifference. The forms of Agnosticism may be almost as many as the forms of Theism, for it includes in the widest sense all those who consciously avow *Ignorance* to be the sum of their reflections on the origin of the Universe, the moral government of the world, and the future of the spirit after death. In one sense this represents the conclusion of Auguste Comte; it was that of Charles Darwin, as he says, in a far less steady way; it is certainly that of Herbert Spencer, and of most of those who rest in a philosophy of evolution. An eminent politician who was once pressed by an equally eminent critic to formulate his views on these, as most think them, all-important problems, replied: "My dear fellow, those are matters whereon I never could feel the slightest interest!" But this is not the true faith of the Agnostic—indeed, this eminent politician counted himself a Churchman. Thousands of busy men, men of pleasure, of ambition, the selfish, the vicious, and the careless, have no definite opinion and no perceptible interest. But they are not properly Agnostics. To be undecided, indifferent, or callous, is not to be convinced of one's own ignorance. The Agnostic proper is one who having honestly sought to know, acquiesces in Ignorance and avows

it as the best practical solution of a profound but impenetrable problem.

Such is the mental attitude of a very powerful and growing order of intelligences; who, if far from a majority in numbers, include a heavy proportion of the leaders of thought. Is this mental attitude a religious creed in itself? Can it become the substitute for all other religious creeds?

The true Agnostic by conviction puts forward his ignorance as the central result of his views about religion. A man may incline to the agnostic frame of mind, or he may be agnostic with respect to given metaphysical problems, without being fairly and truly an Agnostic by profession. The Agnostic takes his stand by principle on ignorance, just as the Protestant takes his stand on protesting against the errors of Rome, and makes that the badge and test of religious belief. Many other churches, schools, and creeds abjure and reject the errors of Rome quite as much as Protestants can, without becoming Protestants. Deists, Atheists, Jews, Positivists, Buddhists, Musulmans and Brahmins reject the Pope and all his works quite as thoroughly as any Protestant. But it would be ridiculous to class them as Protestants, because they do not make the differing from the Church of Rome the central result of their views about religion. They are each properly described by the name which connotes the main body of their positive beliefs and practices. The Protestant is a Christian who protests against the Roman Catholic form of Christianity. The Atheist is one who protests against the theological doctrine of a Creator, and a moral providence. The Agnostic is one who protests against any dogma respecting Creation at all, and who takes his stand deliberately on ignorance. All these put some specific denial into the forefront of their deepest convictions.

But the Agnostic is far more distinctively a denier than the Protestant. In spite of this unhappy name, of which large sections of the Protestant world are heartily ashamed, the term Protestant still means something substantive, something more than one who protests. Protestant still means Evangelical Christian. And so, the name Dissenter implies much more than one who dissents from the Established Church. In spite of all the gibes and flouts of a great Agnostic, the "dissidence of Dissent" marks those who hold to a Biblical and Presbyterian type of Christianity, much as "the protestantism of the Protestant religion" includes all types of Christians who look to the Bible rather than the Church of Rome as the source of faith. The Agnostic, as such, has no positive religious belief apart from the assertion of his ignorance, for if he had, he would be named from such belief. He is rather in the position of

the Atheist, whose religious position is based on a denial of God, or of the Anarchist, whose political aim is directed towards the suppression of all government, not the establishment of any new government, socialistic or otherwise. The Agnostic, the Atheist, and the Anarchist concentrate their opinions respectively on opposition to creeds, opposition to Providence, and opposition to governments.

Whatever the logical strength of Agnosticism as a philosophical position, as a moral and social creed it must share the inherent weakness of every mere negation. In the realm of ideas, quite as much as in the realm of action, it is for ever true :—" he only destroys who can replace." The reaction in living memory against all forms of mere unbelief such as, from Voltaire to Richard Carlile, awakened the passions of our ancestors, shows no signs of abatement. The net result of the whole negative attack on the Gospel has perhaps been to deepen the moral hold of Christianity on society. Men without a trace of theological belief turn from the negative attack now with an instinctive sense of weariness and disgust. Just as even radicals and revolutionists look on the mania of pure anarchism as the worst hindrance to their own causes, so all who have substantive beliefs of their own, however unorthodox, find nothing but mischief in militant atheism. Auguste Comte found not only mischief, but folly, in accordance with his profound aphorism, "atheism is the most irrational form of metaphysics;" meaning that it propounds as the solution of an insoluble enigma the hypothesis which of all others is the least capable of proof, the least simple, the least plausible, and the least useful. And although Comte, in common with the whole evolutionist school of thought, entirely accepts the agnostic position as a matter of logic, he is as much convinced as any Ecumenical Council could be, that everything solid in the spiritual world must rest on beliefs, not negations; on knowledge, not on ignorance.

So clear is this now that Mr. Herbert Spencer, the most important leader of the pure Agnostic school, has developed the Unknowable, about which nothing can be conceived or understood, into an "Infinite and Eternal Energy, by which all things are created and sustained." As every one knows, he has tried to make out the Unknowable to be something positive and not negative, active and not indifferent. So much so that his most important follower, Mr. John Fiske, of America, has declared that this Energy of Mr. Spencer's "is certainly the power which is here recognised as God" (Fiske's *Idea of God*, p. xxv.). This, however, is a subject which there is no need to pursue farther, at any rate until some one has appeared on this side of the Atlantic to contend that Mr. Spencer's idea of the Unknowable is certainly the power which is here recognised as God. I shall not farther argue this point. But this abortive paradox of an

eminent thinker suffices to show how sterile a thing he recognises a bare Agnosticism to be.

What is the source of all religion? Religion means that combination of belief and veneration which man feels for the power which exercises a dominant influence over his whole life. It has an intellectual element and a moral element. It includes both faith and worship—something that can be believed and something that can be revered. These two are fundamental, ineradicable facts in human nature. And what is more they are the supreme and dominant facts, which will ultimately master or absorb all others in the long run. For this reason what men ultimately believe and venerate—their religion—is very rightly assumed to be the characteristic fact in every phase of civilisation. We talk of the Mahometan, the Buddhist, the Catholic, the Pagan world; of the years of the Hegira, of *Anno Domini*.

Our deepest and our widest thoughts, our earliest and our latest, about human nature, life, and the visible world, bring us always back to this:—"Here am I, and millions such as I am, surrounded, as it seems, in a huge universe of outward activity, distinct from it, but unable to exist an hour without it, able in many ways to act upon it, being acted upon by it in ways far greater and more constant. What is it? Is it well-disposed to me, is it ill-disposed? Is it disposed at all? Has it any will or any feeling at all? Is it the instrument of any being with will and feeling, and if so, of what being? What is that relation between Man and the World?"

Our hearts, like our brains, are ever stirring us with wonder, fear, love, admiration, and awe as we watch the forces around us, sometimes so cruel, so terrible, so deadly, sometimes so lovely, so beneficent, so serene. All we enjoy, and love, all we can produce, or look for, all we suffer and fear, pain, death, bereavement, life, health, and protection from torture, all alike come to us through the visible forces of the earth. Our entire existence, material, emotional, practical, depends on them. Do they seek to help us or do they seek our ill, or are they absolutely indifferent? The individual by himself is as absolutely powerless in their presence as the minutest winged thing before the summer breeze which may gather into a tornado. But man in his helplessness and his blind terror or keen hope turns ever to the reason, and those who seem to reason best, saying—"Tell us something about this World in its relation to Man: tell us something of the living Spirit which is within it, or above it, or behind it: or if there be no such Spirit, tell us something about the workings of this world and how to get the good from it and avoid the evil."

There is, however, much more than the World. There is Mankind,

the most powerful, the most numerous, the most noble, the most universal living force visible upon the planet, through whom and in whom alone real life is possible for an individual. The individual man, when we think out the real meaning of civilised life, is just as completely dependent on mankind for everything he has, or does, or knows, or hopes for, as the infant is dependent on its parent or nurse for every hour of existence. Withdraw them and it perishes in a day. Withdraw from the mightiest intellect or the most potent character, the co-operation of men past and present, and it sinks to the level of the fox or the tiger; and being neither so fleet nor so strong, would perish in less than a week. At every turn of human life, in activity, in thought, in emotion, there are always three powers perpetually in contact—the living soul which is thinking, acting, or feeling; the mass of the world outside man, touching him at every point; and between these two the sum of mankind past, present, and to come, through which alone he lives and acts. Whether the universe be itself living and conscious (Pantheism), whether it be self-existent and purely material (Atheism), or whether it be created and directed by a Supreme Mind (Theism)—all this is a matter of religious and philosophical speculation. But in any case there are always at least three elements—the man, mankind, and the world.

The most profound thought, like the experience of every day, always comes back to this, for it is a matter of morality and of conduct quite as much as of intellect and sympathy. Morality, the very possibility of morality, depends on this: that a man feels the pressure over him of conditions. There can be no true duty without a sense of the limits, possibilities, and aim of human life. Life is an endless caprice, where there are no definite lines of duty, recognised as set by the order of things, and a possible end which effort can reach. And so the bare knowledge of the laws of nature, with no supreme conception of what nature means, such as can fill the imagination, with no dominant idea whereon the sympathy and the reverence can expand itself, is mere dust and ashes, wholly incompetent to sustain conduct or to give peace. The Agnostic is willing to trust to science as an adequate answer to the intellect, to ethics as a sufficient basis for conduct. He might as well trust in the rule of three and the maxims in a copybook to deal with the storms and trials of life.

All that has been said by preachers and prophets from Moses and Isaiah down to Keble and Cardinal Newman as to the importance of religion to life, as to the paramount necessity of a central object of reverence, devotion, and faith, is not by one word in excess of the truth. On the contrary, it is still lamentably short of the truth,

for it has been based by all theological preachers on a very narrow and imperfect conception of religion. Not one word of all this has ever been shaken by the infidel or agnostic schools. It is true that they have not only shaken to their foundations, but in our opinion finally annihilated, the particular type of religion which theology presents, the actual doctrines, the assertion of supposed historic fact, the gratuitous assumptions which theological religion teaches under a thousand contradictory forms. But criticism has never shaken, nay, has never even addressed itself to weaken, the dominant place of religion in life. For some two centuries criticism has exhausted itself in battering down the doctrines and methods of the current religion. But not a rational argument has ever been put forward to show that religion of some kind is less necessary than before, less inevitable, less dominant. Agnosticism says to the Churches: "I decline to believe in your religion." But the necessity for some religion remains just as it did before. And until Agnosticism has told us what religion we are to believe, or why religion is henceforth superfluous, it will remain the private opinion of isolated and cultivated minds in more or less comfortable surroundings.

This explains the mysterious fact that, in spite of the hailstorm of destructive criticism which is incessantly poured in every bastion, fort, and outwork of the churches, they still continue to reply to the fire of the enemy, and are still full of enthusiastic defenders. "He only destroys who can replace." And the agnostic position is *ex hypothesi* a pure negation. The profound instinct of all healthy spirits recognises that a state of no-religion, of deliberate acquiescence in negation, of non-interest on principle in these dominant questions, is weak, unworthy, even immoral. It is in vain that the man of science and the man of affairs ask to be left alone, to do their own work in their own way, to leave these ultimate problems to those whom they concern, or to those who care for them. The instinct of all good men and women tells that a man without a genuine religion, a man to whom the relation of Man to the World, Man to his fellow *Men*, is a mere academic question, a question to be put aside—is a source of danger and corruption to his neighbours and the society in which he lives; that selfishness, caprice, anti-social self-assertion, or equally anti-social indolence are his sure destiny, and his besetting weakness. The appeals and reproaches of the religious creeds as to the folly and danger of stifling the religious instincts, are as true and as powerful now as ever, especially by single dogma of religion were shivered to dust.

It is indeed to attempt to repeat in the feeble tone of a knowledge of philosophical arguments, the appeals, the yearning cry of the thousands of years as to the hollowness of

life, the feebleness of man, without an object of awe and love. The sayings of an army of preachers crowd upon the memory as we think upon this, from Job, David, Solomon, and the prophets. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And so on, through the prophets to the words of the Gospel and of Paul, of Augustine's vision of the City that cannot be destroyed, and down to Gregory and Bernard, A Kempis and Bunyan, Bossuet and Taylor, Wesley and De Maistre, from countless voices, Jewish, Christian, Musulman, Confucian, and Buddhist, Protestant, Catholic, and Deist. However much they differ in the form, they all agree in this—the supreme importance of religion to man. Not a word of all this has ever been shaken: not a word of it has even been impugned. All that Agnosticism has done is to assert that Theology has not solved the religious problem. It has not offered a shadow of a suggestion as to what the solution is, nor has it cast a doubt on the urgency of the problem itself.

Agnosticism is consequently a mere step, an indispensable step, in the evolution of religion, though, by its very nature, a step on which it is impossible to rest. Intellectually it is quite as impossible to remain an agnostic as politically it would be to remain an anarchist. And for precisely the same reason. Society is such that only the most vapid and uneasy spirit can permanently acquiesce in the negation of all government. And society is likewise such that only a dry mechanical soul can permanently rest in the negation of all religion. A thousand commonplaces have shown that unless the first place in the imagination and the heart be duly filled, the mind and character are perpetually prone to improvise worthless ideals of love and reverence, under the force of which mind and character are liable to be violently carried away.

The orthodox and the agnostic view of religion are not at all the true antitheses one of the other. The only true antithesis to a religion of figments is a religion of realities, not a denial of the figments. The agnostic reply to the theologians is but half a reply, and a reply to the least important half. Orthodox theology asserts, first, the paramount need for religion, and next it asserts that this need is met by a particular creed and a specific object of worship. To the first of these assertions agnosticism has no reply at all; to the second it replies "not proven." The question is a double and no single answer can at all cover the ground. It is possible that the orthodox view might be partly right and importance wrong, and the agnostic view may be partly right and a central object blank. And this is just what has happened. And in excess of the ground unshaken whilst he contends that he is short of the truth,

guide of human life. The agnostic is on ground as firm when he contends that theology concerns itself with a world where knowledge is impossible to man. But the agnostic has yet to carry the argument to a world where knowledge is possible to man.

The positivist point of view thus stands midway between theology and agnosticism, recognising the strength of each and offering to both a *modus vivendi*, a basis of conciliation. It not only earnestly maintains all that theologians have ever urged as to the paramount place of religion, as to the universal part of religion in every phase of life, as to its power to transfigure the individual man and human society, large or small, but it vastly extends the scope of religion beyond the wildest vision of theology. On the other hand, it adopts without reserve the whole of the agnostic logic as against the theological creeds, very greatly reinforcing it by making this agnostic logic the outcome of a complete philosophy of science, and an organized scheme of morality and society. No agnostic reasoner can more inexorably insist on eliminating from thought and life whatever philosophy and science reject as "not proven." No theologian can more passionately insist on the wilderness that is left in the heart of the man and the life of society which is without the guidance of religion.

Strangely enough it is this latter point which theology in our day most miserably neglects. It is so strictly absorbed in its own special creed, that it abandons the defence of the infinitely greater cause, the meaning of religion, the relation of religion to life, conduct, happiness, and civilisation. All this is totally distinct from any particular creed, and may stand untouched by the downfall of a dozen creeds. So completely have theologians identified this eternal truth with their own formularies, that the agnostic is allowed to suppose that when the formularies are disposed of the religious problem is at an end. And the result of it is, that the cause of religion as an institution is to-day seriously jeopardised by theologians, who are far more concerned about particular Books and sectarian dogmas than about the central principle of human life.

It is therefore quite natural, however much it may surprise some, that the first task of Auguste Comte was to show, how religion was a force, deeper, wider, and more omnipresent than theology had ever deemed it; what are the eternal bases of religion in the heart of man in society; and what are the indestructible elements of religion, those *agw* of religion. It is not in the least a paradox, but a especially by a easy proof, that no theologian in ancient or modern rical evolution. And nor Mahomet, neither Aquinas nor Bernard, a knowledge of phy. Calvin, neither Hooker nor Butler, have ever vly into the elements, the function, and, the

range of religion in the abstract as does Auguste Comte. All this, his philosophical analysis of what religion can do for life and society, is entirely detached from any given religious creed, and it is quite as much applicable to Pagan, Musulman, Catholic, or Calvinistic theology, as it is to the religion of the Fetichists, Buddhists, or Confucius. It is so because Comte was the first who exhaustively considered religion apart from any creed, on a social analysis of human nature and society, by the light of history and social philosophy at once. When so viewed religion is found to have a meaning far more varied and certain than appears in the sacred writings of any confession, and to be capable of infinite applications to life, undreamt of yet by the most ecstatic mystics and the most ardent spirits of the Catholic or Protestant communions.

It is not, however, the purpose of this essay to put forward Comte's answer to Theology, but merely to consider the Agnostic answer, and the future of Agnosticism. The question of the place of religion as an element of human nature, as a force in human society, its origin, analysis, and functions, has never been considered at all from the agnostic point of view. What eminent agnostic has ever attempted to grapple with the problem, except by the unmeaning phrase of Mr. Spencer, that the business of religion is with the consciousness of a mystery that cannot be fathomed? This meagre formula about a very real and vast power is obviously only the flourish of a man who has nothing to say and who wishes to say something. Apart from this, what agnostic has ever told us what religion is, what it ought to be, what part it plays in life and in civilisation? Agnosticism has not, in fact, carried out its own principles. Both agnosticism and atheism are still so completely under the glamour of the older Theology and its creeds, that they take it enough has been done for religion when some definite assertion has been formulated about the central theological dogmas, even though that definite assertion be a negation, as the atheist contends, or a mere assertion of ignorance, as the agnostic contends. But when these have been asserted, the whole question of religion still remains open as a factor in human existence. If the agnostic and the atheist would fairly face this problem from the solid ground of human history, social philosophy, and moral analysis, and would entirely put aside all further thought of smashing theology hip and thigh, they would come to see that everything yet remains to be done in the matter of religion, assuming their specific uses and be perfectly logical and finally proved.

In other words, agnosticism as a religious philosophy is a central object of an almost total ignoring of history and social evolution, and in excess of the and, social evolution force all competent minds short of the truth,

to frame some positive type of religion, and to recognise the indestructible tie between religion and civilisation. A strong mind, really saturated with the historical sense, turns from agnosticism and atheism, with the same weariness and pity with which it turns from the Law of Nature and the Rights of Man. They are all as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. History and a theory of social evolution based on history and social statics, compel us to think upon the past of religion, the need for religion, and the future of religion.

Agnosticism is thus found to be simply the temporary halting-place of those scientific men who have not yet carried their scientific habits of mind into the history of humanity as a whole. It marks indeed the physicists, and the thinkers about physics, using physics in the widest sense as the study of Nature rather than of Man. It would be difficult to name a single known agnostic who has given to history anything like the amount of thought and study which he brings to his knowledge of the physical world. The Darwins, the Huxleys, the Tyndalls, have been absorbed in other labours which have left them no opportunity to enter on the vast field of universal history. They would, of course, admit that social science is quite as legitimate, quite as indispensable to the human intellect, as is natural science; though they recognise its present condition as far less advanced and far more obscure. But the field of natural science is itself so gigantic that they may very fairly claim to limit their labours to that. In so doing, and missing in social science and in historical evolution the precision of proof which they justly seek for in physical studies, they are somewhat inclined to overrate the proportion which natural science bears to the whole field of knowledge and to forget that physical laws are only a part, and the smaller part, of science in the sum. Nothing is more common than to hear an eminent savant say—"so far as I understand anything of science," meaning by science our knowledge of nature exclusively, when perhaps he has given as little attention to social science, to history, and social evolution as the first man he meets in the street. As to the great discoverers in the physical realm, as the Darwins, the Huxleys, the Tyndalls, the Lyells, the Hookers, it would be preposterous to expect them to withdraw precious hours from their special pursuits; as Aristotle says, it would be ridiculous to ask a geometrician to reason persuasively, or to ask an orator to prove his points by geometry. Mr. Spencer, on the other hand, is not a specialist observer, but a philosopher, and no English philosopher, especially by ~~ever~~ so forcibly insisted on the supreme place held in ~~rical~~ evolution. ~~synthesis~~ by social science. This, therefore, is all the ~~a~~ knowledge of ~~ph~~ment to those who most admire his genius and the development of his "Synthetic Philosophy,"

that he has not yet been able to turn his extraordinary powers of co-ordinating ideas to the systematic study of universal history. It is difficult, indeed, to recall a passage in which he has contributed to this grand task of the future a single reflection that does justice to his eminent position. Yet, without a systematic conception of history, a synthetic philosophy of human nature is as utterly futile as a synthetic philosophy of physical nature would be without biology.

We may now form some general forecast of the future course of Agnosticism. Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion, an entirely negative stage, the point reached by physicists, a purely mental conclusion with no relation to things social at all. It is a stage as impossible for a social philosophy to rest in as it is for a statesman to proclaim his policy to be "no law" and "no government." But if Agnosticism cannot rest as it is there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it can go back. Agnosticism represents the general conclusion of minds profoundly imbued with the laws of physical nature, minds which find the sum of the physical laws to be incompatible with the central dogmas of theology. And since the physical laws rest on an enormous mass of experimental demonstration and the dogmas of theology upon the unsupported asseverations of theologians, the agnostic, as at present advised, holds by the former, and, without denying the latter, treats them as "not proven." But the laws of physical nature show no signs of becoming less definite, less consistent, or less popular as time goes on. Everything combines to show that natural knowledge is growing wider, more consolidated, more dominant year by year; that the reign of law becomes more truly universal, more indefeasible, more familiar to all, just as the reign of supernatural hypotheses retreats into regions where the light of science fails to penetrate.

Whatever, therefore, has fostered the agnostic habit of mind in the past seems destined to extend it enormously in the future. And, when the entire public are completely trained in a sense of physical law, the agnostic habit of mind must become the mental state, not of isolated students and thinkers, but of the general body which forms public opinion. There is no weak spot about the agnostic position *per se*, no sign of doubt or rift in its armour, as a logical instrument. All that is objected to is, that it is simply one syllogism in a very long and complex process of reasoning, not that the syllogism itself has any vestige of error. The result is that the agnostic logic shows every sign not of failure, but of ^{its} ^{importance} becoming an axiom of ordinary thought, almost a ^{central} ^{object} monplace, as minds are more commonly imbued and in excess of the physical law. But to accept the agnostic ^{law} short of the truth,

Agnostic, any more than to accept the protest against the Papal infallibility or the Council of Trent is to be a Protestant. Hence, the more universal becomes the adoption of the agnostic position, the more rare will agnostics pure and simple become, and the less will agnosticism be looked on as a creed. When agnostic logic is simply one of the canons of thought, agnosticism, as a distinctive faith, will have spontaneously disappeared.

As social science and the laws of social evolution more and more engross the higher minds, and become the true centre of public interest, Agnosticism, the mere negation of the physicists, will have left the ground clear for the rise of a definite belief. That belief, of course, like everything destined to have a practical influence over men, must be positive, not negative. It must also be scientific, not traditional, or fictitious. And it must further be human, in the sense of sympathetic and congener to man, not materialist and homogeneous with the physical world. Its main basis obviously must be social science, the larger, more noble, and dominant part of science in the sum. And its main instrument and guide will be the history of human evolution, which is to physical evolution all that man himself is to the animal series. To collect these suggestions in one, what we have is this. Agnosticism must be absorbed in a religious belief, for which it will have cleared the ground. That belief will necessarily have these characters. It will be at once *positive, scientific, human, sociologic, and evolutionary or historical.*

These five characteristics are all, it is plain, distinctive marks of the system for the future that Auguste Comte propounded as the religion of Humanity. Indeed taken together they would be a very good description of it. But it is no part of my present purpose to pursue that topic further, or to insist on Positivism as the inevitable solution of the problem. The object to which this paper is confined is to examine what, upon the principles of agnosticism itself, would be the natural development of agnosticism in the future, when its protest against the assumptions of theology shall have done its work, when antagonism to theology has become an anachronism, and when the world has realised how completely religion has yet to create its future. There is no reason to think that thoughtful agnostics would very much dispute the general line of this reasoning. Very many agnostics already have recognised in a general way, and for a distant future, some kind of humanitarian ideal as the ultimate basis of the religious sentiment. And this has been done most definitely by those agnostics who are the most interested in social science, and especially by those who have the keenest grasp on the laws of historical evolution. Every student of social philosophy, who combines a knowledge of physical laws with a dominant interest in history, is

already a humanitarian in embryo, though he choose to maintain an attitude of mental suspense on the religious problem as a whole.

Further than this I have no wish now to carry the argument. I am not advocating Positivism, but am examining the future of Agnosticism. Agnosticism, indeed, has no future, unless it will carry out its scientific principles to their legitimate conclusion. It offers no *locus standi* by itself. As Charles Darwin so pathetically tells us in his diary, it affords no permanent consolation to the mind, and is continually melting away under the stress of powerful sympathies. It destroys but it does not replace.

That which alone can take the place of the mighty mysteries and the grand moral drama created by the imagination of the prophets and priests of old is the final scheme of moral and social life which social science shall finally elaborate for man, which shall be the fruit of science as a whole, with physical science for its foundation and social science for its main gospel, a scheme which shall be entirely positive and entirely human; and its main characteristic will be, that it explains the history of humanity as a whole and points to the future of humanity as the inevitable sequel of its history. In whatever form such a view of religion may approve itself to the ages to come, it will only be agnostic in the sense that it is ready with the agnostic answer to all idle and irrelevant questions.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

* * * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

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ENGLAND AND GERMANY IN EAST AFRICA.

BRITISH subjects in East Africa are now witnessing the destruction of all their interests; commercial men and traders are watching the ruin of their commerce, while missionaries are looking upon their civilising work rendered abortive, with the lives which have been laid down and the money they have spent in opening up and civilising the country, made of no avail. While I can sympathise with Germany in her desire to found a colonial empire, I must enter a protest against her planting herself on the ruins of British interests, or on ground already occupied by England.

I may claim to speak with authority, having lived during the past fourteen years in the closest intimacy and friendship with the natives, both the Arabs and Swahili of Pangani, and the chiefs and people of Usambara.

Five years ago Germany did not possess a single interest in any part of East Africa—England was supreme. For twenty years England had worked for and helped onward the growing trade and civilisation of Zanzibar. The Sultan, who in 1875 possessed but a merely nominal authority over his coast chiefs, began, by the advice of England, to form an army. Lieutenant Matthews, R.N., of H.M.S. *London*, which was stationed at Zanzibar, was lent to the Sultan, to command his newly-raised troops. It is impossible for the traveller who reaches Zanzibar now to realise the vast amount of work which has been done in the recent past by England towards the civilisation of the country. In 1870 the slave trade flourished unchecked; in the centre of the town existed the most busy slave-market in the world. Day by day slave dhows sailed into the harbour under the guns of our men-of-war laden with raw slaves.

British Indians were often murdered by their debtors on the Arab New Year's day, when by custom the law was suspended, and no action could be taken against any crime done on that day. I have myself seen the dead bodies of slaves lying unburied on the beach opposite Zanzibar, while it was a common practice to throw

overboard all sick slaves on entering the harbour to save the Custom dues. Sir Bartle Frere and Sir John Kirk negotiated the celebrated treaty with the Sultan by which the slave-market was closed, and it was rendered illegal to convey slaves by sea. Her Majesty's ships were empowered to search for and seize all slave dhows conveying slaves, and the British Consular Courts condemned the dhows, punished the slave traders, and set free the slaves.

The British Government then determined to consolidate the power of the Sultan, and in Sir John Kirk they had a splendid agent for the carrying out of their plans. The Wali of Mombassa rebelled in 1873 against the Sultan, and successfully defended the fort against the Sultan's troops, but presently the British agent ordered up two English men-of-war, the fort was bombarded, and at once surrendered. When McKillop Pasha came down the coast with two Egyptian war steamers in 1876, and annexed to Egypt several coast towns, Sir John Kirk, by order of our Government, sent our men-of-war and expelled the Egyptians.

When the Wali of Kilwa rebelled against the Sultan, and refused to obey the slave treaty, Sir John Kirk at once proceeded to Kilwa and brought him to obedience.

So well did the late Sultan Seyyid Barghash attend to the instructions of the British Government that in a few years a great improvement began to be visible. The slave trade by sea was checked, and a proclamation of the Sultan, obtained by the personal influence of Sir John Kirk, prohibited all his subjects from bringing raw slaves down to the coast from the interior. The Walis were ordered to arrest any one disobeying the proclamation. Peace and order took the place of the insecurity and lawlessness which had hitherto prevailed, anarchy and the tribal hatreds were kept in check. The coast was brought under cultivation, and large plantations of coconuts, rice, and sugar, replaced the dense scrub. On the site of the old slave market Bishop Steere built a beautiful church. Farms and schools were founded for the reception of the slaves freed by the British cruisers.

Travel in the interior became comparatively easy and free from danger. A large band of porters was formed at Zanzibar, ready to accompany any traveller on his journeys. They were registered at the Consulate, and the men punished on their return for any disorderly conduct. The name of the English Consul, "Baluozi," the Swahili word for consul, was a power equal to, if not exceeding, that of the Sultan far into the interior. It was a name to conjure with, as the writer well knows; for on one expedition, when the pagazi were unruly and refused to obey orders, they were merely told that they would have to go before the "Baluozi" when they returned to Zanzibar, and at once, with cheerful alacrity, they sprang up, seized their loads, saying, "All right, master, don't tell the Baluozi, we will

do what you wish," and off we started. The coast towns on the mainland shared in the general prosperity, and British Indians flocked to them, opening stores and trading stations everywhere, building or buying houses from the Arabs. Pangani, from a large village of thatched huts, and with little or no trade, became in ten years an important commercial centre, of stone houses, built by the British Indians. The Sultan and Sir John Kirk were slowly finding trustworthy Arab Walis, who would obey orders, and stamp out the slave trade. I well remember my late friend Bwana el Tobi, the Wali of Pangani, starting off early one morning, with only a few guards, to arrest a large slave caravan travelling up the coast contrary to the Sultan's orders. The slave-dealers resisted, and Bwana el Tobi shot two of them himself and arrested the others with his own hands. This vigorous action struck a blow at the land passage of slaves, just as our cruisers were stopping the sea traffic. Bwana el Tobi was accused of murder by the infuriated relatives of the men whom he had shot, but the Sultan and Sir John Kirk answered them by appointing him Wali of Kilwa, the most important town upon the coast.

British missions began to increase everywhere in the interior. The Universities Mission in Usambara, besides their original station at Magila, founded many new ones around. Farther south, on the Rovuma, Masasi, Newala and Chitingali were founded on the road to Lake Nyassa.

On Lake Nyassa itself a station was formed, and a mission steamer, the *Charles Janson*, placed. The Scotch Churches also commenced work there, a memorial to Livingstone, who discovered the lake. The Church Missionary Society founded "Frere Town" at Mombassa, and many other stations in the interior, occupying the Victoria Nyanza just as the Universities and Scotch Missions had occupied Lake Nyassa, and the London Missionary Society had occupied Lake Tanganyika. The Baptist Missionary Society and the Methodist Missionary Society also founded stations in the interior.

Thus the whole of Eastern Africa became a network of British mission stations, and the coast was one line of British-Indian trading stations. There were neither German missions nor German traders in any part of the country, not one.

So peaceable had the country become that I have slept for months in a house full of valuable property with a dense native population around without any kind of fastening to the door. The natives thoroughly trusted the English, and overtures were not unfrequently made that England should accept the government, the English flag being considered the emblem of freedom and prosperity. One missionary, after vainly trying to make the natives understand that the English Government would not accept the sovereignty of their country, was asked several times if he would be their chief, and

again and again declined, much to their disappointment. They were made the bankers of the people, who unhesitatingly placed large sums of money in their hands for safe keeping, while the credit and the word of an Englishman were everywhere accepted.

In Zanzibar itself the Sultan made great improvements, roads were made, carriages and carts were introduced by the mission, and quickly replaced the porters for heavy loads; the streets were lighted with lamps; the Sultan laid down pipes, and pure water from the hills was brought into the town free of cost; a police force was constituted; and the sea-traffic of slaves had so greatly decreased that it had become mere smuggling, so that for some years now there has been only an inland traffic for the purpose of providing slaves for the mainland plantations and for domestic use.

The more depraved Arabs were leaving the country and returning to Arabia, or expatriating themselves in the more congenial surroundings of the far interior.

So well had the Sultan, under the inspiration of the British political agent, done his work, that trade and commerce rapidly increased to two millions per annum, the greater part of this being in the hands of British subjects. The harbours of Zanzibar and of all the large towns on the mainland were full of dhows flying the British flag, engaged in legitimate commerce instead of the accursed slave trade.

It was a bright picture, and all who had the interest of Africa at heart began to see a time rapidly approaching when civilization and Christianity should be the moving factors of African life, and Africa should take her proper place in the world.

Unfortunately, this very prosperity attracted the greed of certain German adventurers. Landing disguised from the British mail steamers in 1884 they quickly penetrated into the interior, sometimes using the names of Englishmen well known to the natives to ingratiate themselves with local chiefs. Then they returned to Zanzibar, and manufactured bogus treaties, by which they claimed vast tracts of country in East Africa without the slightest assent from the chiefs or the owners of the soil.

The Sultan was now bullied and threatened by the Germans, and forced to acknowledge these sham treaties, although he, as well as every one else, knew that they were a fraud. Unluckily at that time the English Government had other interests which seemed of more importance than those of Zanzibar, and England, who up to this time had been supreme in Zanzibar, gave way to Germany, taking a second place.

The natives were most indignant at the utter absence of principle and honesty shown by the Germans in these transactions; but they could not believe that Germany would attempt to take possession of their country by force against their will.

The Germans, instead of trying to win a position by kindness and conciliation, proceeded in the most brutal and clumsy manner. A story told to me by a powerful Arab chief last August will give some idea of their folly. This Arab Governor, an educated gentleman, said that one afternoon when taking his siesta in the Government House, a servant announced a young German who had landed from a ship in the harbour. The Governor received him, and he at once proceeded to inform the Governor, through the medium of a Swahili-English interpreter, there being no Swahili-German interpreters, that after the 16th of August the Germans would take over the administration of the country and the customs, but that they intended to employ him, only he would then cease to be in the service of the Sultan, and would receive his pay from the Germans. Also that he would be required to present himself four times a day at the German office, to make his report and receive his instructions. This Arab restrained his indignation at such a gross insult, which he put down to the boorishness of the man, and merely replied that he had received no orders from his master the Sultan, and that he could not discuss the question.

Of course the Governor told this story at his evening reception, with what effect upon the Arabs and British Indians present can well be imagined.

It is almost impossible for ordinary Englishmen to realise what is happening to British interests in East Africa at the present time. Germany is playing for stakes which England now holds, and British property and vested interests, both commercial and religious, are tumbling into heaps of ruins. Our missions are being destroyed, our stations are cut off from the coast; supplies cannot be sent up to them, our sick cannot be brought down to Zanzibar; while our men are bravely holding on at the risk of their lives, determined to abandon neither their people, nor their mission stations. The whole country is in a state of excitement which interrupts the regular work of schools and workshops. The native races which were quietly settling down to peace and industry, are now taking up their weapons again to fight the hated Germans, and the ancient state of anarchy is rapidly returning. As yet no English mission has been interfered with, no missionary injured; but the natives are fast losing their faith in the justice and power of England. Where is the great "Baluozi," they say; why does he allow all this? England, whose influence among the natives has until now been most powerful, is becoming greatly discredited.

Not only is the civilizing work of English missionaries being interrupted and ruined, but their property is in great danger of being destroyed. Take the country of Usambara alone: there the English missionaries have been working for twenty years. At Magila, the granite of the country has been quarried, and a large

and costly church built, a hospital has been erected, and it is in the charge of a qualified English doctor; a commodious house and chapel for sisters has also been built, and a large school, dining-hall, dormitories for scholars, with houses for the English lay missionaries. At Mkuzi, a good stone house has been built by the missionary, with a church, school, and houses for the native clergyman and teachers. At Umba, a brick church has been erected, with a house for the missionaries, and a school. At Misozwe a brick church is being built, and there are the usual buildings required for the work of a mission-station. In this Usambara country alone, Englishmen have invested more than fifty thousand pounds sterling, or one million of marks, more than the capital of the whole German East African Company. What, then, is the whole sum which has been invested in the various countries of East Africa by all the British missionary societies, can be judged from this.

The chiefs and people are devoted to the English; many are Christians, and all are influenced by Christian teaching. A short time ago, when two powerful mountain chiefs had been waging war with each other for months, I visited them both, and succeeded in arranging a peace between them. Many questions were asked as to the meaning of this German invasion, and a united offer was made, begging the English to accept the protectorate of their country. "Bring us the English flag," were their words to me, "and we will welcome it with all honour and respect, and we will obey the orders of the Queen's Government; but as for these Germans, we will never become their slaves, if we fight to the last man." One of those chiefs has already sent six thousand armed men to Pangani to help in fighting the Germans, and he can send ten times the number.

This Usambara country is only just south of the boundary line drawn between the English and German spheres of influence, and, considering the length of time the English have been there, the devotion of the people to the English, the large British interests in it, both mercantile and missionary, the vast sums of money which have been expended in it by British subjects, while the only German interest is a small tobacco plantation commenced last year, it does seem a grave misfortune, both for England and Germany, that the English boundary line had not been drawn south of Usambara. The loss to the Germans, amidst the vast territories they lay claim to, would have been infinitesimal. Can no way be found for retrieving this error? It is certain that if it were announced at Pangani that the German company had sold or ceded their claims to the English, the insurrection would at once collapse along all that part of the coast, and an English administration would be received with delight. This is written with the fullest knowledge and information acquired in personal intercourse with the natives

and their chiefs. Extend the English boundary to include Usambara, and the fighting in that part of East Africa is over.

Moreover, the destruction of British commerce is not less than the destruction of British interests and missionary work. The whole trade of the coast is in the hands of some ten thousand British subjects from India, including the ivory trade, copra, gum-copal, indiarubber, hide, and grain trades. These British Indians have lent large sums of money to the Arab ivory caravans; they have also invested their profits in mortgages on the houses and plantations of the Arabs, feeling quite secure under the shadow of English justice. The British Indians have half a million sterling of floating capital employed at this time in the ivory trade in the far interior, and unless some decisive measures are taken by the English Government this large sum must inevitably be lost. Many large firms in the Bombay Presidency have capital invested in the ivory trade, and their agents have offices along the east coast of Africa. Trade is completely in abeyance; most of the houses are closed, where they have not been destroyed by the German bombardments; stocks cannot be got rid of, bills cannot be met, and debts are not recoverable. This state of affairs means ruin to our fellow-subjects in East Africa and to many firms in India. It certainly cannot fail to have a very bad effect among the Indian mercantile communities, and it will be disastrous to the reputation of England in India as well as in Africa.

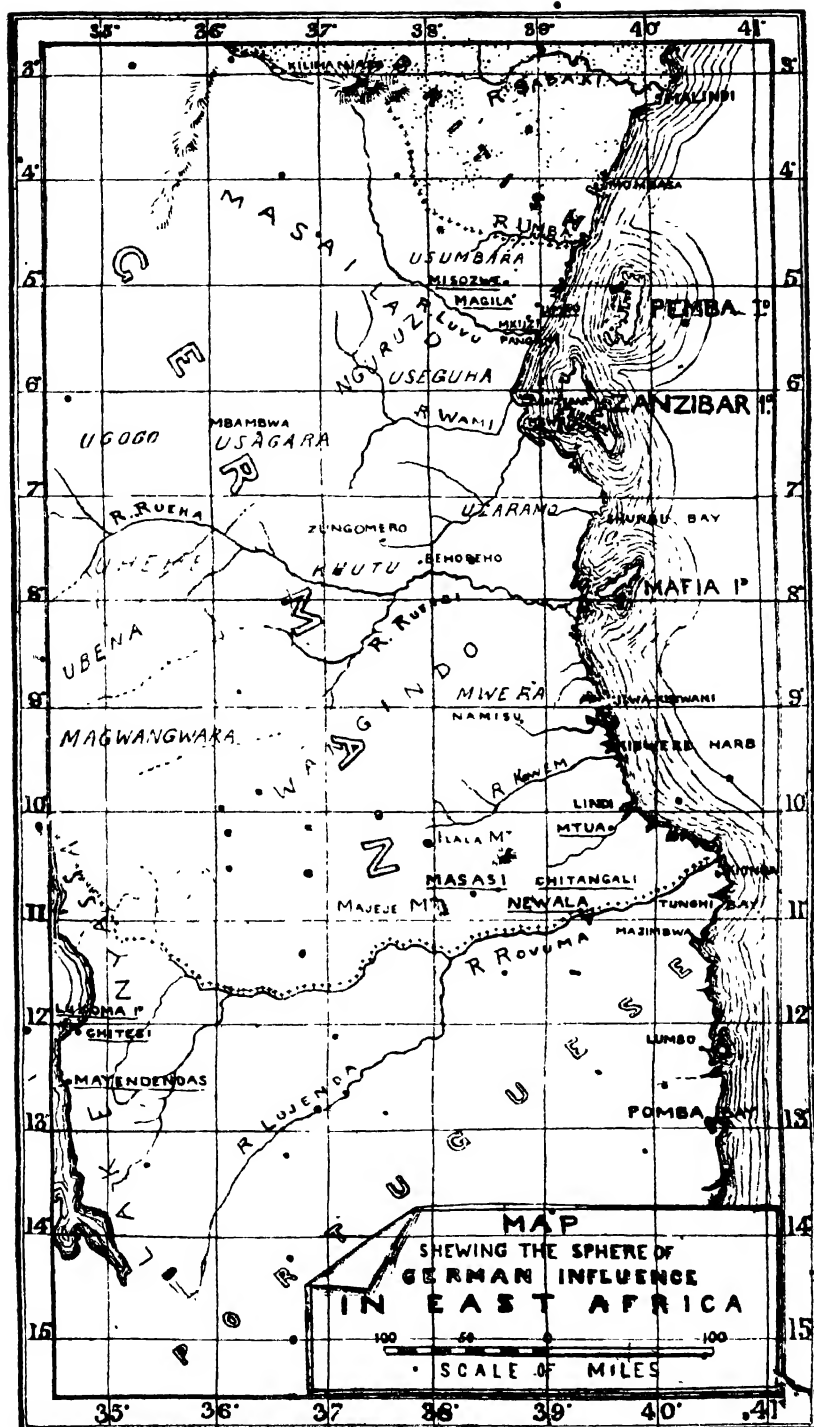
It is difficult to see what England can do to remedy this catastrophe. She has joined honestly with Germany in a blockade of the coast to put down the slave trade; which blockade, however, will not affect the slave trade in the slightest degree; it merely giving the Germans an excuse for keeping a large number of ships of war upon the station, by which they can make it very uncomfortable for the natives who refuse to be "protected" by them. Thus the Germans are enabled to bombard open towns and shoot down the natives with machine guns, the echo of which barbarity has reached far into the interior, and excited such rage in the hearts of the natives belonging to distant tribes that it will be many decades before a German expedition can travel in the interior without fighting every step of the way. We have recently seen the results of the German policy in the deplorable slaughter of good and earnest men and women at Tugu, who had gone to Africa for the welfare of the very natives by whom they were killed, and whose only offence was that they bore the hated name of German. Thus the natives, usually so gentle and inoffensive, and so courteous to women, forgot all their sentiments of pity in remembering their friends and relatives who had been slain by Germans, and killed these German missionaries without mercy. It is a sad story, and cannot but grieve all who have at heart the interests of Africa and the progress of humanity.

To realise the absurdity of thinking that this blockade can put

down the slave-trade, we have only to remember that every African is a slaveholder, either in will or deed. Even the slave buys a slave, as soon as he has saved sufficient to do so, and a slave's slave has been known to purchase a slave. Where slavery is so engrained in the hearts of the people, no outward pressure can have any real effect upon it. Putting an end legally to the status of slavery, which has been done so successfully in India, opening up roads, introducing wheeled vehicles to take the place of slave-carriers, promoting legitimate trade and so making men too valuable to sell, teaching the natives a higher morality by Christian education, these are the only ways of putting an end to the slave-trade. A case in point. Two years ago a Christian native came to the writer, and said: "I have two slaves, but I don't think it good to keep them in slavery, will you obtain papers of freedom for them from the English Baluozì, and I will give them their freedom?" This was done, and these two slaves are now living with their old master, but quite free.

Now the question comes, is there any hope of Germany conquering the coasts and vast interior of Central Africa? The only answer can be, there is none. The Arabs and natives are acclimatized, they live in huts, and sleep without danger to their health upon the bare ground, they need no commissariat, their wants are few. Whenever the Germans advance in force, their opponents simply retreat to their impenetrable forests, and return directly the Germans have retired. They have vast numbers, and the slaughter of many thousands will not perceptibly decrease their fighting power. There are many tribes quite equal to the Zulus in stay and every quality which makes the warrior, all now preparing to attack the Germans whenever they can get within reach of them; and however much they may be disunited on other points, they are quite united in this one point of offering every possible resistance to the Germans.

The country is simply deadly to the Germans, as the condition of the crews on board the ships blockading Bagamoyo shows, also being an example of what would happen to German troops if they attempted to operate on shore. England might do something, but not much, by drawing negro troops from her numerous colonies and African possessions. But where are the Germans to find a recruiting ground for negro troops? No one knows. We have read of wild schemes propounded in Berlin, but they are all worthless without the aid of England, and it is quite certain the English Government will never permit Bismarck to enlist British negro troops to slaughter their fellows in East Africa; it would not only be utterly immoral, but the self-respect of Englishmen would not allow it. It is possible that the Germans, who recently obtained the loan of some Houssas from Sierra Leone, to coerce the refractory Camaroons natives, may have hopes of being



Stations of the Universities' Mission are underlined thus

allowed to enlist Houssas for fighting in East Africa, but in this they will find themselves mistaken. Even if they could obtain Houssas, and bring them round to Zanzibar, they, being staunch Mohammedans, would refuse to fight against their co-religionists. Will the German Federal Council sanction the expenditure of large sums of money, which can neither put down the slave trade nor advance German interests? Will the German nation sanction the destruction of the lives of their brave soldiers in the malarious swamps and fever-stricken littoral of East Africa, fighting not so much the natives as the rude nature and deadly climate of the tropics? When they know the truth, it is beyond question that they will refuse.

The Germans, after forcing the late Sultan of Zanzibar by a threat of bombardment, and his successor, the present Sultan, by a threat of refusing to acknowledge him, to accept the treaty by which they became the administrators of the East African littoral, although they were warned that the natives would rise against the rule of the German Company, now turn round, after by their conduct depriving the Sultan of his revenue derived from the Customs, and demand compensation for their losses. Their action has beggared the Sultan; it is through their mistakes that this disaster has come upon them, and with what honesty or fairness they can make the Sultan responsible for their losses passes the comprehension of an Englishman.

One thing the English Government must do, at all costs, and that is, offer the firmest opposition to any attempt made by Germany to seize the island and town of Zanzibar. In this action the Government will be supported by the whole British nation. Nearly all the property in Zanzibar belongs to British subjects, who hold mortgages over most of the Arab clove and cocoanut plantations. England must be firm here; we have yielded too much to Bismarck in East Africa, and the time has now come for a determined stand. Our Government has no easy task before it in trying to reconcile our many imperial interests all over the world with our rights in Zanzibar, but it must be done.

It was an unfortunate determination of the late Administration when it refused to entertain the formal request of Seyyid Barghash in 1881 for a British Protectorate in Zanzibar. Had his wish been acceded to all these troubles would have been avoided. An arrangement might easily have been made with France to waive her agreement with England on the subject of Zanzibar.

We are now suffering from past mistakes, but the Government has a golden opportunity offered to it of taking a decisive step which shall in some measure undo the errors of the past.

J. P. FARLER.

HOPES AND FEARS FOR LITERATURE.

WHITHER is literature tending? Our weather prophets, who announce the arrival of storms and calms, with all the advantages of telegraphic stations from Haparanda to Lisbon, do not venture to predict what a month or a year will bring forth. They are well pleased if they can foretell the temper of a day; and it sometimes happens that the gale promised for Wednesday has got lost on Tuesday amid the Atlantic, or the expected sunshine travelling from Spain refuses in a sulk to cross the narrow seas from Calais to Dover. The science of spiritual meteorology has not yet found its Dalton or its Humboldt; the law of the tides of the soul has not yet been expressed in a formula. Rather the problems have increased in complexity and become more difficult of solution, as the forces of humanity have grown in energy and expanded in range, as they have differentiated themselves into new forms and advanced in the rapidity of their interaction.

In an article on "Victorian Literature" published in this Review, I spoke of the literature of our time as being that of a period of spiritual and social revolution, a revolution not the less real or important because it is being conducted without violence. And of the forces effecting this revolution, I spoke of democracy and science as among the most potent. Upon these forces we can certainly reckon; but when we ask the question, How are they related to literature? the answer is neither prompt nor sure.

Men of letters reply as might be expected from the members of an intellectual ruling class, possessed by the fear of change. We all remember how Tocqueville long since described the levelling tendency of a democratic age and the tyranny of the majority: "In America the majority draws a formidable circle around thought. Within the determined limits a writer is free; but woe to him if he should pass beyond them." Tocqueville's tone of discouragement is echoed by M. Scherer, who does not hesitate to assert that democracy is for ever doomed and devoted to mediocrity: "The general level rises with democracy; the average of comfort, of knowledge, perhaps even of morality, is higher; on the other hand, and by a parallel movement, all that is superior is lowered, and the average of which I speak is the result of the lowering of the minority as well as of the elevation of the masses." M. Renan employs his exquisite literary skill to press home the indictment. In the French Revolution, he tells us, lay a germ of evil which was to introduce the reign of mediocrity and feebleness, the extinction of every great initiative; a seeming prosperity, but a prosperity the conditions of

which are self-destructive. And M. Paul Bourget, representing a younger generation of men of letters, in a volume of *Studies* published within the last few months, speaks of modern society as little favourable to the development of very intense or very vigorous personalities—"pareille sur ce point à toutes les sociétés démocratiques." These witnesses are summoned from the most democratic nation of Europe. To their testimony we may add the word of an eminent thinker of our own country, Sir Henry Maine. A very wide suffrage, he took pains to assure us, cannot fail to produce a mischievous form of intellectual conservatism. It would certainly have prohibited the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the threshing-machine; it would have prevented the adoption of the Gregorian calendar; it would have proscribed the Roman Catholics; it would have proscribed the Dissenters; it would have restored the Stuarts.

All this sounds of dreadful omen for the future; but is all this true? Are new inventions prohibited in the United States? Has Mr. Edison's house been destroyed by the mob? Is diversity of religious opinions a thing unknown in democratic America or democratic France or democratic England? Have the writings of Mr. Frederic Harrison been burnt by the common hangman? Has the author of the *Vie de Jésus* failed to find an audience?

If democracy means anything it means a career open to all talents; it means, therefore, a great addition to the stock of vigorous characters and the play of individual minds. The peasant of the feudal period, with rare exceptions, remained of necessity a peasant to the end of his days; his little environment of a few square miles furnished all the ideas that exercised his slow-stirring brain. Had Lincoln been a rail-splitter in mediæval England he would probably have split rails faithfully and well from boyhood to old age. Had Richard Arkwright practised the barber's art six hundred years ago he would have been enrolled in the guild of Preston barbers, and there would certainly have been no spinning-frame for Sir Henry Maine's stupid democracy to destroy; had his genius shown itself in the invention of an improved shaving-machine, its use would not improbably have been forbidden by the jealousy of the guild. The fact is that if the predominant power of a few great minds is diminished in a democracy, it is because, together with such minds, a thousand others are at work contributing to the total result. Instead of a few great captains cased in armour or clothed in mine-
 ver wielding the affairs of State and Church, we have many vigorous captains of industry, captains of science, captains of education, captains of charity and social reform. It is surely for the advantage of the most eminent minds that they should be surrounded by men of energy and intellect who belong neither to the class of hero-worshippers nor to the class of *valets de chambre*.

The truth seems to be that with an increased population and the multiplicity of interests and influences at play on men, we may expect a greater diversity of mental types in the future than could be found at any period in the past. The supposed uniformity of society in a democratic age is apparent, not real; artificial distinctions are replaced by natural differences; and within the one great community exists a vast number of smaller communities, each having its special intellectual and moral characteristics. In the few essentials of social order the majority rightly has its way, but within certain broad bounds, which are fixed, there remains ample scope for the action of a multitude of various minorities. Every thinker may find a hearing from a company of men sufficiently large to give him sympathy and encouragement. The artist who pursues ideal beauty and the artist who studies the naked brutalities of life has each a following of his own. The sculptor who carves a cherry-stone draws to himself the admirers of such delicate workmanship; he who achieves a colossus is applauded by those who prefer audacity of design. When the court gave its tone to literature there might have been a danger of uniformity in letters; when literature was written for "the town" its type might be in some measure determined; but the literature of a great people, made up of ploughmen and sailors, shopkeepers and artists, mechanics and *dilettanti*, priests and lawyers, will be as various as are the groups of men who seek in books for knowledge, recreation, or delight.

Let us not imagine that any form of government or any arrangements of society will produce men of genius. When they happen to be born men of genius play their part in the world, but of their coming we can still say no more than that the wind bloweth where it listeth. We have fallen into an idle way of speaking of a poet or an artist as if he were a product of his age; philosophers have provided us with a formula—the race, the *milieu*, and the moment—by which to explain his nature and origin. And so we cheat ourselves with theories and with words. We may, however, reasonably hope that from a population of thirty millions, more brains of superior size and quality will come into the world than from a population of ten millions, or twenty. And undoubtedly the chance that such brains will be developed and matured is better among a people educated and intellectually alive than among a people ignorant and lethargic. Here surely are some unquestionable facts to set against the desponding phrases of men of letters who talk of democracy as devoted to mediocrity, and foredoomed to intellectual sterility.

But if there be just grounds for hope, there are also certain dangers which must needs cause apprehension. At a time when vast multitudes of imperfectly educated readers make their demands for instruction and amusement, there is danger that the merely

utilitarian or the merely commercial view of literature may prevail. Talents and energy are indeed well employed in making knowledge easily accessible to a great population. When an eminent scholar produces his handbook or primer, which circulates by tens of thousands, we can have no feeling but one of gratitude and gladness. It is well that, by skilful engineering, an abundant supply of good water should be brought to our crowded cities from lake or river, and that every house should have its tap. The projector of a popular series of useful books deserves his reward as a successful engineer in the province of science or literature; he must surely be a busy, intelligent, and active man. But what were all his engineering works without the river or the lake? There, in solitary spaces of the hills, far from the stir and smoke, amid the dews and mists, under the lonely blue by day and the stars and winds by night, the streams have collected which descend as a blessing to the city and the plain.

"Child of the clouds, remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste."

These useless places on the heights, where no plough is driven and no harvest waves, enrich the life of man no less than do the richest fields of corn or vine.

Without assuming the airs of the "superior person," we cannot but note in our newspapers and the humbler periodicals of the day some effects not altogether admirable of the democratising of literature. We enter a railway carriage; everyone is reading, and the chances are that everyone is filling the vacuity of his mind with something little, if at all, better than sheer emptiness of thought. Only a prig would expect to find the occupant of a railway carriage lost in the study of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Spinoza's *Ethics*. But the railway novel of twenty or thirty years ago, which had some literary merit, some coherence of narrative, some grace of feeling, has of late been superseded to a great extent, and in its place we commonly find the pennyworth of a scandalous chronicle, or some hebdomadal collection of jests, flavoured according to the taste of the buyer, with much heavy vulgarity or with a spice of appetising indecency. In order that no demand should be made on sustained attention, the old leading article or essay is in great measure displaced, and a series of dislocated and disjointed paragraphs or sentences fills its room. It is said that Mr. Gladstone, an eminent authority on everything, from Genesis to jam, has advised persons who take an interest in their digestive processes to bestow two-and-thirty bites on each morsel of food. Our caterers nowadays provide us with a mincemeat which requires no chewing, and the teeth of a man may in due time become as obsolete as those which can still be

perceived in the fetal whale. Will the great epic of the democratic period, its "Diviner Comedy" and its "New Paradise Regained," be composed in the form of poetical tit-bits? Composed—or should we not rather say decomposed; and is not this new vermiculated style that of a literature of decomposition?

Let us rather hope that the multitude of readers, and especially of young readers, will by-and-by find their way to better things. The vast circulation of such a series as Cassell's *National Library*, in which the best of reading can be got for threepence, or of Routledge's *Universal Library*, or Scott's *Camelot Series*, proves that already there exists a popular appetite for what is admirable in literature. Indeed it may be questioned whether the owners of luxurious libraries often turn their attention to some of the works now bought, as we must suppose, by the young mechanic or apprentice of the shop, who amongst the masterpieces of imaginative literature will find in one or other of the series just named Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients* and Dante's *Banquet*, More's *Utopia*, and Campanella's *City of the Sun*, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and the stoical teaching of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus.

One of the chief intellectual infirmities of democracy, and one which has often attracted notice, is the passion for abstractions. We know what a part metaphysical abstractions played in the great French Revolution. There were greeds and interests and hatreds, indeed, for which abstract ideas and eloquent phrases sometimes provided a decent veil; but there was also, and especially in the bright opening days of the Revolution, a genuine delight in what we may term, as we please, either "glittering generalities," or in Emerson's indignant correction of that expression, "shining ubiquities." Emerson's countrymen, the people of America, "font beaucoup plus souvent usage que les Anglais," observes Tocqueville, "des idées générales et s'y complaisent bien davantage." Democracy, says M. Scherer, is profoundly idealistic. It disdains to study the actual nature of things; it has the quality of exciting immoderate fervours of hope. It lives upon a few simple ideas; but in truth, "simple ideas are sterile ideas." Not always sterile, I would reply; for good or for evil the simple ideas of the French Revolution have helped to transform the face of modern Europe. Yet undoubtedly a chief duty of the thinker and the man of letters at the present time, and in the coming years, must be to save the democracy, if possible, from what is unfruitful in its own way of thinking and feeling. As topics arise which demand the attention of the people, it will be necessary to challenge the current notions, the current phrases, and the popular sentiments; it will be necessary to ply the public, willing or unwilling, with exact knowledge and well-considered thoughts. The state of half-culture which seizes with enthusiasm upon a general

principle, regardless of its limitations or relations to other principles, and which is therefore full of impetuosity and self-confidence, at once purblind and bold, is a state as dangerous as we can well conceive. We must endeavour to meet this half-culture with a culture less incomplete, trained to exact methods of thought and observant of the details of fact.

This passion for intellectual abstractions when transferred to the literature of imagination becomes a passion for what is grandiose and vague in sentiment and in imagery; in religion it becomes what Tocqueville noticed as characteristic of democratic societies, a tendency to pantheistic forms of faith. The great laureate of European democracy, Victor Hugo, exhibits at once the democratic love of abstract ideas, the democratic delight in what is grandiose (as well as what is grand) in sentiment, and the democratic tendency towards a poetical pantheism. An acute French critic, whose recent death we must deplore, M. Émile Hennequin, thus exhibits in tabular form some of those themes for which Victor Hugo had a special predilection.

“*Sujets abstraits.*”

- (a) Vers à propos de rien, sujets nuls;
- (b) Sujets indifférents, vers à propos de tout, versatilité;
- (c) Développement de lieux communs;
- (d) Humanitarisme, socialisme, optimisme, idéalisme, et panthéisme vagues;
- (e) Aspects grandioses, mystérieux ou bizarres, de la légende, de l'histoire ou de la vie.”

Between the “verses *apropos* of nothing” and the “verses *apropos* of everything” lies indeed a stupendous creation of true poetry, all brought into being by one marvellous hand. But we shall study Victor Hugo’s writings imperfectly and ill if they do not tell us much about the dangers as well as much about the glories of the literature of a democratic age. There are not a few pages in which he does little else than wear magnificently the robes of a courtier of King Demos; but literature has simpler, more substantial, perhaps less acceptable, work to do than that of satiating the ears of the new grand monarch with the rhetoric that has gathered about the great words “Progress,” “Humanity,” “Liberty,” “Justice.”

It is especially the friend and not the enemy of democracy who should desire to maintain the superiority of our higher literature to the vulgar temptations of the day. If King Demos reign, by all means let him have counsellors courageous, stern, and true, rather than hysterical or servile flatterers. He, like other kings, is sometimes stupid, is sometimes gross and materialistic in his tastes, is sometimes unjust and greedy, is often a good-natured blunderer or a rash sentimentalist. The so-called leaders of the people have seldom the courage to lead in any true sense of the word. They commonly maintain their position by observing whither the moving multitude

tends, and by running to the front with a banner and a cry. "They may be as able and eloquent as ever," observes Sir Henry Maine, "but they are manifestly listening nervously at one end of a speaking-tube which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence." It is well if they do not become the parasites and sycophants of his new Majesty, who, as much as any former potentate, enjoys the doffing of caps, the prostration of his attendants, and the music of courtly adulation. The man of letters who would be true to the dignity of his office, the man of letters who would really serve King Demos, aiming less than the statesman at immediate results, and more at a re-formation of opinion and a new grouping of emotions, is under less temptation to be a flatterer. He will not assure the sovereign that his breath is sweeter than incense, that all great ideas and all generous sentiments have their source in him. He will not play the part of pander to the grosser appetites of the sovereign. He will not supply incentives to his evil passions of envy, suspicion, malice, cupidity, the lust of power. He will endeavour to illuminate the monarch's better feelings, to direct his ill-informed benevolence to useful ends, to train him to a grave regard for what is true and substantial, to bring home to him the conviction that self-restraint and even self-denial may be at times the glory of a king. . . .

As the historic method is applied in new directions, and the social point of view prevails more than it has hitherto done over the individual, we may expect an increasing study of the facts of social evolution, and in all matters which relate to political change, a frequent appeal to history. As we loose from our moorings and drive before the wind there is indeed a certain unwillingness to look backwards, already finding expression in a current phrase which describes all things of earlier date than the last general election or assembling of Parliament as "matters of ancient history." But when this ancient history is supposed to affect the interests of either political party, the leaders quickly furbish up their knowledge or, it may be, their ignorance, and discover such parallels and precedents and arguments as they require. It is for true students of history, patient, disinterested, and exact, to hold in check, chiefly in ways that are indirect, the superficial views, the partisan representations, the crude generalisations of the amateur sociologist and political manipulator of half knowledge. "The scientific spirit," it has been well said, "is not a triumphant and boastful one, fired with a sort of intellectual Chauvinism, seeking polemical distinction and a path to promotion in the field of party war." The scientific spirit does not work back through the facts of history in order to find the appearance of confirmation for a conjecture of the day or hour; it works forward, with a profound sense of the continuity of human life, until it touches the events of our own time in their causes. A

little history is a dangerous thing—and history as grasped at by the politician is almost always a little. From a careful and conscientious study of the past more perhaps than from anything else, a temper of mind is formed which is fitted to hold in check the rash ardours of the democratic spirit, a temper of mind at once courageous and cautious, strong in serious hopes and free from illusions, faithful to the best traditions of our forefathers and not bound in subjection to them, but rather pressing forward to those high ends towards which they and we together work.

Those somewhat vague yet potent words, Humanity, Progress, Fraternity, which have fired the democratic imagination, in the present century, are the property of no single nation, and the common ardours of the age have introduced a cosmopolitan element into literature. The more rapid and freer interchange of ideas, the swifter and more powerful flow of waves of sentiment between nations, have tended in the same direction, so that amid all their diversities a certain community has been established between the several literatures of Europe. As in the mediæval period a dominant theology bound together the intellects of the various countries of the West, so now the dominant conceptions of science inhabit English, Italian, French, and German brains, and a real society of thinkers, extending beyond the limits of any one nation, has come into existence. Yet, as it were to counterpoise these influences tending to a cosmopolitan mode of thought and feeling, the principle of nationality seems at the same time to have acquired increased force. A united Germany and a united Italy have given notable demonstrations of its power, and the very dismemberment of France has but intensified the national self-consciousness. In literature the profound differences which have their origin or expression in diverse modes of speech must remain, however close be the alliance of nations. The German who constructs his sentence in one way can never be master of the same intellectual motions as the Frenchman who constructs his sentence in another. The use during long centuries of this instrument, or of that, has called forth and has determined a characteristic play of thought. Obviously where there is diversity of tongues the principle of nationality cannot fail to assert itself in literature. But we may well feel surprise when within the bounds of a single people, and within the area possessed by one common language, the literary claims of contending nationalities are raised. Shall we in these islands of ours, who "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake," nurse the dream of four separate streams of literature, or shall we have our pride and our joy in one noble river broadened and deepened by various affluent waters?

The question, as it presents itself to one whose home is in Ireland, is not an altogether academic one. The present Home Rule move-

ment, which professedly would reduce Ireland to a dependency of Great Britain, cannot at its present halting-point be called a national movement, in the sense in which the movement of 1848, or the Fenian movement, was national. Its strength at the present moment in Ireland lies in the fact that it is essentially a struggle which concerns material interests. Idealists of the type of Thomas Davis, who sighed for the time when "the brighter days shall surely come, . . . and the sweet old language be heard once more in college, mart and senate," have been thrust contemptuously aside. The echoes of the old language, whether sweet or harsh, dwindle in forlorn wilds and on rugged headlands of the west. Yet some of the old hopes and dreams are not extinct, and we hear from time to time plaintive demands for an Irish literature with a special character of its own. We read of the enthusiasm with which Welsh bards are listened to at the national Eisteddfods; and perhaps it is a genuine enthusiasm, for doubtless the Cymric speech vibrates along nerves which are not stirred by our English tongue. And we know how vigorous is the spirit of Scottish patriotism, though it may not have formulated an express demand in literature. It cannot be altogether an idle question to ask whether it is possible or desirable that separate channels should be cut for the flow of these several streams of sentiment in literature.

Unquestionably our strength springs from the soil in which we grow. We are not epiphytes, living upon the air. A literature which consciously aims at cosmopolitanism is almost always a literature in a period of decline. Yet it is well to remember that the spirit of a man may inhabit an ampler space than that in which his body lives and moves. "*Spartam natus es: hanc orna.*" Yes, but which Sparta is our possession—the land that has fed our bodies, or the land that has nourished and enriched our souls? Carlyle, the son of a Scotch peasant, and proud of his honourable parentage, had in him always much that was derived from his Scottish birth and breeding, his Scottish moors and hills, his Scottish religion. But how much less fruitful would have been the result for literature if he had drawn a circle around his mind corresponding to his physical environment, and had admitted within that circle no other thoughts and aspirations than those proper to a Scottish literary coterie, or the Scottish kirk from which he had gained so much in moral training and for the ministry of which he was at one time designed? In his solitude of Craigenputtoch—"a solitude altogether Druidical . . . nothing to disturb you with speech, except Arcturus and Orion, and the spirit of nature," he was really an inhabitant of Weimar, and the companion of Goethe and Schiller. Would he have served Scotland better or worse if he had occupied his imagination solely or chiefly with memories of Bruce and Wallace, if he had devoted

himself to Scottish antiquities, or Scottish history, or Scottish religion, regarded from a purely national—that is, a provincial—point of view? Was it not better for us all, and better for his own countrymen, that he followed the leadings of his genius when it invited him into the great world?

The national spirit was strong in Carlyle because it worked unconsciously. He was a Scotchman in the best of all ways, that is, as it were, inevitably. The deepest instincts of the man were those of his people, and even when his thoughts ranged wide they had intimate relations with the faith of his fathers. Whenever the genius of a nation is strong it works thus in deep and obscure ways. The attempt to whip up deliberately and by artificial means the national spirit in literature is evidence of the decay of that spirit. A noble ancestry is a source of honourable pride, but it is a pride which maintains itself with a quiet dignity; bounce and brag are the tokens of a plebeian. And as with individuals, so with a nation. If we really belong to an excellent race, we shall prove it by our deeds rather than perpetually boast of it with our tongues.

If there be, indeed, a distinctive genius characterising each of the peoples of Scotland, Wales and Ireland, it is highly desirable that this should find expression, and that the unity of our literature should be a unity possessing as much variety as possible. The different strands if twisted together should make up a cord which is both strong and delightfully coloured. In Ireland at present, apart from the Universities—we must sorrowfully acknowledge the fact—little interest is taken in literature; but we can conceive an Irish literary movement which should command our deepest interest and sympathy; a movement in which such differences of national character as may perhaps exist should manifest themselves not of deliberate purpose, but naturally and spontaneously. But if the Irish literary movement were to consist in flapping a green banner in the eyes of the beholders, and upthrusting a pasteboard “sunburst” high in air, I, for one, should prefer to stand quietly apart from such a movement. In a popular life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, published in Dublin, I read the following poetical exordium: “Not Greece of old in her palmiest days, the Greece of Homer and Demosthenes, of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, of Pericles, Leonidas, and Alcibiades, of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, of Solon and Lycurgus, of Apelles and Praxiteles, not even this Greece, prolific as she was in sages and heroes, can boast such a lengthy bead-roll as Ireland can of names worthy of the immortality of history.” How partial, then, have been the awards of history! How true the saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men! And how modest the writer of this life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to set forth the bead-roll of Greece in such ample detail

and to throw the veil of a general statement over the glories of his native land ! If in the Irish literary movement we are to step to such a tune as this, I think on the whole I should rather fall out of the ranks, or even step to music as paltry as that of "Rule Britannia."

Not that I have any of Captain Macmorris's sensitiveness. "What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?" We are well content to be known as the fellow-countrymen, of those Irishmen and West Britons, Goldsmith and Burke. "It may not," says one of George Eliot's characters, "be good luck to be born a woman, but one gets used to it from a baby." And in like manner it may not be altogether good luck, from a literary point of view, to be born an Irishman, but one gets used to it. It seems alike absurd to be proud or to be ashamed of the fact. But I confess that I am not ambitious of intensifying my intellectual or spiritual brogue. If national character be really strong and vivid it will show itself, although we do not strive to be national with malice prepense ; it will show itself, whether we occupy ourselves with an edition of Sophocles or of Cicero, or with a song of the deeds of Cuchullain or the love and sorrow of Deirdre. No folly can be greater than that of fancying that we shall strengthen our literary position by living exclusively in our own ideas, and showing ourselves inhospitable to the best ideas of other lands. Nor is that hospitality the finest which constrains the guest to assume the garb and adopt the manners of his entertainers. The shock of strangeness is inspiring. Every great literary movement of modern Europe has been born from the wedlock of two peoples. So the great Elizabethan literature sprang from the love-making of England with Italy ; the poetry of the early part of the nineteenth century from the ardour aroused in England by the opening promise of the French revolution. Surely an Irish man of letters may be engaged in work in the truest sense patriotic if he endeavours to bring into his country the best ideas from France, from Germany, from the old world of classical learning, from the living world of nature, or from some fresh exploration of the mind of man, even though the word "Ireland" be not forever shrilling on his lips. We should be far better patriots if, instead of singing pæans about Irish genius, we were to set ourselves to correct some of the defects of Irish intellect. Let an Irish poet teach his countrymen to write a song free from rhetoric, free from false imagery, free from green tinsel, and with thoroughly sound workmanship in the matter of verse, and he will have done a good and a needful thing. Let an Irish prose writer show that he can be patient, exact, just, enlightened, and he will have done better service for Ireland, whether he treats of Irish themes or not, than if he wore shamrocks in all his button-holes and had his mouth for ever filled with the glories of Brian the

Brave. Let an Irish antiquary study the relics of his native land with all the resources of modern science, viewing these interesting remains from the central and not merely from a provincial standpoint, and he will lead us towards the truth instead of plunging us in folly and illusion. We cannot create a school of Irish men of genius—poets are born, not made—but what we can do is this: we can try to secure for Ireland the advantage of possessing a school of honest and skilled craftsmen in literature. Out of this school of craftsmen now and again a man of genius may arise, strong and sane because he has sprung from a race of intelligent and patient workmen, and because he feels their influence surrounding him.

Such a body of trained scholars should be the intellectual aristocracy of a democratic age, an upper ten thousand of workers. It will include in large proportion those whose studies are scientific, and who influence literature only indirectly. Their influence, although indirect, is far from unimportant. There are not wanting persons who assure us that the pursuit of scientific studies must in the end prove injurious, if not fatal, to the higher forms of literature. M. Paul Bourget, himself a poet, in his dialogue, *Science et Poésie*, argues, through the lips of one of the speakers who seems to express, in part at least, his own opinions, that Poetry can no longer be an instrument or envoy of truth, and that it must more and more confine itself to the domain of sensibility, while its rival, Science, takes possession more and more of the domain of intelligence. M. Scherer is assured that if poetry lives, it will only be as the private cult of rare individuals; the people has ceased, he says, to believe in poetry. "It will soon be with poetry as with religious painting or classical tragedy; a Flandrin, a Rachel only make us feel the more strongly that such forms of art exist by an artificial convention, that the pleasure which they bring us is an *affaire d'archaïsme*." A writer in our own country, of whom we may say that she has been herself, as Mill said of Charles Kingsley, one of the good influences of the age, Miss F. P. Cobbe, lately accepted a brief in the case of *Literature, Religion, and Morals, versus Science*, and she conducted her pleadings with remarkable vivacity: "When science," she bids us believe, "—like poverty—comes in at the door, art—like love,—flies out of the window." Her pleadings against the scientific spirit of the age reminded me that I had myself, a good many years ago, written something from a different point of view, maintaining that the great ideas of modern science were not without a noble inspiration for poetry; and it led me to consider whether, having then joined in the choral ode which celebrates science, I ought not now to sing a palinode. Miss Cobbe prophesies like a lively Cassandra. And then comes Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his posthumous volume of *Essays*, with a promise on behalf of poetry which is more deadly

than a threat. The future of poetry, he says, is immense ; in poetry our race will find, as time goes on, an ever surer and surer stay. And why ? Because criticism and science having deprived us of all old faiths and traditional dogmas, poetry, which attaches itself to the idea, will take the place of religion and philosophy, or what now pass for such, and will console and sustain those who, but for it, would be forlorn. A pale hospital nurse attending the bed of scepticism—such, it would seem, is the Muse henceforth to be. She will speak soothing sentences and administer the tonic draught. And the palsied man will cling to her all the more because he is well assured that henceforward no divine stranger will ever come and say, in words of sacred cheer, “ Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.”

We shall do well, in glancing at this subject, to bear in mind the well-known distinction made by De Quincey between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach ; the function of the second is to move : the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. If we were to embark on a voyage, we should find that both rudder and sail have their uses. Between the two divisions of literature spoken of by De Quincey lies a kind of writing which occupies a considerable space in our own day and has an important work to do—the literature of criticism. It is concerned neither wholly with knowledge nor wholly with emotions ; it has both to feel and to know : it tries at once to enlighten the intellect and to quicken and refine the sensibility.

There is another distinction to be observed if we would arrive at any sound conclusion with respect to the influence of science on literature. We must distinguish between scientific results and scientific methods. The conclusions of science may be fruitful for literature now, or may become so when they have passed into the general consciousness, and yet the mental processes which lead to such conclusions may tend to disqualify the mind for the enjoyment of poetry and art. If this be the case, we must regard a man of science who transforms himself into “ a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of fact ” (the words are Darwin’s), as one who submits to a personal loss in order to procure some valuable prize for his country or his race. The doctrines which we associate with the name of Mr. Darwin may prove indispensable to those who desire to have an intelligent and coherent view of the world we live in ; they may form an essential part of the *Weltanschauung* of the future, a *Weltanschauung* which may be as needful for the poet as the man of science. This seems not unlikely to come to pass. And yet we have been told by Mr. Darwin himself in a remarkable passage, which Miss Cobbe, kindest of devil’s advocates, does not fail to quote, that after the age of thirty certain of his faculties began to suffer an atrophy caused by disuse ; that his

great delight in poetry and painting and music constantly waned. "Now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music." Mr. Darwin's experience is probably by no means singular. There are times when humanity needs an organ or a function more than a complete man. When the Angelical Doctor at dinner with the King of France fell into a muse, and struck the table with his fist as the light of an argument fatal to the Manichees flashed across his brain, he showed himself deficient in good manners; but such a power of self-abstraction was a condition without which the *Summa* could not have been written. When St. Bernard, hearing his fellow-travellers speak of Lake Lemán, on whose banks he had journeyed the whole day, asked, "But where is the lake?" he showed himself highly insensible to natural beauty; but had the saint not been from boyhood *miræ cogitativus*, Abelard might have come and conquered at the Council of Sens. There have been times when, in order to keep alive the moral and spiritual tradition in a world of luxury and lust, it was necessary for men to fly to the desert and forget the joys of domestic life and all the pleasures of colour and of song. We honour the saints who put out the right eye in order that they might save what was more precious for the world's uses than even an eye. Let us also honour the ascetic of science, whose inductions have helped us to know the laws of the world, if not aright, yet at least less erroneously.

The results of scientific study are in no respect antagonistic to literature, though they may profoundly modify that view of the world which has hitherto found in literature an imaginative expression. The conceptions of a great cosmos, of the reign of law in nature, of the persistence of force, of astronomic, geologic, biologic evolution, have in them nothing which should paralyse the emotions or the imagination. To attempt indeed a poetical *De Rerum Natura* at the present moment were premature; but when these and other scientific conceptions have become familiar, they will form an accepted, intellectual background from which the thoughts and feelings and images of poetry will stand out quite as effectively as they stood out from the antiquated cosmology of the Middle Ages. Although, however, scientific conclusions may in the end subserve literature, it is certain that the methods and processes of science, and those employed in what De Quincey terms the literature of power, are essentially different. Such literature is nothing if it is not personal; it expresses the thoughts, passions, and imaginings of an individual. Science aims at excluding whatever is peculiar to the individual: he must not read himself into the phenomena; his vision must be free from the mists of sentiment; his imagination is of use only in shaping an hypothesis to be verified by subsequent

inquiry or in varying the experiments by which he may attain to new objective facts. The literature of power, if it is to deserve the name, must adhere to its own methods, unseduced by the glamour which at present surrounds the words *science* and *scientific*. When M. Zola appears as the champion of what he styles the Experimental Romance, and when he professes to practise in literature the methods of the eminent physiologist, Claude Bernard, he is in truth a charlatan juggling with words. It would please him to crown himself at once with the glory of science and the glory of letters. The personality of the writer of experimental romance, he tells us, is to be found in the fact that he starts, like the scientific investigator, with an hypothesis, or a general idea, which is presently to be verified or rejected; he puts his characters into motion in a certain environment; their behaviour in this way or that constitutes an experiment and establishes or overthrows the *a priori* hypothesis. "This it is," he says, "which constitutes the experimental romance; to be master of the mechanism of human phenomena, to exhibit the springs of intellectual and sensual manifestations as they are explained to us by physiology, under the influences of heredity and environing circumstances; then to exhibit the man living in the social *milieu* which he has himself created, which he modifies from day to day, and in the midst of which he experiences in his turn a continual transformation." What is true in this is not new. Richardson and Fielding practised the method, as far as it is a legitimate method, just as much as does the author of *L'Assommoir*. What is new is the pretence of scientific experiment where none exists.

Experimental romance is then a misnomer; but a title which has been applied to M. Zola and his group, "the school of observation," goes nearer the mark. And undoubtedly the scientific tendencies of the age have led us to value, and even to overvalue, the results of the mere observation of external phenomena. Yet a reaction from the vague idealism of writers whose inspiration was drawn from the democratic abstractions—Progress, Humanity, Liberty, Fraternity, and the like—was inevitable, and has not been wholly unserviceable. Let the school of observation but do its work more thoroughly, and we shall again be in presence of the nobler facts of human life as well as the baser, and perceive the glory of our manhood together with the shame. What the fruits of this higher realism in literature may be, we can divine from the perusal of such works as *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace*.

The literature of power may indeed be stimulated by the scientific spirit of the age to make more exact and thorough observations of external nature and the varieties of human life, and so to complete its preliminary studies; but it must adhere to its own methods. If a writer possess a powerful individuality, and can affix to every piece

he produces his ineffaceable sign manual, he may bring this into relief by a certain air of scientific disinterestedness and impassivity. So it is with the chief of living French poets, M. Leconte de Lisle. We are all the more sensible of the peculiar character of his genius because he seems to submit himself with such a patient study to his object, while in fact the object is being moulded in his shaping hands. He has indeed learnt something from science, but he assumes no false airs, and he loyally adheres to the processes proper to art.

But although the literature of power cannot adopt the methods of science, it is to a great extent otherwise with the literature of knowledge. Thus in our own day we have seen the rise of a school of historians who are too scientific, in the true sense of the word, to pretend that they are masters of a science of history. They have lost something, perhaps, in no longer conceiving a history as a work of art, as a passionate drama, or as a gallery of portraits. They have not produced, and cannot by their methods produce, a Thucydides or a Tacitus. But the gains have outbalanced the loss. They are patient and indefatigable in research. They labour in original sources as the geologist among his strata or the comparative anatomist among his vertebrates and invertebrates. They endeavour to lay aside prejudice and passion, in order that they may see things as they are. They recognise the continuity of human history. They treat no portion of the past with scorn. They do not dress up the men of past ages in the costumes or the ideas of to-day. They study the action of great but obscure social forces and discover in them the causes of those conspicuous events which alone attract the attention of superficial observers. In a word, living at a time when the scientific spirit is dominant, they appropriate to their own uses some of the methods of science and cultivate certain habits of mind which may be described as scientific. And great has been the gain for their special study, great the gain for us all.

In the literature of criticism the influence of science has brought loss and gain. Sainte-Beuve mourned over the disappearance of the circle of "studious amateurs" in literature, vibrating to the finest and most fugitive impressions. But he does not deny that the time has come when we must gird up our loins courageously for a series of steadfast and laborious marches. No one demonstrated more admirably than Sainte-Beuve himself that it is possible to reconcile *la critique de gout* and *la critique naturelle*; no one gave happier examples of that kind of criticism which, while remaining a delicate art yet knows how to take advantage of all the inductions of science and all the acquisitions of history.¹ He found his happiness in exquisite studies of literary natural history and literary physiology, and in re-

(1) *Nouveaux Lundis*, ix. pp. 84, 85.

producing from ample stores of knowledge and with the finest tact an image of this or that environment which has aided the development of genius. Yet he cannot forbear from uttering a light sigh as he thinks of days when it was possible to taste and dwell upon the flavour of the fruit without discussing all the conditions of soil and climate which reared the plant and matured the sap. In a characteristic passage he makes his "last complaint," half serious, half playful, against the inevitable which he is fully prepared to accept:—

"Where is that vanished time in which, even though one were an author and professional man of letters, it was not essential to engage in so many trains of reasoning and observe such learned ceremonies; when the impression on a reader's mind came easily, and took complete possession of him without an effort, as at the theatre the play engages and interests the amateur pleasantly seated in his stall; when we could read Ancients and Moderns lying on our bed like Horace in the dog-days, or stretched on a sofa like Gray, murmuring to ourselves that such pleasure was better than the joys of Paradise or Olympus; the time when we walked in the shade, reading, like that excellent Dutchman, who could not conceive, he said, greater happiness here below at the age of fifty than to saunter through a lovely country, book in hand, sometimes closing it, without passion, without desire, yielding oneself wholly to meditation; the time when, like Meissonier's *Reader*, in our solitary chamber, on a Sunday afternoon, by the open window in its frame of honeysuckle, we read some book which seemed for the season our only love. Happy age, where is it flown? Nothing truly is less like it than to be forever on the thorns as we are nowadays when we read—than to be on our guard at every step, to question ourselves without end; to ask whether this is the right text, whether there is not some alteration here, whether the author whom we should enjoy did not take this in a different way, whether he copied from actual things or invented, whether he is original and in what way, whether he has been faithful to his genius and to his race, . . . with a thousand other questions which spoil pleasure, breed doubt, make you rub your forehead, compel you to run to your library, to climb to the highest shelves, to tumble over all your books, to consult, to inspect, to become in a word an artisan or a labouring man instead of a delicate voluptuary or a fastidious amateur, who inhales the spirit of things, and takes only what may suit him and gratify his taste. Epicurism of culture, forever lost I fear; henceforth forbidden assuredly to every critic; last religion of those for whom no other survived; last honour and last virtue of a Hamilton and a Petronius, how truly I conceive you, how much I regret you, even while I combat you; and while I forswear you!"¹

We cannot do things by halves. Literary research, like historical research, must be exact and thorough or it is of little worth. It has opened new regions and buried ages for our study; yes, and for our enjoyment. It has illuminated the past. It has widened our sympathies. It has substituted for that dogmatic criticism which pronounced imperious judgments a new natural history of poets and prose-writers. Our library has become a kind of museum, in which specimens of the various species are arranged and classified. What we had read any way for our pleasure we must now study in chrono-

(1) *Nouveaux Lundis*, ix. pp. 86, 87.

logical sequence, so that we may observe and follow a development. We reconstruct our author's environment, we investigate his origins. All this is well; yet subject to one condition—that we do not forget the end of study in the means, that we somehow and at some time get beyond the apparatus. It is well to know that the vine belongs to the natural order *vitaceæ*; that it prefers an open soil with good drainage; that it has pentamerous flowers; that the fruit is two-celled and four-seeded; and that the juice contains bitartrate of potash and tartrate of lime. But all this we might know although we had never tasted the grape or drunk a cup of wine. The student of chemistry may find as interesting a subject of analysis in a bottle of that claret which bears the venerable name of an eminent and versatile statesman as in a bottle of the rarest vintage; but wine has other uses than that of affording a field for analysis. It rejoices the heart of man, and this quality of the juice of the grape deserves at least a certain degree of attention.

There is undoubtedly a danger that in accumulation, arrangement, observation, analysis, induction, we may lose some of the finer spirit of literature. With the great French critic from whom I have quoted such a danger could not exist. No wine-taster had a finer palate than that incomparable old taster of the vintages of literature, Sainte-Beuve. His intellect was not dogmatic; he did not read to confirm a theory; he did not force things, as his fellow-countryman, M. Taine does, to become mere illustrations of a doctrine; he would hardly, like M. Hennequin, push scientific criticism to the point at which it conjecturally explores the "third frontal convolution" in the "cerebral organism" of a great poet; he carried his weight of erudition lightly and gracefully. There is life and not mere arrangement in all that he has written. Acquisition of intellectual property is admirable, but only on condition that we are the masters and not the slaves of our possessions. "Reading," Edmund Burke wrote in a letter of advice to his son, "and much reading, is good. But the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your own mind, and of applying it on every occasion that arises, is far better; so don't suppress the *virida ris*." That we may lose ourselves in materials is the danger of our time. No word of counsel is more to the purpose at the present day than Burke's word. Let knowledge and erudition do their perfect work, only let us see that they do not suppress but rather subserve the spirit of life within us.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

VICTOR HUGO: TOUTE LA LYRE.

II.

THE sixth section of this book has something in it of the *Contemplations*, but more of the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*; and in grace and in strength of expression and of thought it is worthy of comparison with either. The "roman en trois sonnets" is perhaps even finer in its mixture of serious humour and frank irony with boyish passion and adolescent fancy than any of the most ideal and realistic poems in the collection last mentioned.

"Fille de mon portier ! l'Érymanthe sonore
Devant vous sentirait tressaillir ses pins verts ;
L'Horeb, dont le sommet étonne l'univers,
Inclinerait son éétre altier qu'un peuple adore."

The other poems of childish or "juvenile emotions or experiences are equally perfect in their graver and lighter shades or tones of expression. They belong to a class which is not represented in the poet's earlier volumes: their mixture of emotion with observation, of ideal with physical imagination or experience, seems rather to challenge contrast than comparison with the more seriously contemplative style which denotes an earlier stage in the work or the thought or the feeling of the writer. Nothing in that style can be more complete or more charming than these verses—which bear the date of 1835.

"Vois-tu, mon ange, il faut accepter nos douleurs.
L'amour est comme la rosée "
Qui luit de mille feux et de mille couleurs
Dans l'ombre où l'aube l'a posée ;
Rien n'est plus radieux sous le haut firmament.
De cette goutte d'eau qui rayonne un moment
N'approchez pas vos yeux que tant de splendeur charme.
De loin, c'était un diamant ;
De près, ce n'est plus qu'une larme."

But the poetry which sensualists might condemn as sentimental has scarcely such clearness of outline or such perfection of colour as the poetry which sentimentalists might condemn as sensual. The noble and simple treatment of natural passion or instinct, impossible alike to the grovelling bigot and to the grovelling libertine, may evoke frowns on the one hand and sneers on the other: for neither can be expected to appreciate the spirit and the sense of such lines as these.

“ Sa tendre obéissance était haute et sereine ;
 Elle savait se faire esclave et rester reine,
 Suprême grâce ! et quoi de plus inattendu
 Que d'avoir tout donné sans avoir rien perdu !

* * *

“ Elle vous caressait avec de la lumière ;
 La nudité des pieds fait la marche plus fière
 Chez ces êtres pétris d'idéale beauté ;
 Il lui venait dans l'ombre au front une clarté
 Pareille à la nocturne auréole des pôles ;
 A travers les baisers, de ses blanches épaules
 On croyait voir sortir deux ailes lentement ;
 Son regard était bleu, d'un bleu de firmament ;
 Et c'était la grandeur de cette femme étrange
 Qu'en cessant d'être vierge elle devenait ange.”

And the grace and the charm of these equally divine and human verses are not more wonderful or more perfect than the grace of expression and the charm of humour which animate the more fanciful poems expressive of boyish impulse or of dreamy adolescence. Even the delightful record of the infantine couple who alighted at the Holly-tree Inn and made it immortal is not more delightful—or more lamentable in its catastrophe—than this most perfect little poem

“ J'atteignais l'âge austère où l'on est fort en thème,
 Où l'on cherche, enivrée, l'on ne sait quel parfum,
 Afin de pouvoir dire éperdument : Je t'aime !
 Quelqu'un.

“ J'entrais dans ma treizième année. () feuilles vertes !
 Jardins ! croissances obscures et douces du printemps !
 Et j'aimais Hermine, dans l'ombre. Elle avait, certes,
 Huit ans.

“ Parfois, bien qu'elle fût à jouer occupée,
 J'allais, muet, m'asseoir près d'elle, avec ferveur,
 Et je la regardais regarder sa poupée,
 Rêveur.

“ Il est une heure étrange où l'on sent l'âme naître :
 Un jour, j'eus comme un chant d'aurore au fond du cœur.
 Soit, pensai-je, avançons, parlons ! c'est l'instant d'être
 Vainqueur !

“ Je pris un air profond, et je lui dis :—Minette,
 Unissons nos destins. Je demande ta main.—
 Elle me répondit par cette pichenette :
 —Gamin !”

Such is life—as Mrs. Harris long since observed ; but happily it is not likewise “the end of all things.” In the next lyric the lover has wellnigh come to years of indiscretion : but the perfect and wonderful mastery of verse which does into words the emotion of

this only less innocent intrigue is no less evident in every line and in the turn of every stanza.

“ J’étais le songeur qui pense,
Elle était l’oiseau qui fuit ;
Je l’adorais en silence,
Elle m’aimait à grand bruit.

“ Quand dans quelque haute sphère
Je croyais planer vainqueur,
Je l’entendais en bas faire
Du vacarme dans mon cœur.

“ Mais je reprenais mon songe
Et je l’adorais toujours,
Crédule au divin mensonge
Des roses et des amours.

“ Les profondeurs constellées,
L’aube, la lune qui naît,
Amour, me semblaient mêlées
Aux rubans de son bonnet.”

If ever there should seem—I do not say that there ever seems to me—to be any touch of monotony or any tediousness of repetition in the innumerable studies of early love or adolescent fancy which we owe to the retrospective or imaginative author of *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, there is certainly no deduction of the kind to be made from the enjoyment with which all fit and competent readers must receive any fresh instalment of his no less innumerable studies after nature—of such, more especially, as this one, taken

“ Dans les ravins où mai plein de roses abonde.
Là les papillons blancs et les papillons bleus,
Ainsi que le divin se mêle aux fabuleux,
Vont et viennent, croisant leurs essors gais et lestes,
Si bien qu’on les prendrait pour des lueurs célestes.

* * * *

“ J’aime la vision de ces réalités ;
La vie aux yeux sercins luit de tous les côtés ;
La chanson des forêts est d’une douceur telle
Que, si Phébus l’entend quand, rêveur, il dételle
Ses chevaux las souvent au point de haleter,
Il s’arrête, et fait signe aux muses d’écouter.”

English readers will be reminded by the following extract of one of Mr. Browning’s most perfect and pathetic minor poems.

“ Cela la désennuie : elle vit toute seule,
Elle est pauvre et travaille, elle n’est pas bégueule ;
Elle échange de loin, et pour se reposer,
Un regard, et parfois, de la main, un baiser
Avec un voisin, seul aussi dans sa mansarde.

Et c'est étrange comme un baiser qu'on hasarde
Sait son chemin, et comme il a le don vainqueur
De partir de la bouche et d'arriver au cœur.

* * * *

“ Et peut-être jamais ne se parlera-t-on.
Car l'amour ébauché quelquefois se prolonge
Dans la nuée au point de finir par un songe,
Et souvent, au moment où l'on croyait tenir
Une espérance, on voit que c'est un souvenir.”

It seems irreverent and stupid to select and to curtail, to omit and to prefer, when dealing with such poems as these ; but no one could venture to mutilate by partial citation the following divine verses.

* “ CE QUE DIT CELLE QUI N'A PAS PARLÉ.

“ L'énigme ne dit pas son mot ;
Les flèches d'or ont des piqures
Dont on ne parle pas tout haut ;
Souvent, sous les branches obscures,

“ Plus d'un tendre oiseau se perdit.
Vous m'avez souvent dit : je t'aime !
Et je ne vous l'ai jamais dit.
Vous prodiguez le cri suprême,

“ Je refusais l'aveu profond.
Le lac bleu sous la lune rêve,
Et, muet, dans la nuit se fond.
L'eau se tait quand l'astre se lève. ”

“ L'avez-vous donc trouvé mauvais ?
En se taisant le cœur se creuse,
Et, quand vous étiez là, j'avais
Le doux tremblement d'être heureuse.

“ Vous parliez trop, moi pas assez.
L'amour commence par de l'ombre ;
Les nids, du grand jour sont blessés ;
• Les choses ont leur pudeur sombre.

“ Aujourd'hui—comme, au vent du soir,
L'arbre tristement se balance !
Vous me quittez, n'ayant pu voir
Mon âme à travers mon silence.

“ Soit ! nous allons nous séparer.
—Oh ! comme la forêt soupire !—
Demain qui me verra pleurer
Peut-être vous verra sourire.

“ Ce doux mot qu'il faut effacer
—Je t'aime—aujourd'hui me déchire !
Vous le disiez sans le penser,
Moi je le pensais sans le dire.”

A more absolutely perfect piece of work than that was never wrought by human hand. Its tender simplicity, its translucent depth of pathos, its sweetness and its truthfulness, may be felt on a first reading; but its marvellous quality of execution, the subtle magic of its style, the incomparable and instinctive choice of phrase which makes a miracle of every line, can only and can hardly be appreciated in full after longer and more loving study than any but the masterpieces of lyric poetry deserve and require and reward.

The fancy and the melody, the grace of form and the freshness of feeling, which distinguish the ten poems following on this one, bear evidence for the thousandth time to the exuberance of inspiration, the inexhaustible and joyous energy of song, perceptible alike in the latest and in the earliest work of Victor Hugo. Like the kings of painting, he can make of the commonest model an angelic or a queenly figure without the least transgression of fidelity to truth. The touches of romantic or imaginative suggestion which relieve the realism of his studies do not impair the lifelike simplicity of their general effect. Musset could no more have given such nobility of tone to the sketch of a girl than could Béranger; yet no Lisette or Mimi Pinson is more actually alive than the Thérèse whom a greater poet has glorified and transfigured by such verses as these.

“ Quel destin traversera-t-elle ?
Quelle ivresse ? quelle douleur ?
Elle n'en sait rien ; cette belle
Rit, et se coiffe d'une fleur.

* * * *

“ Elle s'ébat comme les cygnes,
Et sa chevelure et sa voix
Et son sourire seraient dignes
De la fauve grandeur des bois.”

But at every leaf we turn we come upon some passage of beauty as rare as this; the eye is caught again, the attention is solicited anew, by some equally magnificent or lovely touch of genius.

“ Aux instants où les cœurs se parlent sans rien dire,
Il voyait s'éclairer de pudeur et d'amour,
Comme une eau qui reflète un ciel d'ombre et de jour,
Ton visage pensif, tour à tour pâle et rose ;
Et souvent il sentait, ô la divine chose !
Dans ce doux abandon, des anges seuls connu,
Se poser sur son pied ton pied charmant et nu.”

From the radiant *Idylle de Floriane* I venture to take two jewels for sample of all contained in the seven golden caskets of this poem.

“ Les bleuets la trouvaient belle ;
L'air vibrait ; il est certain
Qu'on était fort épris d'elle
Dans le trèfle et dans le thym.

* * * *

“Comme elle était familière
Avec les bois d'ombre emplis!

—Pardieu, disait un vieux lierre,
Je l'ai vue autrefois lys!”

It is impossible to say whether the matchless grace of touch and the living impulse of melody common to all these poems alike are more evident in such lighter notes as these or in the graver music of such stanzas as the following.

“Là, le soir, à l'heure où tout penche,
Où Dieu bénit,
Où le feuille baise la branche,
L'aile le nid,

“Tous ces objets saints qui nous virent
Dans nos beaux jours,
Et qui, tout palpitants, soupirent
De nos amours,

“Tous les chers hôtes du bois sombre
Pensif et doux,
Avant de s'endormir, dans l'ombre,
Parlent de nous.”

That the poems dealing with the passion or even with the fancy or the vision of love which belong to the later years of the life of Victor Hugo are more vivid and fervent in their treatment of the subject chosen or their translation of the feeling expressed than the contemplative and elegiac verses of his youth, or even of his earlier manhood and middle age, is a fact which no student can possibly overlook, or can rationally refuse to accept as singular and suggestive. Many remarks might be made on it, and many inferences might be drawn from it; but to me it seems simply a proof of the truth that the force of imagination and the power of expression must needs increase and grow up together, as in Shakespeare's case they so evidently did, whether or not the more ardent and actual passions or emotions of the writer may survive or may subside. But in any case no more enchanting and superb submission to the advance of time was ever made, or was ever cast into sweeter notes of sighing or laughing music, than in the divine levity and the smiling resignation of these three stanzas.

“Horace, et toi, vieux La Fontaine,
Vous avez dit : Il est un jour
Où le cœur qui palpète à peine
Sent comme une chanson lointaine
Mourir la joie et fuir l'amour.”

(1) I cannot refrain from the observation that they never can have said that : for the poet who could do so even now would be the equal—would have caught the spirit and

" O poètes, l'amour réclame
 Quand vous dites : ' Nous n'aimons plus,
 Nous pleurons, nous n'avons plus d'âme,
 Nous cachons dans nos cœurs sans flamme •
 Cupidon goutteux et perclus.'

" Le temps d'aimer jamais ne passe ;
 Non, jamais le cœur n'est fermé !
 Hélas ! vieux Jean, ce qui s'efface,
 Ce qui s'en va, mon doux Horace,
 C'est le temps où l'on est aimé."

To some, perhaps to many students of the greatest poet of our age, the seventh division of this book will give yet keener and more various delight than all the rest. All will rejoice in the gift of a third echo song as perfect and as brilliant in its music as the jester's song in *Cromwell* and even as *La Chasse du Burgrave* itself. Gautier observed long since that the mastery of the master's hand, its instinctive touch of the right note, was as infallible and as exquisite in such metrical sports and whimsies as in the gravest and the loftiest forms of verse. The last two stanzas of *La Blanche Aminte* would suffice to prove it.

" Longtemps le sérail infidèle
 D'elle
 Parla, puis de ses cheveux blonds
 Longs,

" Les blanches qu'à Chypre on rencontre
 Contre,
 Et les noires de Visapour
 Pour."

And from *Le Prince Fainéant*, at the first opening of his lazy lips, we get a fresh echo of the swelling and rolling music, dancing like a wave and ringing like a trumpet, which fired all hearts and took all ears with rapture, now sixty years ago, in *Le Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean*.

But the next poem has no parallel that I can remember in all the vast and various universe of poetry treated by the *fat lux* of Victor Hugo. The radiant loveliness of every detail serves to intensify and vivify the suggestive darkness of the close. Never was the beauty of jewels so delicately rendered into gemlike words as here.

" Que fait l'orfèvre ? Il achève
 Quelque anneau mystérieux.
 Sa boutique semble un rêve
 Qu'emplissent de vagues yeux ;

echoed the voice—of Victor Hugo. The cynical resignation of the courtier who felt that "he had had his share of fun, his share of eating and drinking, and now it was time for him to take himself off," never cast itself into such music ; and the childlike simplicity of the immortal fabulist, whom all children not ignorant of his charm will always love and honour, never struck so full a chord or touched so deep a note as this.

- " L'opale est une pruneUe,
 La turquoise est un regard ;
 La flamme tremble éternelle
 • Dans l'œil du rubis hagard.
- " L'émeraude en sa facette
 Cache une ondine au front clair ; •
 La vicomtesse de Cette
 Avait les yeux verts de mer.
- " Le diamant sous son voile •
 Rêve, des cieux ébloui ;
 Il regarde tant l'étoile •
 Que l'étoile entre dans lui.
- " L'ambro est une larme austère ;
 Le saphir au chaste feu
 Est devenu bleu sous terre
 Tant il a contemplé Dieu.
- " Une femme chez l'orfèvre
 Entre, sourire éclatant ;
 Les paroles sur sa lèvre
 Battent de l'aile en chantant.
- " Elle porte un châte à palmes,
 Un chapeau rose charmant ;
 Autour de ses grands yeux calmes
 Tout frissonne doucement.
- " Elle brille et jase, et semble
 Lueur, parfum, colibri ;
 Si belle que le cœur tremble,
 S'étonne, et cherche un abri. •
- " Où va-t-elle ? D'où sort-elle ?
 D'où sort l'aube ? où va le jour ?
 Elle est la joie, étincelle •
 De cette flamme, l'amour.
- * * *
- " Elle choisit chez l'orfèvre
 Tous les beaux joyaux tremblants ;
 Et l'or semble avoir la fièvre
 Entre ces petits doigts blancs.
- " Elle prend tout, là pirate ;
 L'aigue, sœur des gouttes d'eau,
 Les agates de Surate
 Et les émaux du Lido,
- " Et la parure complète •
 De sardoine et de beryl.
 Elle éclate à chaque emplette
 D'un doux rire puéril.
- " La perle voit cette belle.
 Pourquoi fuir, perle au doux front ?
 — J'aime mieux la mer, dit-elle ;
 C'est moins sombre et moins profond."

The little poem addressed to a little Chinese beauty is a most exquisite example of the poet's lighter style, sweet and bright and flawless as the most perfect work of Chinese or Japanese art; but the date appended gives a tragic and historic association to the nativity of this radiant little child of song which must leave the reader amazed at the wild and incongruous caprices of inexplicable chance.

“Vierge du pays du thé,
Dans ton beau rêve enchanté
Le ciel est une cité
Dont la Chine est la banlieue.

“Dans notre Paris obscur
Tu cherches, fille au front pur,
Tes jardins d'or et d'azur
Où le paon ouvre sa queue;

“Et tu souris à nos cieux.
A ton âge un nain joyeux
Sur la faïence des yeux
Peint l'innocence, fleur bleue.”

These lines were written by Victor Hugo on the 1st of December, 1851.

This seventh casket contains twenty-four more jewels of incomparable verse; but only one or two can here be offered as samples of its many-coloured treasure. The lines to a rat feeding on the litter of worthless books and the rubbish of rotting reviews are as full of brilliant life and spontaneous grace as of that vivid wit which is the splendour of good sense.

“Rat, tu soupes et tu déjeunés
Avec des romans refroidis,
Des vers morts, et des quatrains jeunes
Jadis.

“O rat, tu ronges et tu songes !
Tu mâches dans ton galetas
Les vieux dogmes et les vieux songes
En tas.

“C'est pour toi qui gaîment les fêtes
Qu'écrivent les bons Patouillets;
C'est pour toi que les gens sont bêtes
Et laids.

“Rat, c'est pour toi qui les dissèques
Que les sonnets et les sermons
Disent dans les bibliothèques:
Dormons !”

The brightness and beauty, the wit and truth and humour, of the tiny lyrical comedies—“comédies injouables qui se jouent sans

cesse"—which compose the tenth subdivision of this seventh book would suffice to make the writer's name immortal in the memory of all who know poetry or nature when they see it. But the set of eleven songs with which the book winds up, and the seventh string of the lyre leaves the sense of its final vibration in our ears, could only be described by a hand which could rival the description of the jewels so lately cited. The loyal love of Spain which never ceased to animate the recollection of the great poet whose boyhood had been fostered in the country of the Cid gives a sort of personal charm to the splendid simplicity of these unsurpassable sixteen lines.

" J'avais une bague, une bague d'or,
Et je l'ai perdue hier dans la ville;
Je suis pandériste et toréador,
Guitare à Grenade, épéo à Séville.

" Mon anneau luit plus que l'astre vermeil;
Le diable, caché dans l'œil de ma brune,
Pourrait seul produire un bijou pareil
S'il faisait un jour un trou dans la lune.

" Si vous retrouvez l'anneau n'importe où,
Rapportez-le-moi. C'est Gil qu'on me nomme.
Certes, je vauds peu; je ne suis qu'un sou,
Mais près d'un liard je suis gentilhomme.

" Je n'ai que mon chant comme le moineau.
Rendez-moi ma bague, et que Dieu vous paie!
Vous connaissez Jeanne? Eh bien, cet anneau,
C'est, avec son cœur, le seul or que j'aie."

Between this and the last song I propose to transcribe in full comes one "whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour" as Béranger at his lightest and Musset at his brightest could not match; but "the ghost's song" which follows it recalls while it eclipses the loftier lyrical achievements and the nobler poetic names of Francis Beaumont and John Webster.

" Qui donc êtes-vous, la belle?
Comment vous appelez-vous?
Une vierge était chez nous;
Ses yeux étaient ses bijoux.
Je suis la vierge, dit-elle.
Cueillez la branche de houx.

" Vous êtes en blanc, la belle;
Comment vous appelez-vous?
En gardant les grands bœufs roux,
Claude lui fit les yeux doux.
Je suis la fille, dit-elle.
Cueillez la branche de houx.

“ Vous portez des fleurs, la belle ;
 Comment vous appelez-vous ?
 ‘ Les vents et les cœurs sont fous ;
 Un baiser les fit époux.
 Je suis l’amante, dit-elle.
 Cueillez la branche de houx.

“ Vous avez pleuré, la belle ;
 Comment vous appelez-vous ?
 Elle eut un fils, priions tous,
 Dieu le prit sur ses genoux.
 Je suis la mère, dit-elle.
 Cueillez la branche de houx.

“ Vous êtes pâle, la belle ;
 Comment vous appelez-vous ?
 Elle s’enfuit dans les trous,
 Sinistre, avec les hiboux.
 Je suis la folle, dit-elle.
 Cueillez la branche de houx.

“ Vous avez bien froid, la belle ;
 Comment vous appelez-vous ?
 Les amours et les yeux doux
 De nos cercueils sont les clous.
 Je suis la morte, dit-elle.
 Cueillez la branche de houx.”

The simple and natural tragedy of a star-crossed life was never before done into words and set to music so divine. The “biers of hazel grey” with which the “many widows” of Chevy Chase “came to fetch their makes away” were less tragic than the hazel bough which bears the burden of these six stanzas.

That the song of the envious cynic which jingles so bitter and venomous a tune of hatred and malice as might once more have excited the raging envy of a Planche or a Sainte-Beuve should have fallen in faultless verse from the same hand which wrote the sweetest and noblest lyric poems of our age—which could write even such a poem as the last here transcribed—is but one more sign that the infinite variety of the writer’s creative or representative genius was as inexhaustible as the dramatic energy of his interest in human instinct or in human character.

“ Le destin, ce dieu sans tête
 Et bête,
 A fait l’animal
 Fort mal.

“ Il fit d’une fange immonde
 Le monde,
 Et d’un fiel amer
 La mer.

“ Tout se tient par une chaîne
 De haine;
 On voit dans les fleurs
 Des pleurs.”

If the whole soul of pessimism, pious or impious, is not there condensed and spiritualised, it is surely in quintessence here.

“ Homme, mon frère, nous sommes
 Deux hommes,
 Et, pleins de venins,
 Deux nains.

“ Ton désir secret concerto
 Ma perte,
 Et mon noir souhait
 Te hait;

“ Car ce globe où la mer tremble
 Nous semble
 Pour notre appétit
 Petit.

“ Nous manquons, sur sa surface,
 De place
 Pour notre néant
 Géant.”

The satire conveyed in such lyric or dramatic form as this will probably seem to most readers more effective in expression, and worthier of the greatest poet of his country and our century, than the elaborate and monotonous invective of the supplementary section. The two songs of Gavroche are delightful beyond all praise; but the brutal, treacherous, apathetic and selfish Englishman must be excused if he declines—in common with the thankless and trustless Italian—to accept that young citizen as an ideal President of the United States of Europe. And much of his creator's rhetoric, in the eighth division of this book, might plausibly if not fairly be described, by readers neither unfriendly nor irreverent, as pure and mere Gavrocherie. Those who did not hesitate, during the lifetime of the man whom they loyally acknowledged as the greatest writer of their century, to express their dissent, in graver or lighter tones of commentary, from such of his views as seemed to them questionable, or such of his theories as seemed to them untenable, have a right to speak—if indeed they are not bound to speak—as plainly and as frankly, as they would have spoken in former years with perfect confidence and assured conviction that such plain speaking would not have been taken amiss by the one man who might have felt a right to object to it—had he been himself less straightforward and less upright.

That there are splendid and sonorous verses in this eighth book—

that the reader comes upon such verses at every turn—it cannot be necessary to say. But the perpetual, the incessant inspiration which he will recognise in every other province of the poet's work, he will not recognise here: if he fancies that he does, he is misled by the superstition of confidence or infected by the fever of sympathy. The hopeless, ineradicable, inexpiable superstition which inspires Frenchmen with the faith that what would be damnable in Englishmen or Germans or Italians is divine in Frenchmen was never more nakedly exposed and was never so magnificently expressed. What the French call *chauvinisme*, and the Russo-Radical faction in England was wont to designate by the elegant term of “jingoism,” is no doubt the obverse of a noble quality: but the untempered vehemence of its expression is apt to alloy the purity and impair the force of poetic style. And I can hardly hope that any more competent critic of our greatest contemporary writer than I can pretend to be would disagree with my diffident and reluctant conclusion that no later work of Victor Hugo's, written on the same lines or in the same temper, can reasonably be set beside the *Châtiments*. The record of *L'Année Terrible*, as I have elsewhere endeavoured to certify at some laborious length, is full of unflagging energy and unfading beauty: but its poetic beauties are fainter and its poetic energies less fervent than those displayed in the former volume of epic and lyric satire. And to me at least I must honestly admit that these posthumous poems of a political or polemical order seem as inferior to the average level of those contained in *L'Année Terrible* as was theirs to that of the hundred which compose the muster of the *Châtiments*. The finest in executive effect is the feeblest in its hold upon history and the faultiest in its relation to fact. That the mock martyrs of Manchester should not have been elevated to the dignity of death by hanging in retribution for homicide—that it would have been wiser to spare their forfeit lives as worthless except to the crew who might make use of their execution as serviceable material in the pinchbeck structure of Hibernian fiction and the pasteboard outworks of Hibernian faction—I have no more doubt now than I had at the time; but I must confess to a conviction that the right word on the matter was not said by Victor Hugo—nor, perhaps, by the humbler voice which anticipated his in appeal against the sentence which gave to three common homicides the chance of a posthumous position as pseudomartyrs. The brief and admirable words in which Mr. Bright has summed up the reasons against hanging those homicides may not be as unanswerable as they seem to me; but they are unquestionably weightier and graver than the appeal or the protest put forward by any other pleader in that cause. To some more or less inappropriate extravagance of expression in my own hasty lines on the subject I might not be unwilling to plead

guilty; but I must also plead that Victor Hugo's exceed them hardly more—though that excess be wellnigh beyond all measure of criticism—in poetical value than in political extravagance and in imaginative injustice. Paul de Saint-Victor, in his beautiful and noble book on Victor Hugo, has noted what he disagreed with and disapproved of in the great master's too eager and single-hearted advocacy of every sufferer's cause—for instance, in the course of his merciful and magnanimous pleading on behalf of the ruffians and reptiles of the Commune: I may perhaps claim an equal right to express my loyal and reverential dissent from what seems to me irrational or inequitable in the expression of his views or the application of his principles.

It might be too much to say that the lyre of this great lyrist would not have suffered by the snapping of this additional or supplementary "string of brass"; but I cannot pretend to think it would have suffered much. The raging resolution of the average Frenchman to see nothing sacred but the immediate advantage or convenience of Frenchmen—nothing hollow in the most sonorous protestations of brotherly unselfishness when illustrated by the most glaring evidence of disloyalty and greed—nothing ludicrous in the attribution of these qualities to all their well-wishers who do not prefer French claims and French interests to their own—is of all possible national qualities the one most certain to disgust all neutrals and alienate all friends. It is unnecessary for any one, and for me it would be hardly less painful than unseemly, to insist on the too copious evidence of support and encouragement given by the most illustrious of all Frenchmen to the fatally and perversely illogical pretensions of the nation which professes a belief in equality—on the understanding that none of all equally inferior nations is to claim equality with France, and in retributive justice—on condition that Frenchmen are to be exempt from the operation of its plainest laws.

But these, after all, however serious in themselves, are temporary and minor considerations in comparison with the eternal value, the indisputable importance, of an addition to the best creative literature, to the rarest intellectual inheritance, to the highest poetic possessions of the world. And that such an addition has been bequeathed to us by the author of this book will be disputed by no man whose "spirit of sense" is not "hard as the palm of ploughman," and duller "than the fat weed that roots itself in case on Lethe wharf" to the perception or apprehension of what is most precious, most perfect, and most enduring, in the spiritual world of poetry.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

A STORY OF THE LIGHTHOUSES.

"I pray Heaven I may tell the truth as far as I know it; that I mayn't swerve from it through flattery, or interest, or personal enmity, or party prejudice."—PENDENNIS.

It is a strong and wholesome tendency of the present public mind to make individuals responsible for acts, and for courses of action, in regard to which "systems" and "departments" were formerly held accountable. And it is in accordance with this tendency that I here seek to trace to their individual sources the conduct of Departments and Corporations, in relation to the mode of lighthouse illumination established and illustrated with such splendid success upon the coast of Ireland. A few years ago I conversed with an American gentleman who had devised a system of fog-signalling at sea, and who spoke with some asperity of the Board of Trade. I asked him, on the spur of the moment, "Who are the Board of Trade?" He promptly replied by naming the Permanent Secretary and his subordinate colleague at the Harbour Department. As regards his question, and as regards this question of Irish lighthouses, his answer was substantially correct, so that when the cover of its name is removed, we find, underneath, two gentlemen of uncontested ability, but still men of like passions with ourselves. It is neither impossible nor improbable that such a "Board" may be influenced by lack of knowledge, personal irritation, and other influences to which we are all more or less liable. It must, moreover, be remembered that in this matter the Board of Trade formed a house divided against itself. In my last article (Fortnightly, p. 820) I quoted the emphatic testimony of Mr. Thomas Gray in regard to Wigham's "quadriform," when exhibited provisionally at Howth Bailey. The testimony of Sir Robert Hamilton, now Governor of Tasmania, on the same occasion, is this: "I distinctly remember how the power of the light to penetrate the fog was increased as the burners in each tier were lighted. I remember also that while the fog at times obscured the ordinary light, the quadriform was distinctly visible." It is said that the Irish soldiers of James II., after the battle of the Boyne, exclaimed, "Exchange kings and we will once more fight the battle;" and so, had I been able to exchange two gentlemen of the Board of Trade for two others equally intelligent and able, and who were, moreover, permanent officials of the Board when their testimony was given, I should

have been victorious all along the line. On such accidents hang the fate of scientific advisers and systems of lighthouse illumination.

The testimony of Sir R. Hamilton and Mr. Gray was afterwards overborne by the experience of an observer far more influential than they—more influential because he held in his hands the destiny of the lighthouse system under consideration. The point is worthy of a passing notice. Mr. John Wigham, in conversation with myself, has frequently referred to the fact that up to the year 1878 the Board of Trade, as represented by its Permanent Secretary, had shown him every consideration and encouragement. But at the precise point when, as he thought, and as the maritime world thought, he had reached his crowning achievement at Galley Head, the Board of Trade not only ceased to show him any further countenance, but offered him the most determined opposition. They defeated his supporters at Lough Swilly and Aranmore, and yielded only under compulsion at Mew Island and Tory Island. Mr. Wigham always considered it as likely that this unaccountable, and apparently perverse change, was caused by some erroneous observation made by Mr. Farrer at Galley Head. For, soon after its establishment, the Permanent Secretary, with laudable curiosity, had gone to Ireland to see the quadriform light. I had quite forgotten the associations of this visit when, last July, I alighted on a letter from Mr. Farrer which somewhat illuminates the question. The letter, a pleasant and friendly one, was dated July 27th, 1878. It informed me that the writer, accompanied by some Dublin friends, had been to Galley Head; had observed the single light, and compared it with the biform, triform, quadriform; and that neither he nor his colleagues could make out “the superiority of the biform over the single tier of burners, &c., &c.”

The “&c., &c.” in this citation I take to refer to the triform and quadriform. Were this observation correct, I must have led, or misled, the Board of Trade into sanctioning a quadruple expenditure upon a “multiform light” which turned out to be no better than a single light. Sir James Douglass, moreover, by afterwards introducing the biform at three of our most important lighthouses, including the Eddystone, must likewise have been wasting the public funds. Had my friend Farrer permitted me to stand by his side at Galley Head, he would not have incurred the risk, much less committed the mistake, of controverting a fact of physics quite as certain as the arithmetical fact that two and two make four. The observation of the Permanent Secretary was, I am persuaded, made in perfect good faith, and without a trace of personal rancour against Mr. Wigham. He felt none at the time, for the irritation afterwards manifested had not yet been aroused. This untoward observation appears, however,

to have been a turning-point; at all events it was coincident in time with the remarkable change so frequently referred to by Mr. Wigham. The mistake, though grave in its consequences, was not unnatural, and it is, I think, to be thus accounted for. When a light is already brilliant its augmentation, in intensity, may be considerable, while appearing to the untrained eye to be absolutely insignificant. Let us take the case of an observer afloat, say ten miles from the Galley Head light. Beginning with a single 68-jet burner; as the observer looks at it, the image of the flame—a very bright one—is stamped as a little sun-like spot upon his retina. At a given moment, which ought to be sharply marked by a watch, let the burner of the second tier be lighted. I say “sharply marked,” because the eye is specially sensitive to the transition from light to light. If this critical point be neglected, the observation loses much of its value. The image of the light from the second tier falls upon the spot of the retina already occupied by the image of the first. The two images are thus superposed, because the distance between the two lights is a vanishing quantity compared with the distance of the observer from both of them. The same holds good for the third and fourth burners, the whole quadriform showing, not four distinct lights, but four lights blended, like multiple stars, into one. As the successive burners are added, there is no visible augmentation of volume, no change of size, which immediately appeals to the eye. We must look, as it were, into the heart of the radiant globe, and to do this aright not only bodily vision, but mental attention, is necessary. To the trained observer the increase of intensity is obvious enough; to the sailor, in thick weather, it is still more evident; while the unpractised eye, which detects in a moment any change of *volume*, readily overlooks the fact that there is any change of *intensity* at all. Trained in administration, and worthy of all respect as an administrator, I fear that at Galley Head Sir Thomas Farrer entered a field which his previous culture had not entitled him to occupy.

The enlargement of the gas burner, as explained in my last article, is accompanied by a widening of the beams sent forth through the annular lenses of the lighthouse. Now if the beam be increased in width, or rather in *volume*, its *intensity* cannot be increased in the same proportion. It is necessary, however, to state that, as a matter of fact, when we pass from a very small burner to a very large one there is a very marked enhancement of the intensity. The reason is this: as the burner augments in size, the flame radiating in any given direction augments in depth, and the observed heightening of the intensity is due to this deepening of the radiant stratum. It has been asserted over and over again that, in the case of revolving lights, where annular lenses are employed, a small burner sends forth as strong a beam as a large one, the reason assigned for this being that the extra light of

the large burner is out of focus. The assertion is as inaccurate as the phrase is misleading. The larger the flame the greater is the intensity of the beam which reaches the mariner. By the use of a large flame we gain, moreover, the further power of breaking up the emergent beam into those grand pulses or thrills on which I have dwelt in my last article.

I prize precision as much as any man, but it is mere pedantry to talk about optical precision in cases where its need, and even its possibility, are shut out. I have affirmed that in 1869, when I first visited Howth Bailey, the Irish light-keeper, when assailed by fog, had at his command fully twelve times the power possessed by the Trinity House. This is true to the letter. When the lighthouse is wrapped in fog, what we need is the power so to smite it with excess of light as to render the fog luminous. Every light-wave issuing from the lighthouse lantern is here turned to account, hitting the fog particles, being echoed from them to other particles, and receiving in return their reverberated light. The *whole of the light* is thus rapidly diffused through the fog, which clasps the lighthouse as a halo or luminous glow. Further, fogs are for the most part shallow, so that in the majority of cases the light can pierce them and reach the more attenuated haze or clearer atmosphere above them. There it produces a gleam, or "glare" as seamen call it, often distinctly visible in positions from which even the glow surrounding the lighthouse fails to be seen. It is to be remembered that the large burners and the multiple burners are *fog burners*, and that this illumination of the fog is a most important part of their beneficent action.

In 1880 came the great overthrow of the Conservative party, blown down by a storm of "eloquent wind." A Liberal of clear intellect and strong will took hold of the helm of the Board of Trade, and I entertained a confident hope that a just solution of the difficulties between the Trinity House engineer and the Dublin inventor would be arrived at. Soon after his accepting office I met Mr. Chamberlain at the house of a friend. After dinner we briefly discussed the lighthouse question. I could see that his desire was to act justly; but he was perplexed, and no wonder. The subject was entirely new to him. On reading one of my reports, he said, the question appeared as clear as the day, but on reading the annotations of others there was a return of fog and uncertainty. On that very day, a copy of the "despairing protest" (*Fortnightly*, p. 823) which Mr. Wigham had addressed to the Commissioners of Irish Lights, against Mr. Farrer's decision to place his system at the mercy of Mr. Wm. Douglass, had reached my hands. I mentioned it to Mr. Chamberlain. "Send it on to me," he said, and I did send it on that night. The protest could hardly have been agree-

able to the Permanent Secretary, and the "snub" referred to in my last article, followed immediately. Possibly the clash of noisier forces, amid which he has borne himself so worthily, may have rubbed these smaller items out of the memory of the ex-President of the Board of Trade. Be that as it may, this is the true course of my story. Mr. Chamberlain and I, it may be stated once for all, have had our duel, and I am not going now to add my sword-cut to those so unfairly, and I hope so ineffectually, directed against him by his former friends. He is doing his duty, as I, when I opposed him, was doing mine. I therefore dismiss our differences to the limbo of forgotten battles. What remains to be said concerns the commonwealth rather than me. On it is to be invoked the verdict of men of the world, who know what is permissible and what is not permissible according to the rules of honour among commercial men: what is proper and what is improper in the mixing up of schemes of private enterprise and emolument with duties which are permanently and liberally paid for by the State.

The political "hubbub" having subsided, the still small voices which proclaim our domestic needs made themselves heard. Chronic feud reigned between the Board of Trade and the Commissioners of Irish Lights, the former stubbornly opposing the extension of the gas system, even in Ireland, the latter demanding its extension in that country. The Irishmen were heavily handicapped; for Mr. Chamberlain, being new to the work, had to depend for instruction on permanent officials who were opposed to Wigham and all his works. An amount of evidence which ought to have carried conviction to the dullest mind was before them; but they heeded it not. That "unisonant chorus of praise" which had been evoked by the Galley Head light, fell upon deaf ears. To my mind data amply sufficient to guide his judgment aright were already before Mr. Chamberlain; still he can hardly be blamed for desiring to provide himself with new and trustworthy data, nor for deciding to institute a fresh and an exhaustive examination of the relative powers of gas and oil as illuminants for lighthouses. During one of his visits to the Irish coast he made his intention known. On the 3rd of October, 1881, the Commissioners of Irish Lights forwarded a communication to the Board of Trade, making known the wish of the President, and invoking speedy action. The approach of winter indeed, which was the true season for trial, rendered prompt action desirable. This communication seems to have remained unnoticed at the Board of Trade till the 24th of December, very precious time being thus lost. For this delay Mr. Farrer was certainly not to blame, for in some of his letters he urged despatch. On the 6th of February, 1882, for example, he writes thus: "These trials should be carried out under the superintendence of Professor Tyn-

dall, and if possible during the present month, or as soon after as practicable."

Two illuminants, and two only, were referred to in this correspondence. It was assumed that the electric light would, on account of its cost, always be a rarity on our coasts. The practical question to be decided was one between gas and oil. I was invited by the Elder Brethren to confer with them, and promptly responded to their invitation. I noticed with regret that there was a slight strain between them and me, but knowing my own determination to act with perfect impartiality to all parties, I was confident that in the long run this strain would pass away. I laid my views before the Brethren in language which I now submit to the judgment of the public. It is useless, I said, seeking to disguise the fact that the proposed inquiry will be a trial of strength between the systems of lighthouse illumination of England and Ireland respectively. You, with the aid of your Engineer, have at the present moment reached a certain development of the mode of illumination by oil in England. The Commissioners of Irish Lights, aided by Mr. Wigham, have reached a certain stage of development of the gas system in Ireland. My idea is that the two systems ought to be compared as they now stand in their respective countries, that—at all events in the first instance—Ireland should not borrow from England, nor England from Ireland. I had then in mind the potentiality of Mr. Wigham as a factor in the public service, and I wished to make it appear, by a strict comparison of what he had done with what his rival had done, how criminal it would be to quench a genius so fertile, and so greatly needed, merely because his works outshone those of a competitor who enjoyed the pay and sympathy of the Trinity House and the Board of Trade.

But I was determined to leave Mr. Douglass no possible ground of complaint. It was agreed that the experiments should be made at Howth Bailey, as the proper gasworks, and other appliances, already existed there. The Howth Bailey Lighthouse, with its perfect draught and ventilation, was placed at the disposal of Mr. Douglass. An extemporised shed, erected a little way from the lighthouse, was to contain the apparatus of Mr. Wigham. The most powerful oil lamp then employed by the Trinity House was one consisting of six concentric wicks; but, with the splendid resources at his disposal, Mr. Douglass had succeeded in producing an eight-wick lamp presumably of greater power than the six-wick one. This powerful lamp, which had never been tried in any lighthouse, I proposed that he should be permitted to use at Howth Bailey. Whatever risks were to be incurred, through imperfect ventilation or ineffectual draught, I was resolved should be incurred by Mr. Wigham. He was accordingly relegated to the shed.

The Elder Brethren, however, wished to treat Mr. Wigham in a manner which I considered inadmissible. In relation to their Engineer they obviously regarded him as an underling—a mere Dublin trader, who had no pretence to be raised to the level of rivalry with a gentleman whose services, at that time, they valued and paid for at the rate of £1,800 a year. This, unfortunately, had not the slightest influence upon my judgment. I had not known Mr. Wigham so long nor so intimately as I had known Sir James Douglass. Still, I had known both of them through a common period of a dozen years, and, as regards the question to be decided, I was by no means prepared to admit the disparity which the Elder Brethren sought to establish between them. Indeed, to me it was all the more to Wigham's credit, all the greater proof of his genius, to find him able to emerge from his modest environment, the successful inventor of a system of illumination, immeasurably superior to that which he found existing when he took the subject up. Heaven forbid that I should wish to diminish by a single shilling either the salary of the Elder Brethren or of their Engineer. Still, it is to be noted that, in salaries, the Elder Brethren themselves received £7,000 a year, while their engineer, as aforesaid, had £1,800. They were aided, moreover, by a most excellent staff of secretaries, clerks, and assistants. The public purse, always open to them, had enabled them to establish workshops and to fill them with artisans of the highest technical training. All this is only as it should be; and it may be recorded in favour of Sir James Douglass, that he does manage to surround himself with men of first-class ability. But I would ask the Elder Brethren to look at this matter with my eyes. On the one side, stood the magnificent Corporation and their well-paid Engineer, with his workshops and assistants; on the other, stood a man absolutely unaided, save through the scant protection that my position enabled me to afford him. I confess it was not to me an edifying spectacle to see this great Corporation, with their Engineer and his appliances, declining to stand upon their own legs, and refusing to enter upon the comparison desired by Mr. Chamberlain, without first appropriating the chief invention of their rival—the method of superposed lenses, so unsparingly condemned by their Engineer in his report on Galley Head. This was hardly a chivalrous outcome of their boasted (but mythical) history of three hundred years. For the sake of peace, and for the sailor's sake, however, I brushed the claims of inventors aside, and granted all that the Elder Brethren demanded. To the letter announcing this conclusion, which was addressed to the Commissioners of Irish Lights, I attached a postscript, a brief excerpt from which will indicate the manner in which I regarded the question at that time.

“On one subject introduced into the foregoing letter, I would beg permission to make a few further remarks. The Board of Irish Lights cannot have failed

to discern the exceedingly liberal conditions under which Sir James Douglass enters upon the forthcoming competitive inquiry. He is permitted to avail himself of the triform system, in the invention of which he had no part, but which was many years ago devised and applied by his rival with the most signal success in Ireland. He is also permitted to pit against the gas, not any of the lamps that he has hitherto used, but a lamp which has been brought out for the first time during the present year. These conditions are so favourable to the one competitor, and they bear so hard upon the other, that at the outset I did not imagine they would be either claimed by Mr. Douglass or conceded by Mr. Wigham. Nevertheless, they have been conceded in the interest of the mariner, and with the view of complying without delay with the enlightened desire of the President of the Board of Trade."

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But the Elder Brethren were not to be beguiled into prompt action. In addition to the two other illuminants, the electric light, at the instance of Sir James Douglass, was now assiduously pushed to the front. In a letter dated from Switzerland, 23rd September, 1882, I thus welcomed its introduction: "It gives me pleasure to find that the Board of Trade have accepted the proposition of the Corporation of Trinity House, and that the electric light is to be included among the illuminants to be tested. To me, and I doubt not to everyone concerned in the forthcoming investigation, it will be of the highest interest to ascertain the power of the electric light to penetrate fog. Nevertheless, the smallness of the number of stations upon our coasts at which the electric light is likely to be employed, renders a comparison between it and the two other forms of illumination less important than the comparison of these latter with each other. Its performance, therefore, *ought not to be permitted to deflect our attention from, or in any way disguise, the solution of the problem proposed by the President of the Board of Trade.*" •

From the note of warning here given it may be inferred that I had a forecast that, by some ingenious means, the electric light would be employed to shunt the gas, and dismiss it from the field of competition. I may anticipate matters so far as to say that this forecast has been of late years substantially verified. Electricity and oil are, it appears, to keep the field for the future. For all ordinary purposes the latter is considered sufficient, while, on the more important landfalls, it is proposed to mount the former: gas, as I foresaw, is completely ignored. And, surely, if its performance in fog could be proved to be at all commensurate with its brilliancy in clear weather, no competitor could stand for a moment beside the electric light. But this is the very point that still remains undecided. A vast portion of the luminous wealth of the electric light consists of small waves which are, to a special extent, knocked about and ruined by the suspended particles of fog.

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I intercalate here a few passages bearing on the performance of
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the electric light, reserving for the future a fuller examination of this wonderful radiant. In the *Times* of September 9th, 1888, was published a description, "from a correspondent," of the new electric light at St. Catherine's, I.W. The writer is enthusiastic in his appreciation of the light. Its predecessor, he says, was an oil-lamp of six concentric wicks, yielding a flame of about 730 candles. Captain Sidney Webb, the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, is quoted as stating the illuminating power of the electric light to be "rather more than 7,000,000 candles." There is nothing to indicate that these two numbers have not been arrived at by the same method of calculation, so that the reader would naturally conclude that the new light possesses 9,600 times the candle-power of the old one. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but, unhappily, it is not attained, if ever it will be attained. The 730-candle power above referred to is that of a light unaided by lenses, and determined by the ordinary processes of photometry. The "7,000,000 candles" of Captain Sidney Webb refer, I suppose, to the light when reinforced by powerful lenses. If this be so, I think the readers of the *Times* ought to have been informed of the fact. I would here say, once for all, that to speak of "candle power," or "unit of light," where the electric light comes into play, is entirely delusive, and that such a form of speech ought to be abandoned. The writer winds up by stating that the St. Catherine's light is believed to be "the most intensely brilliant light in existence, and one which the country, as a maritime nation, may certainly feel proud to see upon its shores." With regard to the brilliancy of the light, *in clear weather*; I entirely concur in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent.

From my acquaintance with its antecedents, I should, indeed, infer that the light must be one of extraordinary power. On Friday, January 17th, 1879, a machine, identical in type with that now used at St. Catherine's Point, was introduced by me at the Royal Institution. It had been devised by an ingenious French nobleman, M. de Meritens. I immediately saw its suitability for lighthouse purposes, and after the discourse in which the machine was described, I invited Mr. (now Sir James) Douglass to inspect the machine; and gave him, and his excellent assistant Taylor, an opportunity of making comparative experiments between the De Meritens light and the 6-wick oil lamp, in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. The electric light had been tried at the Lizard, but it was said to be irregular and unsatisfactory; and I was glad to be able to recommend to the Trinity House a magneto-electric machine less liable to these alleged defects. Mr. Douglass saw the value of the recommendation, and from that hour to this no expense has been spared in the development of the De Meritens machine. Those now sent to England are immensely larger and more powerful than the machine sent over to

me in 1879; and though I regarded the statement about the 7,000,000 candles as misleading, I did not doubt that the power of electricity was splendidly illustrated at St. Catherine's.

In the *Times* letter, however, there is not a single syllable about fog, though it is solely its power in foggy weather that justifies the introduction of the electric light at all upon our coasts. On clear nights it is "too bright and dazzling," and, as regards distance, it is pronounced "misleading" by the best authorities that have hitherto come to hand. But, if it could be shown that its power in fog is at all commensurate with its power in clear weather; if its pre-eminence as a fog penetrator, to a really material extent, could be established; the discomfort upon clear nights would be amply atoned for. I wished to know something of the performance in fog of this terrestrial sun; and being unable to go there myself, I sent a trained observer to St. Catherine's, with instructions to observe the light in all weathers, and to give me a full and strict account of its performance. I have received several reports from my observer. They are of a very varied character, but few of them have quite come up to what I expected. On some nights the light is, for considerable intervals, steady, being then "richly white and brilliant." On other nights the deportment is very much the reverse. Its behaviour on some nights is described as "very good," on others as "exceedingly bad." It seems, on the whole, steadier in clear weather than in thick, probably because a less powerful current is then employed. I here introduce an account of the observations made on January 4th, 1889, which, though a clear night, was a night of "bad behaviour" on the part of the light.

"January 4th, 1889.—Cold, dull weather during the day. Mist on sea early in the evening, but it rapidly cleared, and lights of passing ships could be seen far out at sea.

Observed light without intermission for three hours. Light generally below maximum brilliancy. Sometimes very much so.

During three hours' observation light was totally extinguished seventeen times.

Commenced close observation at 6.15. Light not at its maximum.

6.30. Total extinction, quick recovery. Light at full brilliancy for a short time, then gradual fall in intensity.

6.40. Total extinction, quick recovery, brilliant for a short time, then gradual fall as before.

6.50. Total extinction, quick recovery, and then gradual fall to a very weak beam. It remained in this condition for some minutes, then recovering itself for an instant (with a flash) at 7.5 it was totally extinguished. Twenty-six seconds elapsed before re-ignition.

The light maintained a more steady condition until 7.25, when total extinction (preceded by a gradual fall) took place. Over a minute elapsed before re-ignition.

7.35. Total extinction; quick recovery. Light not at its maximum.

7.40. Total extinction, quick recovery, fall as before.

7.45. Total extinction, over a minute and a quarter elapsed before re-ignition.

7.50. Total extinction, quick recovery.

8.7. Fall very low, beam scarcely visible for a minute or so, then gradual rise to moderate intensity.

8.20. Total extinction; seventy-eight seconds before re-ignition.

8.30. Total extinction; over one minute before re-ignition.

8.42. Total extinction, quick recovery.

8.50. Total extinction, quick recovery.

9.0. Total extinction, quick recovery.

9.15. Total extinction, quick recovery.

9.45. Total extinction, quick recovery.

Throughout these observations it seemed as if the dynamo was continually falling in speed and then recovering itself. I have noticed a similar action in other machines.

The light during the remainder of the observations was fairly steady, but still showing the same uneasy condition, with a tendency towards extinction."

I have now to describe a case of "bad behaviour" in different atmospheric circumstances.

"January 5th, 1889." Fog.—The morning was dull, wind due east. A haze came on during the morning, varying in character from very light to moderately dense. This condition of the atmosphere was pretty constant during the greater part of the day. As the evening approached the fog at times became denser, and the fog syren commenced sounding during the afternoon. The blast from the syren was loud when observed in certain positions, while at others the sound was scarcely audible. From above the coastguard stations the sound appeared as if emanating from the sea, to the eastward of the lighthouse. At Rockenend Point, half a mile to the westward of the lighthouse, I am informed that it is frequently inaudible.

Observed lighthouse from long and short distances during afternoon. Sometimes, when the fog was light, it could be seen from a distance of five hundred yards, at other times it was not visible at one-sixth of that distance; but it was never visible at a greater distance than five hundred yards.

During the first week points of observation had been chosen from which to view the light. These positions were taken so that the

most intense portions of the beam emanating from the carbon poles (those issuing through the centre of the lens) should strike observer. The first position, (the nearest possible to the lighthouse) was on the cliff, below the Buddle Inn. It is about five hundred yards from the lantern, and as near as possible on a level with the centre of the lens. From this point towards the coastguard station, another hundred yards or so of uninterrupted observation can be obtained. The second position, on the same level, is on the cliff at the end of Puckaster Lane, seven furlongs in a direct line from the lantern. From this point, another hundred and fifty to two hundred yards' uninterrupted view (on the same level) is obtained along the cliff, over Puckaster Cove. The next point of observation commences about a hundred and fifty yards from Puckaster Cove and extends, with one or two obscurations, to a sea wall called the Groin, and from thence on to the cliff just beyond Woody Bay, about two miles and three-quarters to three miles from the lighthouse.

From this point towards Ventnor the lighthouse is obscured by the shelving in of the coast. The final point of observation is at the pier-head at Ventnor, four and a half to five miles.

The fog varying in density, varying results were obtained. Between five and six o'clock, at a point above position No. 1, about six hundred yards from the light, the intense beam was quite invisible. Moving towards the light, a point was very soon reached where the beam was just able to penetrate the fog, and it then appeared as a nebulous spot (like a very faint trace of the moon obscured by a dense cloud).

In the direction of the lighthouse, and around it for a considerable distance, a dull glow was diffused, which could be seen about three quarters of a mile distant from the lighthouse. The rise and fall in the intensity of the light were strongly shown by a rise and fall in the general illumination of the fog around the lighthouse, more especially when the light was extinguished, the sudden flash of extinction and re-ignition revealing the position of the lighthouse exceedingly well. The steady glow might be mistaken for moonlight upon the fog, but there could be no such mistake when extinction and re-ignition took place. The fog up till now had been but light in character, but about six o'clock it became very dense. The direct beam and the glow around the lantern entirely disappeared. At the nearest point of observation there was not the slightest indication that a powerful light was close at hand. If it had been possible to have got nearer to the lantern, there is no doubt that an observer might have approached within a few yards of it and have seen nothing. A vessel proceeding dead-slow, or drifting with the tide, arriving at position No. 1, would not have the slightest warning from the light, either by the direct beam, or by any scattering or glow of the light, and would

undoubtedly go ashore under the lighthouse cliffs in a couple of minutes. There was nothing to be seen but a dim, dark mass of fog.

(I noted the above at about 6.15 P.M. on Saturday evening, and on Sunday at noon I learned that something like a verification of the above deductions actually took place.)

At about 9 P.M. a steamer touched the beach in the dense fog, about two and a quarter miles west of the lighthouse; light not visible.

I am informed that it is not an infrequent occurrence for vessels to graze the land or come ashore in a fog, and get off again without damage.

As the fog became thinner (standing with back to the light) all the effects of the white rainbow were obtained. Projected against the dark cliff the effect was fine.

About 8 o'clock it was bright starlight, and the new moon shone brightly. Gradually, however, the fog came on again, and by 11 P.M. it was more dense than before. At 12.30 P.M. it was in the same condition, when the observations were given up for the night."

The remarkable testimony of Captain Beaumont; to the effect that when fog has been so dense that nothing was visible half a ship's length off, he has been able to determine his position from the glow surrounding the Bailey lighthouse, the light itself being perfectly invisible; has been already given in a footnote to page 807 of the December number of the Fortnightly. I will here add the testimony of Captain A. K. Galwey, Commander of the Irish Lights steamer, *Princess Alexandra*: "Having been directed by the Board to report as to the effect of the 'flashing triform light,' which has been exhibited at Howth Bailey for some months back, in comparison with the ordinary light of the lighthouse there, I beg to say that on two occasions when the weather was very thick, I could not see the ordinary light, while the 'triform' shone out quite distinctly. This of course shows the practical superiority of the triform light in thick weather; but what struck me most forcibly was the effect of the flashing light upon the fog. It appeared, if I may so describe it, to pulsate and illuminate the fog with a luminous halo. On one occasion, I could not have discerned the light at all if it had not been for its effect in suddenly illuminating the atmosphere." This is a point on which I have always dwelt with emphasis. The unvarying testimony of those who have been consulted regarding the performance of the St. Catherine's light—including even those who describe it in clear weather as "magnificent"—is that in fog "it is worthless." There is surely a case made out here for examination—whether the gas light, if applied at its maximum power, would not prove a better friend to the sailor, in foggy

weather, than the splendid electric luminary recently established at St. Catherine's.

I invite the Elder Brethren to consider the really relevant facts. Again and again I say that the supreme glory of the electric light in clear weather is uncontested and incontestable. Their 7,000,000 candles have little real meaning for the public. What the public asks is: "What becomes of this tremendous candle power in fog?" Sooner or later the Elder Brethren will have to answer this question. A 6-wick oil lamp or a 48-jet gas burner would be regarded by all sailors as a splendid and all-sufficient fair-weather light. So that I would earnestly beg of the Elder Brethren to quit this uncontested ground, and let us know what the electric light can do in those atmospheric emergencies for which its power has been expressly invoked. Notwithstanding all the money and labour expended upon it, the performance of the St. Catherine's De Meritens machine was not satisfactory on the thick night of the 5th of January; when, as my observer declares, "a vessel proceeding dead slow, or drifting with the tide, would not, in a position close at hand, have the slightest warning from the light, either by the direct beam, or by any scattering or glow of the light, and would undoubtedly in a couple of minutes be ashore under the lighthouse cliffs. There was nothing to be seen but a dim, dark mass of fog."

As regards the electric light, the Elder Brethren may assuredly count on me as a sympathetic admirer of all its excellence. From first to last I have spoken of the light with the enthusiasm of hope. And why should I not; for was it not the discovery of a man to whom I gave my lasting love and reverence, and who gave me, during the best years of my life, and to the end of his own, his loyal affection? I feel as if Faraday were speaking through my pen when I say that the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House have no right to slur this matter over. The electric light in its most powerful form ought to be pitted against the gaslight in its most powerful form, and the result ought to determine the illuminant to be employed in the future. Until the superiority of the electric light, in fog, is placed upon a far surer basis than that on which it now rests, I would say, let the important landfalls of Ireland, at all events, be illuminated by a light indigenous to the soil, and to which all the later improvements of the flame-beacons of England are directly traceable.

To return. Having failed to accomplish what clearly might have been accomplished in the winter of 1882, I turned to those restorers of peace and strength, the peaks and glaciers of the Alps. Some time previously I had written a letter to the Elder Brethren in answer to a requisition on their part that I should make such observations as I

deemed necessary on certain "conditions" laid down for their guidance by their Engineer. Had they desired it, the conditions might very speedily have been arranged. That letter contained an expression, intended for the ears of the Elder Brethren alone, but which, in due time, they turned to public and profitable account. For my own part I never for a moment regretted the utterance, nor did I find fault with the use made of it. It was a last and vain attempt to rouse the Elder Brethren to a sense of their unjustifiable behaviour. Writing on March 8th, 1882, I said:—

"It was long my hope that he [Sir James Douglass] and Mr. Wigham might be brought to work together for the public good. This hope, I regret to say, has not been fulfilled. The attitude of Mr. Douglass towards the gas system, and towards the optical devices of its inventor, has weakened their usefulness and retarded their development. It would be wholly unreasonable to suppose that had that system been encouraged, it would not have reached a higher point of power and perfection than that at which it now stands. But while every encouragement has been given—in my opinion most wisely—to the development of the oil system, it has been withheld—in my opinion most unwisely—from the development of its rival. Those who are aware of the strength of my antagonism to any scheme tending to separate Ireland from England, will be able to give due weight to the declaration which I here make that, if the treatment of the gas invention and its optical adjuncts could be regarded as a fair sample of the general treatment of Ireland by England, it would be the bounden duty of every Irishman to become a Home Ruler."

This is the first strong expression of feeling that ever occurred in my correspondence with the Trinity House. It was mentioned in the House of Lords by Lord Sudeley, on the 21st of June, 1883, in reply to Lord Dunraven, on which occasion the Duke of Argyll also made a speech. I shall briefly refer to both before the conclusion of this article.

Well, I went to the Alps, but was within reach of the post, and I continued to correspond with Sir Richard Collinson and other authorities at home. It was proposed, in a private letter, by the Deputy Master that the conduct of the investigation should be handed over to a committee composed of Sir James Douglass, Engineer of the Trinity House; Mr. William Douglass, Engineer of the Board of Irish Lights, brother of the above; Mr. Thomas Stevenson, Engineer to the Northern Lights Commissioners, and myself. This seemed a terribly lop-sided arrangement, for the opinions of the three engineers were perfectly well known to be hostile to the gas, and did not require to be ratified by their assembling together. When Lord Meath heard of the proposal, he wrote to me from the Kildare Street Club, telling me that his indignation, and the indignation of some of his colleagues, was at its "boiling point." I expostulated with Sir Richard Collinson, stating that though I knew his intentions to be upright, and favourable to the mariner, the Commissioners of Irish Lights, and

the public generally, would consider such a committee the reverse of impartial. And here emerges a question on which I had no guidance save that of ordinary honourable feeling. Sir James Douglass had become the patentee of an oil lamp; and that he should, under the circumstances, accept a seat on a committee in which he, aided by his equally hostile brother, would have to pronounce judgment not only on his rival's lamp but on his own, appeared to me unbecoming to the last degree. I urged—and here again I submit my conduct to the judgment of practical men—that if a committee were formed embracing Sir James Douglass, it ought in fairness to embrace Mr. Wigham also. I contended that either both or neither should be included in the committee. After some additional correspondence I returned from the Alps, to find a complete upsetting of the arrangements contemplated at my departure. I had been deposed from the position assigned to me by Mr. Chamberlain, while the chairmanship of a new committee, formed in lieu of the three Engineers and myself, had been offered to Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Lees Reader in Chemistry in the University of Oxford. Pleading his inexperience in lighthouse matters, Mr. Harcourt declined the proposed honour, and the guidance of the committee fell into the hands of Captain Nisbet, of the Trinity House. The Deputy Master was good enough to send his private secretary to announce to me the changes that had been made. I well remember the hesitation with which Mr. Price Edwards executed his delicate task. He had worked at my side on many a laborious day, always with intelligence and zeal. He had, I believe, become somewhat attached to me, and saw with sorrow the direction in which things were drifting. He will perhaps remember my telling him, with a smile, that I cared nothing for the chairmanship; that I was willing to act the part of secretary, if only justice could be thereby secured. It was, of course, a descent from the position that I had occupied for the seventeen previous years, but that did not affect me much. An arrangement was made that we (the committee) should meet in one of the rooms of the Board of Trade at Whitehall Gardens, and thither the members hied for a time. The question as to where the experiments were to be made was re-opened, and, after some discussion, the South Foreland was agreed upon. I was amused and amazed at the changes which had taken place. In Ireland, when experiments were to be executed, the most economical principles were always enforced; and at Howth Bailey, had my views been carried out, the comparative merits of gas, oil, and electricity, might have been exhaustively established, at an expense which, had it reached one-tenth of the amount disbursed at the South Foreland, I should have considered extravagant. It soon came out that land was to be purchased there; that towers were to be erected; huts and

experimental rooms built; and the experiments conducted on the most lavish scale. One morning Captain Nisbet came into the committee room and told us that he had been just speaking with Mr. Trevor, Assistant Secretary of the Harbour Department of the Board of Trade, that he had asked Mr. Trevor whether he was aware of the fact that the experiments proposed by the Board of Trade would cost at least £4,000, and that Mr. Trevor had gaily replied that "money was no object." Mr. Trevor's statement has been religiously made good. If the truth were known, probably three times the sum mentioned by Captain Nisbet has been expended at the South Foreland.

The question whether Sir James Douglass and Mr. Wigham were, or were not, to be members of the committee came continually to the front. The former felt very sore on the matter. 'Mr. Price Edwards, who always knew how to combine perfect loyalty to his employers with perfect straightforwardness towards me, came to me and explained this soreness. I promptly replied that I had not the slightest objection to Sir James Douglass being on the committee, provided that Mr. Wigham occupied the same ground of vantage. Mr. Inglis, Secretary of the Trinity House, had previously paid me a visit, and had taken pains to impress upon me the intrinsic difference between Sir James Douglass and Mr. Wigham, and how inadmissible it was that Mr. Wigham should sit upon a committee as the equal of the Trinity House Engineer. On the 8th of November, moreover, 1882, Mr. Inglis, in a letter to the Board of Trade, had urged that, "whatever may be the part that Sir James Douglass is invited to take in these matters, the Elder Brethren have no doubt that the Board of Trade will concur with them in desiring that he should not be called upon to accept a position derogatory to his standing among civil engineers." I was greatly impressed with the earnestness, and indeed with the eloquence, of Mr. Inglis. He urged the vast difference that separated the Trinity House Engineer from the Dublin "trader," who had taken out a patent for the profit of his firm. Sir James Douglass, on the contrary, was absolutely without interest in his patent, which was to be devoted to the good of his country. I have no reason to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Inglis in making these statements, for Sir James Douglass, at that time, thought it desirable to work on subterranean lines. In one of Mr. Harcourt's letters we have an intimation that neither the Board of Trade nor the Elder Brethren were aware of his proceedings. But I think it not unlikely that he took the precaution of communicating to the kind and guileless Deputy Master something of the scheme which he was then endeavouring to float. The matter came to light at last, and before me at the present moment lies a fine sample of those

flamboyant prospectuses which so frequently find their way to my waste-paper basket. It was headed "The Improved Gas and Oil Burners' Company, Limited. Sir James Douglass's Patent. Capital £50,000, in ten thousand shares of £5 each." Then followed the list of directors, bankers, solicitors, auditors, and secretary. The prospectus proper begins with the statement that "the High-Power Burner, invented by Sir James Douglass, Engineer-in-Chief of the Trinity House, is as simple as it is efficient and economical." It continues in the usual style, proclaiming the excellence of the invention. "Patents," it goes on to say, "have been secured by Sir James Douglass for the following countries: Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, France, Spain, Belgium, Austria and Hungary, Portugal, Italy, India, West Australia, Hong Kong, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Cape of Good Hope, Canada, South Australia, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Denmark;" while "applications have been made for patents to the following countries: Russia, Japan, Brazil, and the United States of America. This company," the prospectus goes on to say, "is formed for the purpose of purchasing Sir James Douglass's patents, as above, *en bloc*, with the right to take out patents for any other parts, if deemed advisable, with the view to re-selling the various patents to local companies formed here for the purpose of working them in those countries." Then follow the "Form of Application" and other matters; and then, I believe, came a new company, from all of which I turn with a feeling which I do not care to describe.

Sir James Douglass, when he sought to float this company, was receiving from the country a permanent salary, which might, one would think, have raised him above the necessity of dabbling in such schemes. There is certainly a considerable descent here from the picture of patriotic disinterestedness raised before me by Mr. Inglis. And it is this gentleman—interested so largely in the praise and promotion of his own lamps, and interested proportionately in the depreciation of the lamps of his rival—whom it was proposed to constitute a judge of the comparative merits of the rival lamps, his competitor being at the same time excluded from the committee. To me it seems an infraction of the principles of justice, which ought not to be allowed to pass without protest. I make no charge, but I submit that the public ought to know more than it now knows of the relationship of the lamps of Sir James Douglass and the public workshops at Blackwall. Both he and his employers dwell upon his liberality in handing over his patents, without royalty or fee, to the lighthouse authorities of the United Kingdom. Had he done otherwise, a cry of universal disapproval would have admonished him of his mistake. Besides, even as regards the United Kingdom, we know not exactly how the matter stands, and we never

shall know, except by the appointment of a committee of competent and impartial men, empowered to examine witnesses on oath, and to sift the matter to the bottom.

The end is now near, and it is my desire to hasten it. In the new arrangement I was to appear as the Adviser of the English and Irish Boards, the Board of Trade having shunted me, without reason given, from the position which I had so long occupied in relation to themselves. Mr. Harcourt was proposed as their representative; Captain Nisbet as the representative of the Trinity House; and Dr. Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, as the representative of the Board of Irish Lights. To all these appointments I gave my hearty assent. In reply to the invitation sent to him by the Board of Trade, Dr. Ball took early occasion to state his opinion of the relation of Sir James Douglass and of Mr. Wigham to the proposed inquiry.

"There is only one point of the proposal about which I feel a difficulty. I appreciate, as highly as any one, the value of the services rendered both by Sir James Douglass and by Mr. Wigham, to lighthouse illumination, but both these gentlemen are, I believe, patentees, pecuniarily interested in the results of the inquiry, and therefore I do not think that either of them should be a member of a committee which is to pronounce judicially on the relative merits of their inventions."

Dr. Ball's opinion will, I imagine, be shared by all right-thinking men. But had the proposal been made to him, as it had been made to me, to include Sir James Douglass and to exclude Mr. Wigham, the expression of his opinion would, I doubt not, have been still more emphatic.

The constitution of the committee was shifted several times. The Board of Trade, indeed, did not appear to know its own mind in the matter. Of the new committee which Dr. Ball was invited to join, the great majority were regarded in Ireland as the spokesmen of the Trinity House and Board of Trade. Invited to join this committee, I put my case thus, in a letter addressed to Mr. Farrer, Feb. 9, 1883:—

"It would be extremely agreeable to me to accede to the wishes of the Board of Trade, with whom, and especially with yourself, I worked so long in harmony. But what am I to do, holding, as I firmly do, the action pursued of late years by the Board of Trade towards the great improvements in lighthouse illumination which we owe to Ireland, to be adverse to the public interest, and opposed to evidence at once strong, clear, and unimpeachable?"

"With regard to the proposed committee, far be it from me to breathe a doubt, as an opinion of my own, of the rectitude of the vast majority of the gentlemen named by the Board of Trade. But, looking at the facts objectively—taking, that is to say, the position and antecedents of the proposed members into account—the scientific induction is that such a committee would be the reverse of satisfactory.

"In anticipation of any interference on my part, the Commissioners of Irish Lights are, I am informed, likely to dissent from the proposal of the Board of Trade. As their Scientific Adviser, and believing their dissent to be well founded, I cannot counsel them to pursue a different course."

On the precise date when the foregoing letter was addressed to Mr. Rarrer, the Commissioners of Irish Lights wrote thus to the Board of Trade:—

"In acknowledging your communication of the 30th ultimo, I am directed by the Commissioners of Irish Lights to state that they regret to find that the original committee selected by the Board of Trade, and accepted by the three Lighthouse Boards for the conducting of the experiments, is now proposed to be set aside by an enlarged committee, not free from strong objections, in the opinion of this Board, which objections are confirmed by the information given them by Dr. Tyndall, that he declines to act on this proposed committee.

"Under these circumstances, the Commissioners cannot acquiesce in the proposed change, and if it be carried out, they would feel themselves obliged to decline to take any part in the contemplated experiments, either by themselves or their officers."

Requested by Mr. Chamberlain to call upon him at the Board of Trade, I promptly responded to his summons. He adduced reasons—cogent to him, I doubt not—why it was desirable that I should join the committee; while I adduced reasons, equally cogent to me, why it was *not* desirable that I should do so. I carried with me into Mr. Chamberlain's room certain documents which, if the spirit of our conversation invited it, I intended to lay before the President. They were not laid before him. Among these documents was a hot protest of the leading members of the Board of Irish Lights against the constitution of the new committee. I was in fact between two fires—the Board of Trade on the one side and the most influential Commissioners of Irish Lights on the other. Under the circumstances, it occurred to me that the most practical plan would be to submit to Mr. Chamberlain the names of a committee which I thought might meet the views of all parties, and on which I expressed my willingness to serve. The proposed committee consisted of nine members, five of whom would certainly be regarded by the Commissioners of Irish Lights as inimical to their views, and four probably as favourable to them. I sent to Mr. Chamberlain the names of the proposed committee, which gave entire satisfaction to the Commissioners of Irish Lights, and sent with it a private note, in which I sought to render my position unmistakable. I here shut the lid down on the correspondence which followed. It eventually led to my resignation, which was first announced to Mr. Chamberlain in the following words:—

"I beg of you to excuse this long letter, which would not have been written were it not to be my last. I wished before parting from you to place in your

hands a provisional statement of the views and conduct which have landed me in my present position. These wranglings must now cease. I might have ended them earlier, had not the lives of our sailors, and of those in their charge, been in a measure implicated in the discussion. The messenger who carries this to you will also convey to Mr. Farrer my resignation of the position which, for so many years, it has been my privilege to hold under the Board of Trade. My resignation of the post of Scientific Adviser to the Trinity House shall also be dispatched to-day. It is not without a wrench that I sever myself from the Elder Brethren, with whom I have worked long in friendship, and from whom I have ever received the utmost personal kindness and consideration. While differing from them, I respect them, for they have acted, I doubt not, according to their lights, as I have according to mine. I did not forecast so early a retreat. . . ."

To the Deputy Master of the Trinity House I wrote thus :—

"ROYAL INSTITUTION,
28th March, 1883.

"MY DEAR SIR RICHARD,—It was in conversation with your predecessor, the late Sir Frederick Arrow, in the presence of Faraday, and in the room in which I now write, that I accepted the honourable position of Scientific Adviser to the Trinity House. It is into your hands that I now resign this trust.

"I am, and always shall be,
"With steadfast affection, your friend,
"JOHN TYNDALL."

My resignation was noticed in the House of Commons, while the subject was introduced in the House of Lords, in a speech by Lord Dunraven, on the 21st of June, 1883. The speech was replied to, in no unfriendly spirit, by Lord Sudeley; who, however, among other things, turned to admirable account my previous reference to Home Rule. "To clear that point up," said his lordship, "let me at once say that I do not believe Professor Tyndall could have been aware of the financial position of the Commissioners of Irish Lights when he made this observation. If the Commissioners had had Home Rule in this matter they would be absolutely bankrupt." Lord Sudeley obviously wished his hearers to understand that Irish lighthouses were built exclusively for Ireland. In qualification of this view, I would say that it was the commander of a great "Cunarder," plying between Liverpool and New York, who first drew my attention to the crying need of a light on Galley Head. As stated in a footnote to my last article, were Ireland a barren rock, without a single inhabitant wild or tame upon its desolate area, the lighthouses on her coast would be as necessary as they now are for the protection of English property and English lives.

On the morning succeeding this debate, I received a friendly letter from the Duke of Argyll. As an honorary Elder Brother of the Trinity House, he had been appealed to by that body to support them in the House of Lords, and he could not, he averred, without a breach of loyalty, refuse the request. Arriving on Wednesday evening

from the Continent, his Grace had allowed himself only a few hours to come to a conclusion on this entangled subject. When he arrived home on Wednesday night he was, he avowed, entirely ignorant of the question. On Thursday night, having meanwhile perused the correspondence laid before him by the Trinity House, he was prepared to pronounce a judgment which, though couched in the kindest language (and perhaps for that very reason) did the cause I upheld more damage than all the other adverse opinions put together. He spoke of Mr. Wigham as "Professor Tyndall's friend," whereas I was never half so intimate with Mr. Wigham as with Sir James Douglass. In his letter to me he also referred my support of Wigham to a patriotic desire to help a fellow-countryman. The fact, however, is that, though Ireland is the scene of Mr. Wigham's inventions, though he married an Irish lady, and brought up Irish children, he is a Scotchman born. The very friendliness of the Duke's allusions to me gave currency to his opinion that I must have acted rashly and wrongly in resigning the post I had so long held.

My place on the committee was not filled up, so that it became more one-sided than ever. It dragged for a time its slow length along, and on the 25th of May, 1883, it went to pieces. On this date the Commissioners of Irish Lights announced their decision that "they must withdraw from all participation in the contemplated experiments." The majority of the committee of course carried all before them. They would not hear of the proposal to allow Mr. Wigham to exhibit his most powerful light—which never was exhibited at the South Foreland. On the 30th of May Dr. Ball sent to the Board of Trade his formal resignation.

"Rightly or wrongly," he says, "I have formed the honest conclusion that the restricted experiments, whatever other value they may have, cannot decide the question of real importance. If I remain longer on the committee, I feel that I should be only sacrificing my own time and assenting to what I think an unnecessary expenditure of public money. Under these circumstances I find no other course open to me than to send in my resignation."

Immediately after the breaking up of this committee the Board of Trade, yielding to the desire of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, handed over to them, in other words, to Sir James Douglass, the entire control of the inquiry on lighthouse illuminants. The inquiry, involving an outlay of £10,000, has resulted in a Report, issued by the Trinity House, which is still the subject of discussion, dissatisfaction, and protest, on the part of the maritime community of the United Kingdom.

JOHN TYNDALL.

AN UNREALISED NATIONAL ASSET.

THE national assets, regarded from the point of view of the Executive, consist of the nation's capacity to meet the taxation imposed on it, and also of the different contributions to the national purse from escheats and the revenues of property actually in the hands of the Crown. It is plain that the larger we can make the supply from the latter source of income, the smaller will be the drain on our individual pockets from direct and indirect taxation. We are all interested in this, for a certain quantity of money must be found every year, and generally the main question is whether we pay with our right hand or our left, how far we might be relieved from paying with either not being considered as fully as it might be. How the money is disbursed is beside our present aim, and our purpose now is to point out a source which ought to be made available to subsidise those burdens which the state is obliged to lay upon us. Whether what we suggest is ethically right or wrong is a matter for the theoretical politicians to make phrases about; for us it is enough to know that it is not inconsistent with what the laws of England have endorsed over and over again.

The great *casus omissus* in the political ethics of our forefathers was the just and equitable disposition of property which, according to their usages, had no competent owner. They were never very clear as to rights in such matters, but for the most part left the property in the hands where it found itself when the true ownership became indefinite or unknown. Our advance from this state has not been a progress slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent, but has mainly been effected by ignoring the lawyer's law. It has been accomplished by a number of enactments, allied to justice and not to law, and issuing *per saltum* from time to time according as the spirit of lawgivers became chastened by the recognition of a larger equity than they knew before. It will be interesting to note a few of the steps which led our ancestors over chasms which at one time seemed to them to be impassable.

If the tenant for the life of another died before that other, the property did not go to his heir unless the heir was specifically mentioned in the original grant. Whose was it then after the tenant's death, pending the life for which the grant was made? To us it is hardly conceivable to be told that the man got the property who first entered it after the tenant's death. We can imagine the feelings of a dying man longing that his kindred should get the fruits of his industry when he was gone, but seeing at the door and the window

the greedy faces of his neighbours waiting their chance to be first in whenever the breath was out of his body. The unseemly scrambles which this state of things gave rise to was put an end to at last by the famous Statute of Frauds (29 Car. II. c. 3, s. 12). It abolished the "general occupant," and the law slowly but at last recognised that his rights were not compatible with common justice.

But the law has been more tardy in other matters of a kindred order. Property which has no owner escheats to the Crown in proper accordance with the maxims of feudal law. In our day this means that it becomes the property of the nation. This principle cannot be quarrelled with; it is so full of common sense that we are above the need of looking for its history or for its sanction in any system of political philosophy. In every case the interests of the many must overbear the interests of the one, in deciding on the title to ownership of what is no more justly his than theirs.

Until the first year of the reign of William IV., if a man by his will did not specifically dispose of the residue of his property, the executor kept it for himself for his own use, but a law passed in that year (11 George IV. and 1 William IV. c. 40) provided that this should be so no longer, and that the residue should go to the next of kin, or should go to the Crown if there were no next of kin, and thus become a part of the property of the nation at large. So, too, if a man died without an heir, the owner of the legal estate in his realty took it all and got the benefit of the equitable estate for himself. Suppose, for example, a bastard mortgaged to secure £1,000 his property worth £10,000; then on his death intestate the mortgagee, having the so-called legal estate in him, became entitled to the beneficial estate as well, and became the owner of the whole as his own absolute property. This was rectified only recently by an Act (47 and 48 Vict. c. 71, s. 4) which provided for an escheat to the Crown—of course for the benefit of the nation—of all such equitable interests. Lately the legislature has gone even farther in its interference with such accidental gains, and has provided that all moneys received for distribution among creditors by a trustee in bankruptcy and unclaimed for two years should be paid into the Bank of England by the trustee. This wise measure was part of Mr. Chamberlain's Bankruptcy Act of 1883 (46 and 47 Vict. c. 52, s. 162).

A trustee under a deed or a will finding himself in possession of property the ownership of which is unknown or doubtful, can get rid of his burden of liability by handing over the property to the Court of Chancery, and under no circumstances can he ever retain any of it for his own use or advantage. There are many Acts of Parliament to facilitate him in doing this, and the decisions of the Court of Chancery have at all times been emphatic and unambiguous in their declaration, that he must not seek any profit for himself out

of his trust, nor ever make himself owner of any part of what was confided to him for the use of others. And if he fail in this duty the Court will visit him with dire penalties.

So our legislature has in time, though slowly, become enlightened to the recognition of principles which honesty and common sense have elaborated for themselves, and this in spite of the previous laws which authorised what was revoked, and, moreover, without any aid from the theoretical politicians. The necessities of the case, the claims of justice, the cry of the oppressed, produced the law for the occasion whenever there were strong and upright men to make their voices heard. The feudal lords with their rights of wardships and values of marriage, the general occupant, the executor, the mortgagee, and the fiduciary of every description, all have been shorn of the pickings and incomes which the mere accident of their position gave them. Self-interest struggled hard, for it suffered sorely, but in the end it could not withstand the law of a fuller and a wiser justice. After centuries of effort the English code of to-day can justly boast that it has adopted as its own the principle that a man shall not turn to his own use what has been confided to him for the use of another, and further that he shall be bound to give up and not retain for his own advantage all property which comes into his possession by reason not of any worth in his own title, but by reason of defect in another's.

It will seem strange to us, then, to be told that there is a vast quantity of property in England held in flagrant contravention of the equity of these rules. What should we say of a man to whom another had entrusted his money for safe keeping who, after his friend's death, would keep that money, saying nothing of it to the relatives? The money would be invested safely enough, no doubt, and would be ready to be paid over whenever demand was made, but until demand the custodian of the money lives upon the income; the depositor's wife and children may starve before his friend's eyes, but until such time as they come to his door to ask for it he considers himself to be under no obligation of either law or morals to give or send them one halfpenny of their own money. They may not know where the money is; that is their misfortune; and he says he is under an obligation to the original depositor not to disclose to them the fact of their money's existence. This is, in plain language, an account of the working of our banks. By repeating the process sufficiently often the banker is able to accumulate a large mass of money, for which he is responsible no doubt, but which in fact he takes care shall never be demanded from him, and upon the income of which meantime he lives and thrives.

It is the banker's duty not to let his client's secrets be known outside his doors, and for obvious reasons the obligation is a very

wholesome one. It would be intolerable, and a great part of the advantage would be lost which the public derive from the aid of the banks in transacting the business of life, were not this confidence inviolably preserved. But the banker gives this duty an unwarrantable extension when he adheres to a like canon of silence after his business relations with his client are determined by his client's death. The whole reason of it is the interest of the client, but after the client's death there can be no reason for it but the interest of the banker. It is right that while the client is living his secrets should be kept, but when he is dead, or may reasonably be supposed to be so, the duty of the banker should be inverted forthwith, and he should be bound to seek out his customer's representatives if they leave the deposit unclaimed in his hands, and offer them their money. There is no such duty imposed on the banks, rather the contrary; and their own interest coincides with the code of duty which they obey, a code manufactured for a different state of circumstances and then applied to this, and honoured rigorously in the observance, though all its sacredness disappears if the client should happen to be their debtor. Besides the money lodged by the depositor with his own hands, the banks frequently collect dividends for him under a power of attorney. It is within my own knowledge that a bank of the highest repute collected the dividends under such a power after they knew that the donor was a lunatic, and placed them to the credit of their client's account after that account was closed. And there is apparently nothing to prevent the bank from continuing to all time to collect the dividends under a power of attorney, if the person interested in the fund after the death of the principal does not find them out and stop them. It would be interesting to know what exactly is the practice of the banks in these cases. The banks also often require stocks to be transferred as security into the names of their own nominees by a borrowing client; and one would like to know how much stock is now under their control in this way without the knowledge of the present real owners.

It is not possible to calculate with any degree of exactness what is the amount of dormant money now lying in the private and joint-stock banks of the United Kingdom. It would not be fair to the bankers to ask them the question point blank, or rather it would not be fair to draw any adverse inference from their refusal to answer such a question. Their pledge to keep their customer's secret remains intact, though he may be dead for a century; they must adhere to it, and in that they do they are faithful to honour and mammon at once. This is intelligible, but it is not intelligible why, when the bank itself dies, there should be any necessity for a like reticence, unless, indeed, there be an intention of selling the expiring bank with all its good-will and extinct liabilities to some other con-

cern. I have made inquiry as to what amount of unclaimed money was in their books from the liquidators of no less than fourteen banks in various stages of dissolution, but have been unable to get any information. One gentleman said he did not think it would be right to tell me what I asked; another said he believed the unclaimed money was invested somewhere, but that he did not know anything more about it, and the rest were silent. If such knowledge could have been obtained it would have been a valuable guide, but, for their own undivulged reasons, the liquidators will not give it.

Let us turn, then, to the accounts of the Supreme Court, where there is no mystery or concealment. Here large sums are dealt with annually, and the several receipts and payments are set out in a Parliamentary return, issued yearly and audited by the officers of the Treasury. We find here the huge sum of seventy-four millions sterling, belonging to more than forty thousand suitors, giving an average of £1,850 for each. Not more than one quarter of this amount is turned over every year, leaving a dormant capital of over fifty-five millions, and we find that the National Debt Commissioners have forty-two millions of that sum in their hands, which sum we may fairly suppose is the amount for which there are no claimants forthcoming. These figures afford us in some sort a measure to apply to other deposits.

Now the circumstances under which money is lodged in Court are as different as can be from those under which a lodgment is made in a bank. The first is attended by every kind of publicity: the litigants, the solicitors for both sides and their clerks, the counsel employed in the case, the judge and his staff, and the officials of the Pay Office—that is, from ten to twenty persons—all know about the lodgment, and are under no obligation to refrain from informing of it any person whom they may know to be interested in it. How different from a bank! A man lodges money, but no one knows it but himself and the bank. He can conceal it completely from the world, and from his kindred too, for there is no limit to eccentricities; his kindred may suspect it, but when he is dead they have no means of finding out anything about it unless they happen to go to the right bank to make their inquiries.

As to the total amount of deposits, our information is unfortunately restricted to the returns given by the joint-stock banks. The private banks are not obliged to make any such returns, and of course do not do so. From the valuable summaries published in the pages of the *Economist* in October, 1888, we find that in one hundred and thirty banks in the United Kingdom which publish their returns, the total deposits amount to no less than £469,600,000. This does not include deposits made in the two hundred and fifty private banks in England, nor in the branches in

London of many foreign and colonial banks having offices there, nor in the numerous building and loan societies scattered throughout the kingdom which receive deposits as part of their business. These latter deposits must certainly be as much more again as those in the joint-stock banks. Taking the whole together, we conclude that there are over £900,000,000 of money in the hands of the bankers in the United Kingdom which does not belong to them, and which they hold in trust for others. We should have to add more than 50 per cent. to our own funded National Debt before it would amount to so much.

Now how much of this enormous sum represents money which will never be claimed? It is impossible for us to answer with any degree of preciseness or certainty; the banks know, of course, but they will not tell us. If we adopted the proportion which the figures of the amounts of the Supreme Court suggest, we should say that there were from four hundred to five hundred millions, belonging to about three million depositors; but it should be remembered that much of the money in the Supreme Court, though lodged so openly, finds its way there on account of some preliminary difficulty of ascertaining its true owner, so that the unclaimed amount there, by reason of the conditions under which it came to be deposited, bears a ratio to the total which might mislead us if we attempted to establish a like proportion in other cases. Still, we must bear in mind that some of the banks are over two hundred years old, and that some eighty or ninety of them date from the last century. During this long period the sums passing through their hands must have been very large, and the length of time during which they have been in contact with the public must have given occasion for numerous derelict deposits. The longer they remained unclaimed the remoter the chance that they would ever be claimed, and the firmer the hold of the bank upon them. To avoid exaggeration, let us suppose that, instead of three-fifths of this money being unclaimed, as the Supreme Court figures might lead us to think, one-fortieth of it is unclaimed, then we have the large sum of £22,500,000; or, even if we say an eightieth, one-half of this last, the amount comes to the very respectable figure of £11,250,000. As has been said, there are no statistics available directly bearing on the matter; but as a conjecture we should say that the true amount was certainly over eleven millions, and ranged from that to forty millions.

Besides the money lodged for deposit and current accounts the banks take a large quantity of public money for which they issue notes, letters of credit, and bank-post bills. Whenever any of these are destroyed the bank which issued them is, of course, relieved from having to pay them. The debt remains, but the evidence of the debt is gone, and until it be forthcoming the bank may hold the

money. It is matter of common knowledge that notes are burned and lost every day, as, unlike gold, either fire or water will destroy them, and the bank which issued them becomes thereupon so much the richer. The notes outstanding issued by the several banks in the United Kingdom which have authority to issue notes amounted in September, 1888, to over £38,000,000; having regard to the fact that Scotch and Irish banks issue one-pound notes we may estimate that this sum is made up of seven or eight million separate notes now floating about and subject to all the chances of destruction which surround such perishable articles. And this has not been going on for a short time only; the Banking Almanac gives the dates of foundation of sixty-seven of the eighty-seven banks of issue, from which we find that these sixty-seven have had an average life of over ninety-eight years, during which their notes have been coming into existence and passing to and fro in the hands of the public, and during which numbers of them must have been lost or destroyed. We are confident that it would not be an exaggeration to estimate at one million pounds at least the value of the lost notes and acceptances for which the bankers are indebted to the public.

Now one thing is plain—quite plain—that whoever owns all these vast sums of unclaimed money, they are not the property of the bankers; the bankers themselves would not say so if they were asked the question, but that does not prevent them from investing the money and living on the income it produces. The business pays, too, for we find that the present value of the paid-up share capital of the English banks is £151,000,000, while the cash actually paid up is but £54,000,000, just a little over one-third, and at the same time we find that their gross assets do not on an average produce more than 2½ per cent. They keep this lost money and invest it, and divide the income, because no one asks them for it, and they are bound to be silent and not to tell that they have got it.

If there be anything in the history of our jurisprudence for the last two hundred years, if there be any foundation in reason and natural justice for the course of the legislation which has developed for us the modern canons of right to the possession of property, and which has abolished for us the legal and artificial blinds which formerly obstructed our view, it is time that such a state of things should have an end. It is time that the property of the public should be taken from the private holder and handed over to the public for the national good. It is not possible to conceive the justification drawn from the requirements of commerce, or law, or politics, or from any useful custom, or theory of social rights, which can afford a warranty for the longer continuance of such an appropriation of other men's property. The accidents of the needs of daily business have caused to be vested in a class of the community a

quantity of money which they have clung to after those needs have ended. Is this consistent with the tenor of the British law which has shattered so many pretences before now, which has curtailed and made obsolete all the other old systems of fortuitous gains, which has taken them from the holders by force, and, after a just confiscation, applied them as equity and common sense alike demanded? History has taught us nothing, and will ever teach us nothing, if we tolerate this still.

There should be a change, and if plain honesty does not point out its form there is precedent enough to be drawn from other procedures in analogous cases, such, for example, as the methods of the Trustee Relief Acts. Whenever by reason of death or lunacy the title of the depositor passes from himself, the bank should give up his money forthwith to his legally appointed successor, spontaneously and without demand; and as soon as a bank-note or bank acceptance has been outstanding so many years that it is reasonable to suppose it is destroyed or entirely lost, the bank should make good in gold the sovereigns which it owes to the public. It may be that the banker cannot trace the owner of the money in his hands. In such a case the needful steps to find him ought to be taken. Generally the banker knows when his client dies, and it should be then his duty to apprise his representatives. It may be, however, that he is ignorant of the fact of the death; then he should, when an account remains untouched for say five years, make some active endeavour to find the owner by advertisement or otherwise, and in such cases, of course, at the owner's expense. If such efforts prove unfruitful the bank should not be allowed, as now, to keep the money, but after a year or two more should be obliged to lodge it in the office of some public department, such as the Board of Trade or the Supreme Court, which could afford facilities for inquiry to such of the public as might be interested. If after ten or twenty years more it still remained unclaimed, there is no reason why it should not share the lot of other property which has no owner and escheat to the Crown, and thus become a part of the property of the nation. So too with a bank-note. It is possible that it may be hoarded by the holder, but even if it be, at the end of twenty-five or thirty years the banker has in the ordinary course of his business made the whole amount of it with simple interest and the cost of book-keeping; and if at the end of thirty years from its last issue it still remains outstanding, the banker will suffer no hardship if he be required to transfer the amount of it from his reserve to some public official. The note, it should be remembered, is not money: it is only a token in the hands of the public that the banker owes so much to the holder, and there is no imaginable reason why the debtor should be discharged for ever because the evidence of his debt is not forthcoming.

There is not any inherent difficulty in the methods to be resorted to in the accomplishment of such a change. A short Act of Parliament, appointing some commissioner or official of the Treasury or Board of Trade to examine the books of the bankers, and giving him the requisite powers to compel them to transfer the derelict money in their coffers in such manner as the Act might direct, would effect everything necessary. The banks would naturally oppose the passing of such an Act with all the power and influence at their command, and these are very great; but there is no reason to suppose, were it once enacted, that they would fail to give it effect honestly and loyally. The first result of such an Act would be that several persons would make and establish claims to money of the existence of which they were previously ignorant, for the title of depositors, which bankers now keep so secret, would be disclosed, and many men now in ignorance would learn their rights and hasten to profit by the knowledge; but after this there would of necessity be still a large residue. This residue, being practically without an owner, could, after some number of years, to be fixed by a provision analogous to the Statute of Limitations, be regarded as 'having escheated to the Crown, and in this way be made available as part of the assets of the nation. It would have been withdrawn from a place where at present, as an aid to commerce, it serves a useful purpose, and for that reason it would be most properly applied in such a manner that it would find its way back again speedily among the people, and in some way that would enable them to experience a tangible benefit from its use. It might be expended in reproductive loans of all kinds to corporations and local bodies, drainage schemes, improvements of fisheries, construction of harbours, purchase of railways, facilitating the purchase of land by tenants, afforesting, or in any other of the many ways in which in the poorer countries of Europe the assets of the State are employed in subvention of the small capitalists who form the bulk of the population.

A. F. BAKER.

TWO CENTURIES OF IRISH HISTORY: A REVIEW.

THE history of Ireland from the beginning of the seventeenth century, as narrated by Irish Roman Catholic writers, is a succession of myths. The grotesque perversion, or what is worse, the wilful concealment of facts by these authors, has passed into a proverb, and has been attributed by some to a natural propensity to misrepresentation. But the judgment which would ascribe these perversions and concealments to a single cause is too hasty. Another source of error exists. The historical spirit, which is the growth of reflection, of critical doubt, and of the broadening of our knowledge and sympathies, has never developed itself among the Celtic Irish. As far as this quality is concerned, their older writers have been, and their successors still are, at the same stage which the harpers and minstrels of their native chiefs had reached, viz., unmeasured panegyric of their friends, equally unmeasured invective against their antagonists. Of judgment, of dispassionate inquiry, of weighing evidence, of laborious investigation, and of equal justice to all, the Irish writers have ever shown themselves incapable. They are still in a state of childhood, listening and repeating as children repeat with confidence what they have heard from their elders. If we compare these Irish writers with British historians, we shall find that the former have grown to about the height of the knees of the latter. If we measure the stage at which the Irish authors have arrived by time, we might say that the Irish are fully a century behind their British brethren. The limited views and clannish spirit which dominate the politics of the Celtic Irish regulate the historical studies of their teachers. To Irish authors comparative history unfolds in vain her ample stores, and boundless assertion, unaccompanied by proof, takes the place of calm investigation. In addition to the imperfect development of the historical spirit among them, the Irish writers of the present day labour under a serious disadvantage. They draw their information from polluted sources. In proof of this statement it is only necessary to give the names of the authors whose works are most frequently quoted as authorities—O'Sullivan, author of *Historiæ Catholicæ Hiberniæ Compendium*, whom Archbishop Ussher styles "as egregious a liar as any that this day breatheth in Christendom;" Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, whom Ware calls a calumnious and "foul-mouthed author;" Bishop Burke, whose *Hibernia Dominicana* was publicly condemned by seven Irish Roman Catholic bishops; Curry, whose account of the civil wars in Ireland is characterised by Hallam as a "tissue of misrepresentation and disingenuousness;" and Plowden, whom the Rev. Charles O'Connor justly accuses of "shameful ignorance of

Irish history." In the long series of Irish Roman Catholic writers which commences about 1660, there is not, with three exceptions, a single individual whose statements respecting the conduct of Great Britain to Ireland can be trusted. These exceptions are Redmond Carón, Father Walsh, and Charles O'Connor. Carón and Walsh were persecuted by their ecclesiastical brethren and superiors for their opinions. The Rev. Charles O'Connor is the most learned, liberal, and upright historical writer that Irish Celtdom has produced for upwards of two centuries.

A book has lately been published which has been drawn up, partly by Irishmen and partly by English political allies, on the real old Irish model of historical composition—that is, unmeasured invective against the Government, without even an allusion to the difficulties of ruling a half-civilised and ultramontane people, who by rebellion after rebellion had shown themselves implacably hostile to the British name and connection. The book is not less remarkable for its genesis than for its contents. Its title is *Two Centuries of Irish History, 1691—1870*. The number of its authors is the mystical one of seven. It would be incredible, if we had not the result of their joint labours before us, that seven sane individuals should conspire to write a history. The event is one of the first impression, and is absolutely unparalleled in the past. Imagine what the result would be if seven Whigs or seven Tories, each man's political feeling re-acting on and influencing the others—for such is the consequence of co-operation—should sit down to write a history of England from their point of view. But Ireland is the land of surprises. Here we have seven Home Rulers agreeing to write a history of Ireland, not for the purpose of historical investigation or research, for of such there is not the slightest trace, but to recommend their own views to the English public. The idea of the enterprise appears to have been taken from the law which regulates the formation of limited joint-stock companies. According to that law seven is the smallest number which can unite to establish such a company, and each of the adventurers is responsible only to the amount of his subscription. A similar privilege of irresponsibility is claimed by the authors of this book, for we are informed in a prefatory note to this remarkable history, that "each writer is solely responsible for the correctness of the facts and soundness of the views contained in the chapters to which his name is prefixed." Notwithstanding this want of unity, and the utter absence of all mutual verification and correction, the book is not, to judge from the first century of it, as successful an attempt as might have been expected from such a loose incorporation. With a little more time at their disposal, with a little more artistic arrangement of their authorities, and with a little more literary skill, the authors might have turned out even a more untrustworthy book than they have done—a book, for example, as

untrustworthy as Grattan's hysterical life of his father, or the political figments of the embezzling rogue Barrington.

At present, for there are limits to an article, I shall consider only that portion of the book which treats of the period from 1691 to 1800, more than half the time of which the volume takes cognisance. This portion is written by two gentlemen, Mr. W. K. Sullivan, President of the Queen's College, Cork, and Dr. George Sigerson. The share or quota of Mr. Sullivan runs from 1691 to 1782.

The first glance at Mr. Sullivan's contribution suggests three questions. Why is there no general survey of the contemporaneous state of Ireland, which one would think a necessary preliminary to the history of a period? Why does the book commence with the year 1691? And lastly, why are twenty-one years cut off from the beginning, for the two centuries end with the year 1870? One answer satisfies the three questions. No one who pleads on behalf of the Irish Celt dares to go behind the year 1691. Even the effrontery of a partisan blanches before the spectre of 1641, and the attempt at legislative murder of 1689. It would be obviously absurd to begin the story of a criminal's life *after* the commission of his offence, and to hold up his case for sympathy without looking back on the cause of his punishment. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Sullivan does. He is silent respecting the grave faults for which the Celtic Irish were punished by a long period of political subjection. Within the fifty years which immediately preceded 1691 the Irish people had consummated a series of crimes which their writers, when they shall have reached the stature of manhood, will lament in sackcloth and ashes. The outrages and barbarities of 1641 are withheld from our view at present; but they were admitted and deplored by every contemporaneous Roman Catholic of position, by such men as Lord Clanricarde, Lord Castlehaven, Owen Roe O'Neill, Father Walsh, Father Caron, and George Leyburn, chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria. "It is a fact," says the Rev. Charles O'Connor, a Roman Catholic clergyman and historian, "as certain as any in history, that they [the rebels of 1641] were taught to expect impunity *only* from extirpation; fearing that their men might disperse and throw themselves on the King's mercy, their leaders resolved that all should be equally guilty; that they should embark in wickedness beyond redemption; that an island hitherto famed for generosity and piety should become a scene of tumult and massacre at which humanity startles, patriotism shudders, and Christianity forbids us to find a name." Will it be believed that in the face of all evidence, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, Mr. Sullivan denies these things, for he speaks of the terrible events of this rebellion as "the legends of 1641," and "the so-called Popish massacre of 1641"?

The rebellion of 1689 was as universal as that of 1641, but the

proceedings, which were in this outbreak directed at the destruction of the British settlers, were of a different nature from those adopted in 1641. Legal chicanery was called in to aid open violence in the field. An Irish Parliament was convened in Dublin, and passed Acts which were directly aimed at the extirpation of the Protestants. One of these Acts repealed the Acts of Settlement, and at one blow transferred twelve millions of acres from British proprietors to Irish rebels. Another was the Act of Attainder, by which the whole Protestant peerage, gentry, and trading classes of Ireland were at one sweep condemned to death, if they did not surrender by certain days, the latest of which was the 1st of November, 1689. But good care was taken that the attainted should have no notice until the last day of grace had long expired. The list containing their names was carefully concealed for four months, and as the Act had taken away the power of the King to pardon, the condemnation became absolute, and the judicial murder of thousands was assured, so far, at least, as the barbarians who passed the Act could assure it. We can now understand why this ingenuous history commences at 1691, and why twenty-one years are cut off at the beginning of the period of which it affects to treat.

Mr. Sullivan, having artistically chosen his point of departure, and having avoided the "preliminary canter" which might have disclosed an unsoundness, opens his contribution with a myth and a grave omission. The myth is the old one—that the Treaty of Limerick was violated. In spite of assertion after assertion, there is nothing more certain than that this treaty was not violated, as I have shown elsewhere.¹ The city of Limerick was surrendered on the 3rd of October, 1691, on three conditions, all of which were strictly observed. These conditions were (1) that the estates of all in the Irish garrisons should be restored, (2) that all Irish and French soldiers, &c., who desired it should be conveyed to France, and (3) that King William should use his best endeavours to secure the ratification of the civil portion of the treaty in a future Irish Parliament, for there was then no Parliament sitting. These conditions were all honourably carried out.

1. Not only were their estates, amounting to 233,106 Irish acres,² restored to 1,283 persons who were adjudged to come within the treaty, but sixty-five great proprietors who were not within it were reinstated by the special favour of William in the possession of 74,783 Irish acres.

2. That the condition as to the conveyance of the troops to France was strictly fulfilled we have the best evidence, viz. that of Sarsfield himself, who released Ginkell from his promise of furnishing an additional tonnage of 4,000 tons, should such an increase become necessary.

. (1) *Two Chapters of Irish History* (1888). (2) 100 Irish acres equal 160 English.

3. It is equally certain that William did use his utmost endeavours that the civil treaty should be ratified. As early as October, 1692, a Parliament was summoned, and a Bill for the confirmation of the treaty was sent over to Ireland. The members of this Parliament were informed that they had nothing else to do but pass the Bill and the other Government measures, inasmuch as their provisions had been "as well debated already as was needful." In 1695 William again pressed the Irish Parliament to confirm the treaty. Matthew O'Connor, in his *History of the Irish Catholics*, tells us that William, in pursuance of his promise, "had often recommended" the ratification of the treaty to Parliament," and the preamble to the Act of the 9th of William acquaints us with the same thing. If these facts are true—and they are as true as any in history—what becomes of the statement that the treaty was violated? If the Irish obtained everything for which they surrendered Limerick, viz. the restoration of their lands, the transport of the troops to France, and the fulfilment of William's promise, it is impossible to say that the treaty was violated. It is worth while here to observe the course pursued by Mr. Sullivan. This gentleman actually analyses the treaty and treats it as if it were absolute. But he says nothing of that article in it, the 12th, which makes the whole of it conditional on its confirmation by the Irish Parliament. It is by such omissions as this, and by the absence of the whole truth, that the history of Ireland since 1600 has been turned into a fairy tale, or blurred into a shapeless and confused daub.

The growth of this myth respecting the violation of the Treaty of Limerick is worth a short consideration. For many years after the surrender of Limerick there was no idea that *all* Irish Roman Catholics were included in the treaty. It was believed to extend only to those within the Irish garrisons. Colonel Kelly, who was one of the besieged in Limerick, complains that the treaty was concluded without securities for the free exercise of their religion by the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The Duke of Berwick, who had also been among the besieged, tells us that the commissioners of the garrison were much to blame for neglecting to include in the agreement "all the Irish in general." In 1697 a petition was presented to Parliament against the Act which only in part confirmed the treaty by three gentlemen on behalf of themselves and others comprised in the articles, but there was no mention in this petition of the general body of the Roman Catholics. Again in 1703, that is, twelve years after the treaty, Sir Theobald Butler appeared before the House of Commons "in behalf of himself and the rest of the Roman Catholics of Ireland comprised in the articles of Limerick and Galway." In Sir Theobald's speech there is not the slightest suggestion that the treaty had at that time been violated. He even asserts that it had been confirmed by the Parliament. All that he says is,

that if the contemplated Bill (to prevent the further growth of Popery) passed it would infringe the treaty, not as against the general body of Roman Catholics, of which community he makes no mention, but as against those only who were comprised in its articles. The Bill against which Sir Theobald argued became law, and nothing more was heard in Ireland of the violation of the treaty until the establishment of the first Catholic Committee. This committee was formed in 1756, and its object was the mitigation of the Penal Laws. It is manifest that no argument could advance the purpose of the committee more than to show that *all* Roman Catholics were included in the treaty, and that therefore the continuation of those laws was an infringement of its articles. It was a good popular cry. Accordingly this view was brought forward by Curry in his *Review of the Civil Wars*, and by the Rev. Arthur O'Leary in his answer to the Bishop of Cloyne. In 1788 a refutation of this view was published by Dr. Arthur Browne, a lay Fellow of Trinity College and representative for the University of Dublin in the Irish Parliament. Edmund Burke stepped into the arena and asserted that the treaty had been violated. But if any one will turn to his argument, he will see that Burke knew nothing of the subject he was discussing. For he was not acquainted with the fact that prior to the treaty the Irish put forward terms which were rejected by Ginkell, and which give the key to the whole transaction. Burke also misconstrued the ninth article of the treaty. However, the boundless and proofless assertions of the Irish prevailed. Macaulay is of opinion that the treaty, though not violated at first, was infringed by subsequent legislation. Mr. Lecky labours under the same mistake. Thus we see that the certain facts of history can be rendered doubtful if they are stoutly and repeatedly denied. In like manner the legend of the ship *Vengeur* is still believed by some patriotic and credulous Frenchmen.

I now come to a very grave omission of Mr. Sullivan, the omission of a fact which probably more than any other, the massacres of 1641 only excepted, influenced the subsequent history of Ireland. I am unwilling to call this omission a suppression, and shall therefore allow readers to judge for themselves. Mr. Sullivan is speaking of the Irish Parliament of 1689. After describing its constitution he proceeds—

"Thirty-five Acts were passed, many of which were merely for the undoing of previous hostile legislation, such as the repeal of Poyning's Act, the repeal of the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, the repeal of the Act for keeping and celebrating October 23rd as an anniversary thanksgiving in Ireland. Of the positive Acts, the most notable were, an Act to secure liberty of conscience, and to repeal such Acts or clauses of Acts as were inconsistent with the same; and an Act for removing all incapacities from the natives of Ireland. James did not approve of the legislation of his Irish Parliament," &c.

Mr. Sullivan goes out of his way to mention an inconsiderable

Act respecting a holiday, and even enumerates the laws passed in this Parliament. But there is one Act which is conspicuous by its absence. An Act which has been well described as "a portentous law, a law without parallel in the history of civilised nations," the great Act of Attainder. The Act which condemned the whole Protestant nobility, gentry, and trading classes of Ireland to death, and the detestable and vindictive chicanery with which it was carried out, are withheld from our consideration.

There are three possible explanations of this omission. Mr. Sullivan may have thought that an Act which condemned two thousand five hundred persons to death was too unimportant to be mentioned, or he may have been ignorant of it, or lastly, he may have deliberately concealed it. As to the first, it is not likely that a writer who calls our attention to a trifling enactment concerning an anniversary should have deemed an Act which all English historians have mentioned with horror too unimportant to notice. If Mr. Sullivan was ignorant of its existence, why does he presume to write Irish history? If he knew of its existence and thought proper to keep the knowledge to himself, all I can say is that there are not words sufficiently strong to qualify such a suppression of fact.¹

Some of Mr. Sullivan's other statements are as peculiar as this omission. But readers may exclaim, Why dwell on the errors of a book which denies the massacres of 1641, misrepresents the Treaty of Limerick, and conceals the great Act of Attainder? The question is a natural one. But the correction of errors is always useful, and a pathological examination has an interest of its own.

Mr. Sullivan tells us—

"One of the great central facts of Irish history is that the colonists never wished the Catholics to become Protestant."

No more unfounded, nor, let me add, more foolish, statement was ever made, even by an Irish historian. Mr. Sullivan himself appears subsequently to forget this "great central fact." For he informs us that the Charter Schools were founded for the express purpose of converting Roman Catholics, and that these schools became a national institution, recommended in the speeches of the viceroys at the opening of every Parliament; that an annual stipend was appointed by Act of Parliament for every converted priest, and that this Act, so anxious was the Legislature to ensure its enforcement, was ordered to be given in charge at every assize, and the list of converts to be pub-

(1) Wyse, in his history of the Catholic Association, actually draws up two tables of the laws of the Irish Parliament of 1689 and of those of William, for the purpose of comparing them. But he leaves out of the former the Repeal of the Acts of Settlement and the great Act of Attainder. How are we to deal with such tricks? Unfortunately, we have not in Ireland a curate and barber to purify our national library by flinging such books into the yard as materials for a bonfire.

licly read; that by another Act Roman Catholic parents were compelled to make competent provision for their converted children; and that a Roman Catholic saved his estate from being gavelled on declaring himself a Protestant. It is certain that the Legislature earnestly desired that the Roman Catholics of Ireland should become Protestant.

Another startling statement of Mr. Sullivan's is, that the Irish House of Commons did not at the commencement of the eighteenth century favour the project of a union with England. Now what are the recorded facts of the case? On the 4th of October, 1703, the House sat to consider the state of the nation, and, after some hours' sitting, all the speakers concluded that they did in most earnest manner desire a union with England. On the 20th of the same month they framed their desires into an address to the Crown. After enumerating their distresses, they implored the Queen to concede the only means which could remove them, a firm and strict union with England. Four years later, that is, in 1707, the Commons again returned to this matter. In their address of congratulation on the Scotch union, they renewed in solemn language their request. "May God long preserve that life on which your people's happiness so much depends; may He put into your royal heart to add greater strength and lustre to your crown by a yet more comprehensive union."

Mr. Sullivan tells us—

"While the Bill [to confirm the treaty of Limerick] was in the Commons, a petition from the representatives of the native Irish, praying to be heard by counsel at the bar of the House before the measure became law, was presented to the House of Commons; the petition was unanimously rejected."

No such petition from the representatives of the native Irish was ever presented to the Irish House of Commons. A petition of Robert Cusack, Captain Francis Segrave, and Captain Morris Eustace, on behalf of themselves and *others comprised in the articles of Limerick*, was presented to the House, and was unanimously rejected.

Further on Mr. Sullivan informs us—

"Before the Bill [to prevent the further growth of Popery] passed in the Irish Parliament, the Catholics prayed to be heard by counsel in opposition to it. The petition was granted, and three gentlemen pleaded at the bar of the House, Sir Theobald Butler, who had been solicitor-general to James II., in Tyrconnel's administration, Counsellor Malone, and Sir Stephen Rice, who had been Chief Baron under the same administration."

The Catholics did not pray to be heard by counsel in opposition to this Bill, nor did Sir Theobald Butler or any other person appear for that body. Sir Theobald himself tells us that "by permission of the House he was come thither on behalf of himself and the rest of the Roman Catholics of Ireland *comprised in the articles of Limerick and Galway*." The language of the petition of Robert Cusack and of Sir

Theobald's application is remarkable. It shows beyond all doubt that at this time there was no idea that all Roman Catholics were included in the treaty of Limerick.

Mr. Sullivan attempts to persuade us that the penal laws commenced after 1691, for under the date 1695 he heads one of his pages with the words "the first penal laws," and under the same date speaks of "the inauguration of repressive legislation." Is this a *bonâ-fide* mistake, a remarkable one in a historian; or is he trying to make us believe that there were no penal laws before the Revolution? As a matter of fact, the penal laws commenced exactly one hundred and thirty years before 1691. From some occult reason or other, Irish Roman Catholic writers invariably speak of the penal laws as commencing in the reign of William, whereas they commenced in 1560, as any one may see who will turn to the Statute Book. With the exception of the restrictions on landed property, their exclusion from Parliament and their being disarmed—provisions then considered necessary to prevent their giving aid to an invader—the Roman Catholics of Ireland were in the same position after 1690 that they had been in during the reign of Charles II. Mr. Sullivan does not know, or affects not to know, that the penal enactments after 1691 were principally re-enactments of laws which had been allowed to sleep, but which were again called into activity in consequence of the rebellion of 1689 and the attempt at legislative murder of the Parliament of that date.

Even in matters purely indifferent Mr. Sullivan is singularly incorrect. Thus, he informs us that Poynings' law was repealed by the Irish Parliament of 1689. Poynings' Law was not repealed by this Parliament. A Bill to this effect was introduced into the Commons, but on James expressing his dissatisfaction with it the Bill was dropped. James was resolved not to allow a Bill to pass which, if he had been restored to his British throne, would have seriously affected his own prerogative.

In nearly every page of his contribution Mr. Sullivan speaks of the British settlers in Ireland as "colonists." The repetition of the word is even nauseating. This is hardly the term which a grateful Irish Celt should apply to a community to which he owes so much. I wonder whether Mr. Sullivan has ever pondered on the debt of gratitude which is due from him to the settlers who civilised his country. Let us check off on our fingers a few, and only a few, of the benefits which he derives from that body at which he sneers as colonists. The language in which he addresses his Creator and expresses the emotions of his soul is a gift from those colonists. The noblest literature in the world has been opened to him by the colonists. Whatever knowledge of the arts and sciences he possesses, whatever raises him in the rank of human beings and elevates him in the social scale, has been acquired from the colonists. The cus-

toms of his life have been adopted from the colonists. He cannot make a movement by day, or retire to his couch at night, without being reminded of what he owes to the colonists. The clothes that he wears, the watch by which he regulates his time, the conveyance by which he removes from place to place, the house that he inhabits, and the bed upon which he reposes, are all colonial. The national independence of his country was wrought out by the colonists. Even the sexual purity, which is the glory of his countrywomen, was learned from the colonists, for the Celtic Irish in the sixteenth century were noted for their licentiousness. If the colonists had never come to Ireland, the President of the Queen's College, Cork, might now be the member of a wandering *Creaght*, milking his cows and living on their products by day, and at night sheltering himself and his family in a hovel constructed in an hour of mud and wattles. For nothing is more remarkable in the history of the Irish Celts than the torpid slowness with which they adopted improvements which lay before their eyes. For four centuries, at least, they gazed on the round towers without building a house of stone.¹ Five centuries after the English invasion, at the commencement of the *seventeenth* century, the Ulster Irish had not emerged from the pastoral state. Think of that, ye writers of Irish history, and all that it conveys. It implies a community without a fixed habitation or a settled home, and therefore a community without patriotism. For the very basis of patriotism is locality—an attachment to a spot of earth to which our affections cling.²

Mr. Sullivan ends with the year 1782. When his voice ceases, Dr. Sigerson takes up the wondrous tale. "At the commencement of his second chapter, this writer makes a statement sufficient to stagger even credulity herself.

"Carrying out a previous suggestion, 'single-speech' Hamilton, the absentee Lord Chancellor, was induced to resign on a copious [*sic*] pension, and Mr. Foster received the office."

The word "Lord" in this extract shows that the mistake was not one of mere hurry, but that the author did not understand the difference between a Lord Chancellor and a Chancellor of the Exchequer. We are not, however, to attach too much importance to a blunder like this. When the business of vamping is under-

(1) "Malachy O'Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1148, was the first Irishman, or at least one of the first, who began to build with stone and mortar."—*Ware*.

(2) "One of the most remarkable facts in the history of the Celtic inhabitants of Ireland is, that they continued during the entire historic period to exist without important change in their civilization and social system; from the date of the introduction of Christianity in the fifth century, to the death of the last independent Celtic prince, at the close of the sixteenth century, no social or political development is apparent."—Richey, *Short History of the Irish People*.

taken on an extensive scale, we must expect stitches to be dropped here and there. It is when this writer approaches "the great central facts" of the period he treats of, that we perceive how unequal he is to his self-imposed task. These facts are the proposed commercial treaty of 1785, the Regency^{*} question of 1789, and the Union.

I. The history of the commercial treaty is brief. In 1784 an Address to the Crown was passed unanimously in the Irish Parliament, praying that a plan of commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland should be adopted. Accordingly^{*} such a plan was presented to that parliament, digested into eleven resolutions. These resolutions were agreed to and were sent over to England to be there considered. The English opposition seized on the opportunity to embarrass Pitt and his government. Fox denounced the Irish propositions, and Sheridan joined in the senseless clamour. Every attempt was made to excite the commercial jealousy of England, but Pitt stood firm. Twenty resolutions were drawn up containing a treaty between the two countries, and passed by the British Parliament. These resolutions differed in number from the Irish, but they were practically the same, the additions referring to patents or to copyright—there being then no protection in Ireland for literary property—and to the prevention of smuggling. The English propositions contained a clause requiring that all laws for the regulation of trade made in Great Britain should be "in force in Ireland by laws to be passed by the Parliament of Ireland." In other words that equal laws of trade should exist in both countries. This was the clause which the Irish patriots seized on to reject the treaty, though the principle of re-enacting such laws for the regulation of trade was already recorded in one of their own Acts. The fatal teaching of the English opposition was adopted by their Irish dupes, and the treaty was rejected on the fantastic ground that it would destroy the legislative independence of Ireland. Dr. Sigerson informs us that the adoption of the treaty was "manifestly incompatible with Irish liberty." I will not argue with him, but I will produce against his no-authority three opinions which even he will hesitate to question. On the 25th May, 1785, while these proceedings were pending, Edmund Burke wrote to a friend of Grattan:

"This is the only moment, in my idea, for Ireland to fix her happiness, commercial and political, upon a solid and firm basis. If pertinacity or an ill-understood punctilio should be suffered to step in to prevent the operation of the good sense of your country, and prevent our now coming to a final settlement upon some system that may connect the two countries permanently, and for ever lay asleep every motive of jealousy and dispute; every man, either of wisdom or feeling will soon have reason to regret the day when the question was first stirred amongst us, and that anything was done to let all loose from the bands of the old situation, before due consideration was had upon what should be those of the new."

The second authority is Mr. Foster, then Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer and afterwards Speaker.

"I will stand or fall with the Bill [to enact the British propositions], that not a line of it touches your constitution. It is now left to the decision of the country. It is not abandoned, God forbid it should, and I trust I shall see the country ask it at our hands. That we may be able to obtain it, shall be my prayer, and it will be my pride at a future day, when its real value shall be known, that I bore a leading share in this transaction; that I laboured to procure for Ireland solid and substantial benefits, which, even two years ago, no man had an idea of ever looking for."

The third authority is Mr. John Morley, who has, unfortunately for us all, exchanged the sequestered paths of literature for the hurly-burly of politics.

"The Opposition first inflamed English feeling. . . . Then . . . the Opposition inflamed Irish feeling, as they had before done that of England. Fox declaimed shrilly against bartering English commerce for Irish slavery. By the time the English had been brought round to the scheme, the Irish had been thoroughly alienated from it. A substantial boon was sacrificed amid bonfires and candles to the phantom of Irish Legislative Independence. The result must have convinced Pitt more fully than ever that his great master Adam Smith was right in predicting that nothing short of the union of the two countries would deliver Ireland from out of the hands of her factious chiefs and their too worthy followers."

II. The next "great central fact" of which Dr. Sigerson treats is the Regency question. It is not too much to say that of this question and of the grave constitutional principles involved in it, he has not even an elementary conception. He tells us that

"In this crisis the Irish Parliament proceeded with a grave dignity worthy of the occasion."

The conduct of the Irish Parliament, instead of being grave and dignified, was rash, dangerous, and illegal. On the 5th of February, 1789, the malady of the king was announced to the House. On the next day, documents explaining the nature of the malady were laid on the table, and it was proposed that an interval of ten days should be allowed for consideration. Grattan moved an amendment that the House should sit on the 11th, which was carried. Accordingly, on that day the House, without a tittle of evidence before it as to the king's condition—for the documents were more than two months old—and within six days from the first announcement of the matter, came to the two resolutions (1) that the exercise of the royal authority was interrupted by the king's illness, (2) that an address should be presented to the Prince of Wales to take upon himself the government of the country under the title of Prince Regent of Ireland. On the 20th the House placed the following resolution on its records: that in

addressing H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to take upon himself the government of this country, &c., the Lords and Commons of Ireland have exercised an undoubted right, and discharged an indispensable duty, to which, in the present emergency, they alone are competent.

In coming to these resolutions the Irish Parliament acted in direct violation of their own laws. They had no right whatever to nominate an Irish regent, and by doing so they not only threatened the only tie which bound Great Britain to Ireland, viz., the identity of the Executive, but they presented to the British Parliament the dangerous alternative of accepting the Irish Regent as British Regent, and thereby surrendering their own right of appointing, or of setting aside the Irish nominee and compelling obedience to the person appointed by the British Parliament.

That the Irish Parliament had no right to enter upon this matter is evident from a glance at their Statute Book. By an Act of Henry VIII. it was enacted that the kings of England should be always kings of Ireland. Though the word "Regent" was not mentioned in this Act, its spirit included such an officer. But if any doubt remained it was removed by the later Acts of William and of 1782. The former declared that the crown of Ireland, and all the powers and prerogatives belonging to it, were for ever annexed to and dependent on the crown of England. The Act of 1782 made the Great Seal of England, which is, of course, in the possession of the British Executive, necessary to the summoning of an Irish Parliament. In 1799 the Speaker of the Irish Commons laid it down as certain that the British Regent is *necessarily* Regent of Ireland, while he, differing from Dr. Sigerson, impliedly apologised for the conduct of the Irish Parliament in 1789. "It is clear," says Mr. Foster, "notwithstanding what passed in 1789, that the Act annexing the crown in Henry VIII. extends to the person authorised by Britain to administer regal power, whether king, queen, or regent. At the revolution the British Parliament altered the succession to the crown, and when the event took place, the successor became our sovereign through their Act under ours of Henry VIII., and so would a regent, invested by them with regal authority, become ours without any act on our part. Our law of 1782 concerning the Great Seal puts it out of doubt." The conduct which the Irish Parliament should have followed in 1789 was to have done nothing at all, to have waited for the decision of the British Parliament, and then to have passed an Act of Recognition.

The apology implied in Mr. Foster's words, "notwithstanding what passed in 1789," was not the only apology which was made for the foolish and dangerous conduct of the Irish Parliament. In 1799 a Regency Bill was introduced by the Anti-Unionists, which provided that the British Regent should be always the Irish Regent, and that

he should be subject to the same restrictions in both kingdoms, two points which the Irish Parliament had denied by their action only ten years before.

III. We might have guessed beforehand how such a writer as Dr. Sigerson would treat the Union. Hitherto we have had mistakes, omissions, and misrepresentations, but at this stage the narration becomes rabid. His object is to show that at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and under the greatest and wisest of our Ministers—greater even than his illustrious father—the Union of the two countries was accomplished by anarchic violence, stupid brute force, and every form of political villainy. A more miserable theory was never suggested. It is tenable by no sane mortal, and is worthy only of Bedlam. For this purpose Dr. Sigerson hashes up all the old calumnies and historical slanders he could collect, and even says that the rebellion of 1798 was provoked for the purpose of carrying the Union. Is it possible to treat seriously a writer who advances such things?

Dr. Sigerson is daring enough to argue that the Roman Catholics of Ireland did not support the Union. There is not an intelligent Roman Catholic in the country who does not know that that measure was carried with the hearty assent of his co-religionists. The matter is placed beyond doubt by evidence which cannot be questioned and which still survives. Their peerage, without a single dissentient, was in favour of it. Their four archbishops gave it their unanimous support. Of their nineteen bishops, fourteen declared by words and deeds that the Union was necessary to save Ireland, and of the remaining five not one is reported to have spoken or written against it. Grattan was so much enraged by the assistance lent to the Union by the Roman Catholic clergy that in the House of Commons he called that body a "band of prostituted men engaged in the support of Government." Plowden, who may be trusted not to malign the sect to which he belonged, informs us that the Roman Catholics of Ireland were inspired "with plenary confidence and attachment to the Marquis Cornwallis and this favourite measure of his Government." In the face of such evidence to the contrary Dr. Sigerson attempts to show that the Roman Catholics were not in favour of the Union. There are men whose belief is not the result of an intellectual operation, but the consequence of their wish and sympathy. We see the same process of thought going on in our nurseries, where children make-believe that their dolls are living persons.

Lastly Dr. Sigerson revives the impossible story that 707,000 persons petitioned against the Union. The authority quoted for this incredible statement is Mr. Grey's speech of the 21st of April, 1800, as published in the *Parliamentary history*. I have already shown

elsewhere¹ the gravest reasons for considering the statement as a mistake of the reporter, and that the contemporaneous Irish papers, the *Belfast News Letter*, and even the *Anti-Union* itself, make no mention of these men in buckram. But further evidence has been since discovered. The British Museum has been searched for the reports of Mr. Grey's speech in the newspapers of the day, with the following result. The *Morning Chronicle* and the *Star* give 707,000 as the number stated by Mr. Grey. The *Times*, *True Briton*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Morning Herald*, *St. James's Chronicle*, *Evening Mail*, *Lloyd's Evening Post*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *British Gazetteer*, *Oracle*, *Sun*, *Courier*, *Saunders' Newspaper*, and *Dublin Journal*, give the number at 107,000. The mistake is evidently one of the reporter. A slight slope upwards of the smaller arm of the first figure changes 1 into 7.

One question remains to be considered. Are all the associates who joined in the concoction of this book responsible for the omissions and misstatements of Mr. Sullivan and the ineptitudes of Dr. Sigerson? They themselves say not. "Do we not declare," they cry, "that we are not answerable; that we hang, like herrings, each by his own tail. We have carefully avoided all mutual verification and correction, and are therefore not to be taken to task for each other's misstatements." But the answer to this excuse is obvious. You have chosen to unite to write a continuous history. You have made it a body all compact, and given it a single name. Your editor even declares that "the volume" presents "a plain, straightforward, and accurate narrative." You have signed a joint bond, and are all equally responsible for the just payment of that bond in veracious and honest work. You cannot be allowed to blow hot and cold at the same time, to call your work a continuous history, and yet say, "Parts of it may be incorrect; if they are, we are not responsible."

The book, then, notwithstanding this disclaimer, must be considered a whole. If so, it is a misconception of history and a violation of its unity. For history is a continuous evolution from the past, and the future lies ever extant, though unseen, in the present. Of nations and communities it is as true as of individuals, that the child is father of the man. If any one portion of the life of a people is misreported, or if important matters which influenced and gave a direction to that life are withheld from view, all the subsequent consideration is vitiated by the neglect, and *cannot* be correct. Let us take an example. Suppose one should attempt to write a history of the French people in the nineteenth century without taking into his consideration the effects and consequences of the French Revolution. It is obvious that such a history could not be

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1887.

sufficient or even true. An equal blunder has been committed in the book before us. Nothing influenced more powerfully the fate of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and necessitated the policy of the Irish Parliament towards them, than the massacres of 1641 and the confiscations and attainders of 1689. Yet Mr. Sullivan denies the one and omits the other. Again, Dr. Sigerson denies the folly of the Irish Parliament in refusing the commercial treaty of 1785, holds up to admiration the factious, dangerous, and illegal conduct of the same body in the Regency question, and misrepresents the position of the Irish people towards the Union. If these things had been truly narrated, and full consideration given to them and their effects, the readers of this book would have approached the subsequent portions of it with very different feelings, and with a very different judgment from those with which they now approach them. It was the bounden duty of the gentlemen who joined to get up this book to see that the foundation on which they built was solid, to verify every important fact, and to bring forward for full consideration every event which affected the development of the nation. If they had done so their readers would have seen that many things which are complained of were the *necessary* results of prior facts and independent of human will. This duty the authors have not performed, and the neglect to do so renders the volume worthless as a continuous history. In truth, the book is, as I have said, founded on a misconception of history, and is a discredit to the English thought of our time. The misconception is so serious as to exclude its originators from the category of cultivated thinkers.

As mentioned above, Professor Bryce warrants this book. He declares in the prefatory note that he believes the volume to be "a plain, straightforward, and accurate narrative." Professor Bryce has a historical character to lose. I challenge him to defend the positions I have assailed. I ask, when he recommended this book, did he know what he was doing, or did he rashly and without consideration lend his authority to a work of which he knew nothing, and which he had not qualified himself to judge? I am afraid these questions must be answered unfavourably for Professor Bryce, and that he, more than any other of the associates in the undertaking, is responsible for every misrepresentation, omission, and crude theory contained in the book. The future, however, is before Professor Bryce, and he may yet atone, by a careful study of Irish history and by a correct delineation of it, for the fault he has committed in giving the prestige of his name to a volume which starts with the omission or the misrepresentation of the important events which determined the subsequent history of the country. Repentance, we know, washes out past sins, and the candid confession of errors is good for the soul.

J. DUNBAR INGRAM.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

I

PERSONAL courage, religious devotion, literary aspirations, the restless desire for domination and an acutely polemical spirit, with, in former days, strong domestic instincts—these have been the predominant characteristics of English women for all time. Of the subtle cleverness and intriguing craft of the French they have given but few examples; as few of great criminality—the shadow cast by that superb power of love which characterized certain Italian women. True enough, under Charles I. and certain of the Georges, confessed licentiousness in high places made vice the fashion, and stamped virtue as too humdrum a condition for people of quality to entertain. But the fashion never spread among the middle classes; and Sidney's "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy" kept matters straight with those who, after all, are the life-blood of a nation. "Charmeresses" like Lady Shrewsbury—that uncompromising adulteress who held her lover's horse while he fought with and mortally wounded her husband—have been rare in our history. So also such light o' loves as Lady Castlemaine—a wanton who could not keep temporarily faithful to her temporary paramours, and whose last sexagenarian outflame brought her such fearful retribution at the hands of the Beau who married her. But the Jane Shores and Nell Gwynnes, the Duchesses of Portsmouth and the Mrs. Godfreys, the elephantine Schulenberges and the maypole Kielmansegges—the native or imported improprieties, held sacred to the king, treated as queens and made the mothers of peers—these have been as common in our court as in those of other countries. The same relative conditions produce the same results all the world over, and the indifference of monarchs to the laws which bind meaner men goes *pari passu* with their power.

Of termagants as well as of "homasses" we have had our fair share. Termagancy comes into the genius of our race. The common scold, who was treated with the branks and the cucking-stool, found her less personally brutal but no more intrinsically refined copy among the fine ladies of courts and palaces; and the shrew's shrill tongue has never wanted for exercise in any time or sphere. What but a shrew could have been the mother of Robert de Insula, Bishop of Durham in 1274? Having given her a train of male and female servants and an honourable establishment, as befitted her dignity, the bishop went to see the old dame to hear how things fared with her.

"How fares my sweet mother?" said he. "Never worse," quoth she. "And what ails thee or troubles thee? Hast thou not men and women attendants enow?" said he. "Yea," quoth she, "and more than enow. I say to one, Go, and he runs; to another, Come hither, fellow, and the varlet falls down on his knees; and in short all things go on so unconscionably smooth that my heart is bursting for want of something to pick a quarrel with." But leaving these half-mythic termagants of ancient date, and coming down to more manageable times, old "Bess of Hardwicke," for example, could not have been a very soothing kind of person to deal with. Her three husbands must have found her the proverbial "handful," and all sank under the burden of her association. Her first husband, the rich and delicate Mr. Hardwicke, died soon after his marriage, leaving her his heir. Her second, Sir William Cavendish, was of a robust make and lasted longer. He began Chatsworth, which she finished. She was still building, indeed, when she died; for, as she had been promised that she should live as long as she continued building, she was never out of bricks and mortar till the hard frost of 1607 put a stop to her work. Then she fulfilled the prophecy by dying. It was time. She was eighty-eight. Meanwhile she had married her third husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and to him she was his evil genius incarnate. Suspected of favouring poor Mary, his honourable prisoner, his wife not only made his life a burden to him at home but did what she could to inflame the ready anger and jealousy of Elizabeth. What he suffered in that stately palace which was not his, may be a little surmised by the piteous passion of his prayer to be released from "those two she-devils;" also by the bitterness of his obedience when the queen gave his wife power over the lands, and ordered him only an allowance of £500 a year. The pride of the man revolted against "this hard sentence against me, to my perpetual infamy and dishonour, to be ruled and overborne by my wief, so bad and wicked a woman;" but he promised that "her majestie shall see that I obey her commandments, though it be no curse or plague on the earth could be more grievous to me." The ill-fated Arabella Stuart was the granddaughter of this old termagant; and superstitious people might have been excused had they credited her with the evil eye, for she seemed to bring ill luck on all with whom she was connected.

Running old "Bess of Hardwicke" close for imperiousness of temper was another proud dame, a couple of generations later. Anne, Countess of Dorset Pembroke and Montgomery, with all her wonderful accomplishments and regal presence, had a temper which, as they say, "made the feathers fly." After the death of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset, she vowed that she would "never marry one that had children, and was a courtier, a curser, and a swearer.

And it was her fortune to light on one (Philip Henry, Earl of Pembroke) with all these qualifications in the extreme." She was, however, a match for any one, and knew how to get the best of all the battles she undertook. Her letter to the Secretary of State when, at the restoration of Charles II., he wrote to her recommending a candidate for one of her parliamentary boroughs, is singularly characteristic. "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand. Anne Dorset Pembroke and Montgomery." After all, this letter, uncompromising and to the point as it is, was not quite so frankly fierce as that of Queen Elizabeth¹ to Richard Cox, the Bishop of Ely, to whom she delivered this blow, "straight from the shoulder" in very truth. "Proud Prelate. You know what you was before I made you what you are now; if you do not comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you. Elizabeth." The throned vestal found the proud prelate of more malleable stuff than Edward I. had found Humphrey Bohun, when he wanted him to take command of the army in Germany and Bohun refused. Said the king: "Sir Earl, by God you shall either go or be hanged." Said the Earl: "Sir King, by God I will neither go nor be hanged."

To go back to our Countess of Pembroke. She was one of the most accomplished of a time when learned women were by no means rare. She spoke fluently five languages, and Bishop Rainbow said of her: "She had a clear soul shining through a vivid body; her body was durable and healthful, her soul sprightly and of great understanding and judgment, faithful memory, and ready wit." Also he calls her "a perfect mistress of forecast and aftercast," and quotes how Dr. Donne, "that prime and elegant wit, well seen in all human learning, and afterwards devoted to the reading of divinity," said of her in her "younger years" that "she knew well how to converse of all things, from predestination to slea-silk." She also was a great builder and spent upwards of forty thousand pounds in building. In her funeral sermon the Bishop of Carlisle took for his text, "Every wise woman buildeth her house." She erected monuments, too—one to Spenser; one to her "good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland," on the old Penrith Road, to mark the place of their last parting; and one to her tutor Daniel. The inscription of this last is curiously full of family

(1) This letter was written on the occasion of Sir Christopher Hatton taking twenty acres of the garden belonging to Bishop Cox whereon to build his house. On receipt of this letter Cox resigned the ground, reserving to himself and his successors the right to walk through the gate-house in the garden, and leave to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly in what is now Hatton Garden and perhaps Ely Place. The bishop's contention was made on the grounds of a churchman's property rather than on private right. His grace might take any man's property he would—save a churchman's. He was not unfrocked for his opposition, but he was "permitted to resign."

pride—a little of Daniel but more of Anne Dorset Pembroke and Montgomery. “Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, the dead body of SAMUEL DANIEL, Esq., who was tutor to the Lady ANNE CLIFFORD in her youth. She was that daughter and heir to GEORGE CLIFFORD, Earl of CUMBERLAND, who in gratitude to him erected this Monument to his memory a long time after, when she was Countess Dowager of Pembroke Dorset and Montgomery. He died in October, an. 1619.” Regal in her generosities, this old countess of many titles was prudent, methodical, and exact to a marvel. To herself she was a hard task-mistress, living in a most simple and abstemious, not to say shabby manner, and she “hardly ever tasted physic or wine.”

Before her time, Mary, Duchess of Richmond, “the murdered Surrey’s” sister and the wife of his most intimate friend, gave evidence against her brother when his ruin had been decided on, which, if it does not claim her as a real termagant, takes her out of the category of loving, gentle, steadfast women. Surrey was charged with the grave crime of assuming the royal bearing of Edward the Confessor, and his sister’s deposition runs thus. It seems to us now so like a tempest in a teapot for all its grave issues!

“She thought that she had more than seven rolls of arms, and that some that she had added were of Anjou and Lancelot du Lac, and that her father (the Duke of Norfolk) since the attainder of the Duke of Buckingham (who bore the King’s Arms) where the arms of her mother, daughter of the said duke, were rayned in his coat, had put a blank quarter in the place; but that her brother had re-assumed them. Also that, instead of the duke’s coronet was put to his arms a cap of maintenance, purple, with powdered fur, and with a crown, to her judgment much like to a close crown; and underneath with a cipher, which she took to be a king’s cipher, H.R. Wriothesley Garter was then ordered to advertise to all foreign ambassadors that Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and Henry Howard, the Earl of Surrey, his son, were traitors.”

She must surely have been even more than a vixenish kind of woman to have so far helped the king to his wish, and smoothed the way for her gallant brother, fair Geraldine’s lover, to the block. In his case emphatically a man’s foes were of his own household, and Mary, Duchess of Richmond, has gained herself an unenviable niche for all time in the Walhalla dedicated to sycophants and informers.

The stern old Dame Joyce, daughter of Sir Walter Pye, and second wife of Sir Henry Calverley of Wallington, was again scarcely one of the lambs of womanhood. She was on bad terms with her son when she died (1679), and all she left him was her portrait, with a scroll bearing these words:—

“Silence, Walter Calverley;
This is all that I will leave W. C.
Time was I might have given thee more,
Now thanke thy selfe that this is see.”

The "great Sarah," whose pride turned her head, and whose temper was her undoing, was the very queen of termagants. As Mrs. Freeman she tyrannized over that weak and foolish Mrs. Morley, her royal mistress Anne, who boasted that her "heart was entirely English," but who had none of the Englishwoman's characteristic spirit, till even the poor worm within that regal body turned, and the day of retribution came. The story of *la veuve Scarron* and *Madame de Montespan* at the court of Louis XIV. had its counterpart here in England, when Abigail Hill, the creature of the queen's mistress, quietly corkscrewed herself into the royal affections and ousted the imperious favourite who had introduced her. Had the duchess but treated that sillicst of all crowned puppets with the very driest husks of politeness—not given her her gloves and fan to hold in public; not turned away her head and pretended not to hear her when spoken to; not broken out into such tornadoes of wrath over trifles—she would probably never have lost her molluscous Mrs. Morley's affections. But she herself sawed asunder the branch on which she was sitting, and she came to the ground in consequence.

If anything were wanting to show the vixenish nature of this bold and imperious woman, the story of how she cut off her beautiful hair to vex her husband, who admired it, would be sufficient. She was disappointed in the outburst she had expected when she laid those shining tresses on the phlegmatic John's dressing-table. Cold and rigid, he scarcely seemed to notice them; and thus punished her by a better method than anger. But after his death she found them carefully laid away in a secret place, with all his most sacred treasures. Whenever she came to this part of the story she invariably "fell a-crying" for mingled grief, shame, remorse, and futile love.

Lady Albemarle, Lord Clarendon's persistent enemy and her husband's "chain and bullet," was a scold of the first degree. Her birth and up-bringing perhaps accounted for this. Her father was a farrier in the Strand; her mother was one of the famous five woman-barbers; her first husband was a farrier, like her father. She was General Monk's seamstress at a time when he was in low water; and though "neither handsome ner cleanly," and "without wit or beauty," this coarse woman of the people managed to induce the gentleman to marry her, for all that her inconvenient farrier, from whom she had separated, was not known to be dead. In process of time General Monk became Duke of Albemarle, and Nan Clarges, the daughter of the woman-barber, was the duchess. She had supreme influence and authority over her husband, and by her violence and temper kept him under the harrow for all his life. These women-barbers, by the way, were brought to justice for cruelty to a young girl, and their delator was one Mary Frith, popularly known as Mall Cutpurse, the first woman who smoked tobacco in

England, and the defftest pickpocket of her time. Mary was as wild as a hawk and as bold as a pie, and did her best to make both nature and the world forget her sex. Once, for a wager of twenty pounds, she rode dressed as a man from Charing Cross to Shoreditch: for which exploit she had to do penance at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral. She also robbed General Fairfax of two hundred gold pieces on Hounslow Heath, and accounted her exploit for righteousness. For Mall Cutpurse was a staunch Royalist, and had her political principles with the best of the rufflers. One day when Charles I. passed the door of the house where she lived she rushed out and kissed his hand and for joy of the honour done her by the sight and touch of gracious majesty she made the Conduit run red for the day with wine. She was living in Fleet Street, opposite the Conduit; and her trade was that of a broker or intermediary between the public and the thieves.

Then there was Lady Hatton—the generation before, in the times of Queen Elizabeth and James I.—the daughter of Lord Burleigh, the widow of Sir William Hatton, and the proud, revengeful, and loathing wife of Sir Edward Coke, the lawyer. Old enough to be her father, Sir Edward should have been old enough to know better than link his fate with this handsome vixen. The story of their married life reads like a bad romance and was one of the grave scandals of the time. The secret marriage in a private house, late in the evening without banns or license, was the first irregular act of the dislocated drama. The citing in the Ecclesiastical Court of the bride, her groom, her father, and the officiating minister was the next. Then came the life-long quarrel and the tug-of-war which death alone relaxed. Sir Edward was forbidden to enter his wife's house in Holborn save by the back door. She had kept all the houses and lands as well as the name bequeathed to her by her husband, Sir William Newport, who had taken the name of Hatton when his uncle died. She was never Lady Coke but always Lady Hatton. She then dismantled Sir Edward's house at Stoke and stripped it of his plate and valuables. She intrigued against him with the king, so that he lost both his Lord Chief Justiceship and the royal favour—the King advising him to “live privately at home, and take into consideration and review his book of Reports, wherein, as His Majesty is informed, be many extravagant and exorbitant opinions set down and published for positive and good law.” Instead of living privately—meaning peaceably—at home, Sir Edward, good lawyer as he was, broke into Hatton House and took therefrom not only his own but some of his lady's possessions. Whereupon she made her moan and bore her plaint thus: “Sir Edward broke into Hatton House, seased upon my coach and coach-horses, nay, my apparel, which he detains; thrust all my servants

out of doors without wage, sent down his men to Corfe Castle to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all the goods, which being refused him by the castle-keeper, he threatens to bring your lordship's warrant for the performance thereof. Stop, then, his high tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortunes, with which I have so highly raised him."

Sir Edward on his part accused his wife of having "embezzled all his gilt and silver plate and vessels, and instead thereof feasted in alkumy of the same sorte, fashion, and use, with illusion to have cheated him of the other." Lady Hatton eventually gained the day. A truce was patched up between them, and Sir Edward "flattered himself she would still prove a very good wife." So that the old proverb of "Once bitten twice shy" did not hold good with the learned lawyer, whose knowledge of the human heart was evidently not as wide as his knowledge of law. Other quarrels of course arose; but this time they were centred on the only child of the ill-matched pair. When fourteen years of age, Sir Edward betrothed his young daughter to Sir John Villiers, the brother of the king's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham. My Lady Hatton and the girl herself objected to the match; but Sir Edward carried matters with a high hand, and commanded obedience as his parental right. The next morning both wife and daughter had disappeared, and for some days could not be found. At last Sir Edward tracked them to Oatlands, which he besieged in due form, and after two hours' resistance took by assault and battery. As Lady Hatton described it: "Sir Edward Coke's most notorious riot, committed at my Lord of Argyll's house, when, without constable or warrant, associated with a dozen fellows well weaponed, without cause being beforehand, offered, to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gatehouse and of the house itself, and tore the daughter in that barbarous manner from the mother, and would not suffer the mother to come near her." But remonstrance and representation were of no avail. With a daughter locked up in an upper chamber, whereof the key was carried in his own pocket, and a wife locked up even more securely in a common prison, the irate old lawyer had "got upon his wings again." The two women had to knock under and consent to a marriage the one hated and the other opposed. The poor girl was married at Hampton Court before the King and Queen in 1617, and a splendid feast with a masque in the evening celebrated the sacrifice. But the mother was still in prison, not to be let out till she had given her legal consent to the marriage, and had undertaken to settle all her possessions on her daughter and Sir John. When liberated she in

turn gave a magnificent entertainment at Hatton House, to which the King and Queen impartially lent their presence; but Sir Edward and all his kith and kin were peremptorily forbidden to appear. In the end the poor young victim deserted her husband, now made Viscount Purbeck and Baron Villiers of Stoke Pogis, and found a brief kind of feverish happiness with Sir Robert Howard. After the death of her father, whom she dutifully nursed, she was degraded and imprisoned, and soon paid for her mad passion with her life. Lady Hatton had never let her hot hate against Sir Edward cool. She had ever been his bitterest enemy, and had openly desired his death long before her wish was gratified. She survived him ten years, and then carried her rancour, her temper, her sufferings and her revenge to the still darkness of the grave.

Another father imprisoned his daughter, but this time because she desired to marry one whom he did not love, not because she refused to marry where he had chosen. This was the Wizard Earl of Northumberland, that woman-hater or rather, contemner, whose daughter, Lady Lucy, wanted to marry the Scotch Lord Hay. The Percy naturally cherished the old Border feeling about marriage. He had been used to regulations which ordained "that a stout man might not marry a little woman, were she ever so rich, and an Englishman was prohibited by the March laws from marrying a Scotchwoman, were she ever so honest." Much more, then, an Englishwoman might not marry a Scotchman. But Lady Lucy had on her side the love that laughs at locksmiths; and she and her lord were happily married at the end, the poor imprisoned wizard earl notwithstanding.

Of late years Lady Hester Stanhope was perhaps the most notoriously shrewish of our famous women. She used to rate her poor doctor till he fainted, and her whole entourage found her hand far more heavy than soft. With these we have had women like the Lady Salisbury of the third Edward's desire, like Blanche Lady Arundel, like Margaret Roper, like Rachel Lady Russell, like "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," like Lady Jane Grey, Anne Askew, Lady Fanshawe, Lady Nithsdale, Lady Elizabeth Hastings—the "divine Aspasia" of the *Tatler*, of whom Congreve's famous saying, "To love her is a liberal education," has passed into a proverb—like Elizabeth Fry and Sarah Marten, like Florence Nightingale and many more than can be enumerated. And these have cast those others into the shade, and by their greater numbers have as it were swamped and overwhelmed them.

As a rule, Englishmen have both loved women and given them a fair share of power and influence—though few have gone so far as Arthur Moore, who had his coffin chained to that of his mistress—and though the worship of "ma mère" has never reached the height

it has attained in France, for all that Lord Langdale once said: "If the whole world were put in one scale and my mother in the other, the world would kick the beam." But for the most part the love of Englishmen for their women has been strong, passionate, and masterful though respectful, rather than sentimental and idealizing. To be sure we have had ruffians, like Odo and his peers, who thought barbarity of the most hideous kind the best way of recalling an amorous young king to the duties of his station and the manly valour that was needed for the times; and we have had men like Edgar, who respected no bonds, ~~no vows, no~~ obstacles human or divine; and men like Henry VIII., who, as he said of himself, "spared no man in his anger nor woman in his lust." We have also had a St. Cuthbert, that out and out woman-hater, who would have no female creature about his place in Lindisfarne, not suffering even a cow, saying, "Where there was a cow there must be a woman, and where there was a woman there must be mischief." In the cathedral at Durham, dedicated to him, a black cross in the pavement marked the spot beyond which no woman was allowed to pass. In 1333 Edward III. and his queen went to the Priory at Durham, where they lodged together. In the middle of the night a monk broke rudely into their room, saying to the queen that St. Cuthbert loved not her sex, and that she must up and go. The queen tumbled out of bed, undressed as she was, and spent the rest of the night in the church, praying for pardon to the patron saint whom she had offended. In 1417 two servant girls dressed themselves as men and "impiously approached the saint's shrine," to be severely handled by the authorities. Still, with all this, women have had their honourable place in English life and history, and even in the rude archaic times were never kept as toys nor slaves. Some old charters, granted by King Athelstan, give his wife and daughters as competent and valid witnesses.

"I king Athelstan, gives unto the Pole Roddam,
 From me and mine to thee and thino,
 Before my wife Maudo, my daughter Maudlin, and my eldest son Henry,
 And for a certan truth,
 I bite this wax with my gang-tooth,
 So long as muir (moor) bears moss or enout (catile) grows hare
 A Roddam of Roddam for ever maro."

Again—

"I king Athelstan
 Gifis heer to Paulane
 Oddam and Roddam
 Als quid and als fayre
 Als ever they myne weare.
 And yar to witness Maulde my wife."

And quite early in the Norman Conquest, widows and un-

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married heiresses knew how to take care of their own interests and hold the bridle-rein with a strong hand. Such, for instance, was Agnes de Valence, who, not quite justly, claimed "free warren in her demesne lands in Woodham, and infangthefe (the privilege to pass judgment of theft committed by her servants within her jurisdiction as lady of the manor) gallows, market, fair, and assize of bread and ale in Newbiggin and Woodham, &c." Noble women, too, sat in Parliament by proxy in the third Edward's time, summoned by writ "*ad colloquium et tractatum*," as Mary, Countess of Norfolk, Alianor, Countess of Ormond, Anna Despenser, Philippa, Countess of March, Joanna Fitzwater, Agneta, Countess of Pembroke, and Catherine, Countess of Athol. They were also sheriffs of their counties. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was a justice of the peace; Ela, widow of William, Earl of Salisbury, was sheriffess for Wilts in the reign of Henry III.; Elizabeth, widow of Thomas, Lord Clifford, was sheriffess for Westmoreland; and our famous "Anne Dorset Pembroke and Montgomery" often sat in person as sheriffess, also for Westmoreland, while it is to be presumed some of the others sat by proxy. But this was evidently not so much a recognition of the rights of sex as an assertion of the rights of rank and property—rights so great as to obliterate all other distinctions, even those created by nature itself. A curious little oversight in respect to the privileges of peeresses was rectified after the trial of Dame Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, when she had been accused of treason and found guilty of witchcraft in the ecclesiastical synod which was influenced by her arch enemy, Cardinal Beaufort. After this a special statute of Henry VI. enacts that peeresses, either in their own right or by marriage, shall be tried before the same judicature as peers of the realm. In 1579 Sir Thomas Gresham left his wife sole executrix of his will, &c., "in whyche behalffe I doe holly put my trust in her, and have no dowght but she will accomlishe the same accordingly, and all other things as shal be requisite or expedient for bothe our honesties, fames, and good repportes in this transitory world, and to the proffitt of the comen well and relyffe of the carfull and trewe poore, according to the pleaseur and will of the Almyghttye God, to whom be all honnor and glory for ever and ever."

In warlike times, when battle was the business of life and victory over a foe the highest honour that could be had, when home in the true sense there was none, and when castles were less houses for pleasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their age. If they were not so accurate in their aim as the archers, of whom it was said every English bowman "bore under his girdle twenty-four Scots," they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges as well as their lords themselves. Womanliness in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the castle—

that was the whole duty of these noble women of a rude but manly age; and to their example, their influence, and their shaping power as mothers, England owes much of her greatness and half of her strength.

Letting Boadicea pass as an example of the feminine fighting blood, we find in Dame Nichola de Camville an early specimen of the warlike political woman. She took the royal side in the famous war with the barons, and held Lincoln Castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first for King John and afterwards for Henry III., till the battle called Lincoln Fair broke her power. The beautiful Countess of Salisbury, she who was so ardently beloved by the third Edward, was another instance of feminine daring, in her case coupled with the loveliest and most gracious sweetness. Black Agnes was again a heroine, of the virago type; and Queen Philippa, Queen Margaret, and others of the same kind, honoured their adopted nationality by their courage and devotion. Meaner women were as brave. In a skirmish at Naworth (1570) Leonard Dacres had in his army "many desperate women who there gave the adventure of their lives, and fought right stoutly." And at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, about half a dozen women on the whole enlisted as privates in the army, and "pulled their pound" as gallantly as men. Miss Jenny Cameron, Scotch and Jacobite, was another example of the fighting women with whom nature had stumbled and spoil the original design.

"Miss Jenny Cameron,
She put her belt and hanger on
And away to the young Pretender."

When she rode into the camp of Bonnie Prince Charlie, at the head of her two hundred and fifty claymores, she was "on a bay gelding decked out in green trappings trimmed with gold. Her hair was tied behind in loose buckles, and covered by a velvet cap with scarlet feathers. In her hand, in lieu of a whip, she carried a drawn sword;" and for her help she was dubbed "Colonel Cameron" by the Prince.

Going back in chronology and coming to the time of our great civil war between the Parliamentarians and the Royalists, we find several instances of heroism in women. For the King's cause, Lady Bankes defended Corfe Castle in the Isle of Purbeck; Lady Derby, Louise de Tremouille, defended Lathom Castle for eighteen weeks against a large force; and Blanche, Lady Arundel, defended Wardour Castle for nine days with only twenty-five fighting men against a force of thirteen hundred. She and her daughters and maidservants took their turn to watch and load when the men were exhausted. She was a second Lady Salisbury, and the same womanly fragrance hangs about her name. On the other side, Lady Harley, with the appal-

ling name of Brilliana, successfully defended Brampton Castle for three weeks, and forced the Royalists to retire. She died before the castle was besieged again; and in the funeral sermon afterwards preached on her husband, Sir Robert Harley, this curious bit of reasoning and metaphor occurs:—

“When the naked sword, that messenger of death, walked the land, did God set his seal of safety upon her. That noble lady and phoenix of women died in peace. Though surrounded with drums and noise of war, yet she took her leave in peace. The sword had no force against her; as long as God preserved her he preserved the place where she was.”

Lady Harley was a good woman, undoubtedly, but there is a rather uncomfortable twang in a certain letter of hers to her son Edward. “March 6, 1639, from my chair by the fire”—which may be genuine, but which reads a little after the manner of *Tartuffe*. “I take it as a special providence of God,” she says, “that I have so froward a maid about me as Mary is, since I love peace and quietness so well; she has been extremely froward since I have been ill; I did not think that any would have been so coleric. I pray God, if ever you have a wife, she may be of a meek and quiet spirit.”

Though the Parliamentarians were not averse from the stout defence by women of important strongholds, they did not like their direct political interference. In which they showed their wisdom. Thus, when Anne Stagg, the brewer’s wife, came to the door of the House of Commons with a numerous body of women bearing a petition, though courteously received they were not encouraged in their action. Said the deputation, modestly: “It may be thought strange and unbecoming our sex to show ourselves here, bearing a petition to this honourable assembly; but Christ purchased us at as dear a rate as He did men, and therefore requireth the same obedience for the same mercy as of men: we are sharers in the public calamities.” To which Pym made reply: “Repair to your houses, we entreat, and turn your petitions into prayers at home for us.” Like the Polish women of this century, the wealthy Puritan women gave their plate and jewels for the Parliamentary forces. The poor, who had neither, brought their thimbles and bodkins; which gave cause for the scoffing Cavalier epithet, “The bodkin and thimble army.”

Before this time other two ladies had vindicated the claim of Englishwomen to be held as of equal valour with the men. These were Lady Westmoreland, sister to the Duke of Norfolk, and Anne Somerset, daughter of the Earl of Worcester and wife of Thomas, the seventh Earl of Northumberland. Lord Hunsdon, son of Anne Boleyn’s sister and a brave soldier, “downright; a fast man to his prince and firm to his friends, and as he lived in a ruffling time, so

he liked sword and buckler men"—Lord Hunsdon (quoting Mr. de Fonblanque's *Annals of the House of Percy*), says that "The earl meant twyce or thryce to submit himselfe, but that his wife, being the stouter of the two, doth hasten hym and yncorage hym to perserver; and rydeth up and downe with the army, so as the grey mare is the better horse." In the *Percy Reliques*, too, she is closely associated with her lord in "The Rising in the North":—

"Earle Percie is into his garden gone,
And after him walketh his faire ladie;
I heare a Birde sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee."

"The rebellion has been earnestly followed by the two wyves, the two countesses," says Hunsdon again; and when "those simple earls were in open rebellion," as Sussex wrote to the queen, Lady Westmoreland was quite as passionate for the fray as ever was Earl Percy's wife. Her brother, the Duke of Norfolk, was a prisoner in danger of his life, and if they could not rescue him he must die. Wherefore she used all her arts, from prayers to curses, to prevent a reconciliation between the earls and the Queen; and at the meeting of the conspirators at Brampton (November 13, 1569), when some deprecated armed resistance, and threatened to withdraw, "my lady Westmoreland," says Sir George Bowes, "braste out agaynst them with great curses;" and Earl Percy himself said that the insurgents "had never gotte any howlde of Westmoreland tyll the last hower, and that by the governmēt of his wyfe." But when the rebellion broke, after the battle of Hexham, Lady Westmoreland made her own terms with the Queen—basely throwing the blame on her husband and representing herself as the wronged and innocent victim—she and her children sacrificed to her lord's mad fancy and wickedness.

The Percy's wife was of nobler stuff and a more constant nature. When all was lost—when the scheme of dashing at Tutbury, where "the castell is very weke and not able to resist," was not carried out, nor her own attempt to gain access to Mary at Wentworth—she, in the disguise of a nurse, hoping to be able to change clothes and thus effect the Queen's escape; when my lord's arms and all hatchments had been hacked off his Garter stall at Windsor, and "not only spurned out of the weste door of the same chappell, but cleane out of the outermoste gates of the castle"—the countess kept loyally by her husband and fled with him to Liddesdale. There they took refuge with an outlaw, one John o' the Syde—"a greater thiefe did never ride"—in a cottage "not to be compared to any dogge kennel in England." Sussex wrote: "The Earle's rebelles, with their principal confeyderates and the Countess of Northumber-

land, did, the 20th of the present, in the night, flee into Liddesdale with about one hundred horse; and there remaine under the conduction of Black Ormstone; one of the murtherers of the Lord Darnley, and John of the Syde and the Laird's foke, two notable theves of Liddesdale." Here the Percy was forced to leave his wife, when the same hour that she was robbed of all she possessed—Black Ormestone beginning the spoliation. "The Laird of Ormestoune spoulzeist the Erle of Northumberland's house and his wyff of all her jewellis, her cleithing and poise." Also, "the same day that he left, the Lydesdale men stole my Lady of Northumberland's horse, and her two women's horses, and other horses, so that when the Erles went away, they left her and all the rest that had lost their horses on foote at John of the Syde's house—such is this present mystery."

Afterwards the poor lady was taken to Hume Castle, the Regent saying: "I deme you will not think it strange, although it sal be reported that the Countesse of Northumberland is in Hume Castle; for then it is that at my being in Jedburgh, hearing of her great miserie and inhuman usage be the outlawes and theves, I declared to the Countrymen that I wolde not take it in evill part whosoever resett (received) her, making me privie thereto." She came, poor soul, "destitute of both wollen and linnen," and "earnestly desyreth my Lady Percy"—wife of her lord's brother Henry—"to send her some apparall." The children, of whom there were four, the eldest being only twelve, were in as bad plight as their mother. "Passing by the younge lady's," says their uncle, Sir Henry, to the Earl of Sussex, "I found them in hard case, for neither had they any provisions, nor one penny to relyve with, but some lyttel things from me. They would gladly be removyde; their want of fyre is greate, whose yeares may not suffer that lacke." After Mar had sold the Earl for so much money to the Queen, and poor "simple Thomas" had suffered for his share in the rising—saying, as he laid his head on the block at the Pavement in York, "Remember that I die in the communion of the Catholic Church, and that I am a Percy in Life and in Death"—the widowed Countess fled to Antwerp, where she put herself under the protection of the Duke d'Alva. She lived for more than twenty years in exile, always with her hands in the meshes of some political web. Among other things, she tried to bring about a marriage between Queen Mary and Don John of Austria. Lee speaks of her as "one of the principal practicers at Mechlin," and another of Burghley's agents reports of her thus:—"The rebells hold counsell in the house of the Countess of Northumberland in Brussels, and many bad words they speke of your lordship, as that you are a heretyck, and that it was a grete pitty that Paulus Quintus did not burn you when you was

in prison, and some had vowed to shorten your dayes. I have shown the Government of this lady's assemblies and practices, and travailled very much to find out the author of that lewde book against your lordship. The Countess of Northumberland hath given £100 for the printing, and one Heighgates, secretary to her late husband, collected the book after divers persons had done their mind in writing, &c. The Countess is a bad woman in every way, and has spoken very lewdly of your lordship, avowing that in that collection there is nothing but truth, and that if she might speak of it to the Queen, she might tell wonders."

After this busy life of political agitation and frustrated endeavour the Countess died of small-pox in a convent in Namur (1591).

Other two women of the house of Percy were remarkable, though for different qualities. These were the two sisters of Algernon, the tenth earl, the famous Lord High Admiral of his day, one of whom, Lady Leicester, wrote one of the most charming love letters extant, a letter written twenty years after marriage. "Mr. Lelandine comes in with your letter," she says, "whom I am engaged to entertain a littel; besydes it is super tyme, els I should bestowe one sied of this paper in making love to you. And since I maie with modesty express it, I will saie that if it be love to think on you sleeping and waking, to discourse of nothing with pleasure but what concerns you, to wish myselfe every hower with you, and to pray for you with as much devotion as for my owne sowle, then certainlie it maie be said that I am in love."

The other sister, Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, "turned her attention to politics, despised the society of her own sex, intrigued in matters of state, actually obtained considerable influence, and exercised it with advantage and security." She was very beautiful as well as clever and ambitious; and when a widow after nineteen years of marriage, Waller described her as "a Venus rising from a sea of jet." She was the first woman in England who held a political salon. The Queen was rather her intimate than her friend; for Lady Carlisle was more feared than loved, and even Majesty itself was rather afraid of her. She had immense moral influence over all with whom she came in contact, using the same "sorcery" that finally brought Leonora Galigai to the scaffold. She had small-pox, as every one had in those days, but her beauty was not defaced nor marred. Her husband died after having spent four hundred thousand pounds given him by the state, and left "not a house nor an acre to be remembered by." Her brother the Lord High Admiral got her the transfer of two thousand a year, granted to her husband a couple of years ago. Beautiful as she was "she had surely no gallant," and neither Strafford nor Pym, who were her chief friends, could boast of more than her friendship. She was a very iceberg in

temperament and "her conceit and self-idolatry were too obstinate for sympathy." St. Evremond says: "What might not Madame de Chartreuse and the Countess of Carlisle have accomplished, had they not spoilt by the infirmities (hardness) of the heart all that they had obtained by their minds." "My Lady of Carlisle will be respected and observed by her Superiors, be feared by those that will make themselves her Equals, and will not suffer herself to be beloved but of those that are her servants." Her grandest act was her timely warning to the Five Members. The Queen confided to her the ~~secret~~ of their intended arrest, and she at once told them. She was loyal to the King in his troubles and actively intrigued for the Queen. In 1649, her house was searched for what were then "treasonable papers," and she was sent to the Tower—to be released at the end of the next year on her own recognizance of ten thousand pounds, and her undertaking not to live within twenty miles of London, nor to go more than five miles from home without permission. Three years later her bond was discharged, when, like a wise woman of the world as she was, she accepted accomplished facts and gave in her adhesion to Cromwell. Afterwards she intrigued for the Restoration, and lived to see the gay and dissolute court of the Merry Monarch. Since her day we have had more than a sprinkling of political women. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was one—she who did not shrink from buying a butcher's vote by a kiss, and who, when the gallant rough of the period asked her to "lend him her two fine eyes to light his pipe with," laughed graciously at the compliment, which she ever after quoted as the greatest she had ever received. Walpole once found her making flannel waistcoats for the soldiers; which was a more becoming employment than bribing butchers with a kiss for their votes. Lady Palmerston was another political woman nearer our own times, but still feminine and not obtrusive; and now the name is legion, and they are neither feminine nor unobtrusive. Every platform has its female orator, who puts the affairs of the nation into a nutshell and settles them with more ease than she could sew on a button.

E. LYNN LINTON.

THE TRADE OF AUTHOR.

I.

THE question must doubtless often have obtruded itself upon every reflective and philosophic mind—which is but a gracefully oblique periphrasis for describing the readers of this present article—"How does it happen that the trade of author—a most innocent craft—is so much worse paid and so much more hardly worked than any other respectable calling?" I don't mean, of course, gravely to inquire, in this age of enlightenment, how it comes to pass that the journeyman writer fails to receive the princely remuneration accorded to great commercial chiefs or financial operators. Naturally, we couldn't expect to be paid on the same proud scale as a sugar-broker or a stock-jobber. We have not so learned political economy in these latter times as not to be well aware of the profound gulf that separates nature's noblemen—the capitalist and the landowner—from the common ruck of mere wage-earning humanity. No; the point I wish to raise here is simply this: How does it arrive that the wage of the average author, usually a person of some little education and some modest intelligence, falls so infinitely below the average wage of the other learned professions to which in like manner men bring but their brains and the skill of their fingers—so infinitely below the wage of the successful barrister, for example, or of the successful doctor, or of the successful parson, or of the successful artist? Envisaged merely as a problem of social economics, this question surely may give us pause for a few minutes in a world which still, after a non-committing fashion, honours literature almost up to the point of regarding its labourers as worthy of their hire—market price, two guineas per thousand.

Nor am I speaking now of the literary failures. In every profession there are, of course, dullards, idlers, and still more unfortunates, to whom luck never brings the chance of success; and the profession of letters is fuller of these, I imagine, than any other existing profession. Half the ablest writers in England are wasting their energies daily, I do not doubt, on very ill-paid and laborious journalistic handicraft. They are writing paragraphs. But then similar accidents happen elsewhere. Perhaps many a mute inglorious Eldon lingers among the briefless barristers in the classic recesses of Old Square, as able as any of those that wear silk; many a Sydenham loiters late in remote villages, as clever as any of those that draw their thousand guineas a day for inspecting royal and imperial larynxes. Many an actor struts provincial boards as gifted as those

who draw down the plaudits of cultivated London at the Savoy or the Lyceum. It is not of these, however, that I now speak, but of the comparatively successful and well-known authors, the mass of the recognised trade of writers, who still toil on, year after year, on a smaller pittance than the country lawyer, with less prospects of success than the country curate, and with far harder hours than the country surgeon.

See, first, how incongruous is this disproportion. If you want to employ a barrister in your case, whose name is known as a special authority only to your solicitor, you will be surprised to find when you come to inquire that his brief is marked a hundred guineas. If you go to the specialist recommended for your complaint by your medical director, you will see that he reckons the value of his casual conversation at something like twenty-five shillings the minute. If you desire to buy a water-colour picture by an obscure member of the Institute or a young exhibitor at the New Gallery, you will have to pay some thirty pounds down for a square of paper twelve inches by twenty. But when you begin to inquire into the income of writers whose works we read, to borrow the famous phrase of a sister in the craft, "from Tobolsk to Tangier," or whose books may be bought in paper covers (probably pirated) at Valparaiso and Petropaulovsky, you discover to your astonishment the strange and seemingly inconsistent anomaly, that the man known to half the world in a dozen countries is earning about one-twentieth of the income earned by the man known only to the skilled in a particular profession in the city of London. The American enthusiast, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of his most admired and worshipped English author, has been heard to express his keen surprise when he lighted at last on the object of his ardent devotion in an eight-roomed cottage among the remotest recesses of suburban Middlesex, or ran him to earth in a dingy stucco-fronted family residence of the eligible order of architecture, lost among the monotonous and dreary desert of a London back street. How does it come, then, that these things are so? Why in this one particular trade should comparative fame and considerable reputation bring with it so very, very little in the way of substantial and solid reward as pounds sterling?

II.

In the net, viewed as a mere abstract problem of political economy (for I wish to be impartial), the question is this: Why should authors earn so much less than the average wages of like intelligent labour? Why is literature the very worst market now known to humanity into which any man can bring for sale a given finite quantity of brains and of industry?

To these questions, familiar at least to the trade itself, authors

as a rule have given a large number of assorted and equally foolish answers. The rapacity of the publisher—the harmless, necessary publisher, that most indispensable of go-betweens, that most justifiable of middlemen—has oftenest been made the innocent scapegoat of literary economics. American copyright laws, Mr. Mudie, and the penny newspapers, have also borne their fair share of literary objugation. To me, however, it seems quite evident that the real reason for the low rate of literary wages is a very different one. Authorship is, in fact, the only trade in which men suffer from the Competition of the Dead. And what is more, and more fatal in its effect, the dead are always at the head of the profession.

This fact implies at once a broad and very painful difference between the position of the author and the position of any other member of an educated profession. The author can hardly, by any possibility, hope to reach the top of the tree or anything like it in his own calling, during his own lifetime. The dead for ever block the way against him. If you want to entrust a difficult probate case to competent hands, you can no longer call in the aid of Lord St. Leonards. If you want the best advice on the state of your health, you must consult, not the recently deceased authority, but some living Gull or Jenner. As the elders drop off in each other profession, the younger men necessarily and naturally come to the front and take their places—everywhere but in literature. It doesn't much matter that the public often doesn't know the new men's names: the members of the profession and the people most interested in securing their services know them very well, or get to know them. People must needs rely upon the best of its kind then and there actually forthcoming. In all trades, in short, except literature, a living dog is better than a dead lion.

But in literature alone, owing to the peculiarly permanent and special nature of the work done, and the ease with which it can be copied and diffused *ad infinitum*, the living dog—nay, even for the most part the living lion—is hardly in it. To be sure, there are fortunes made in literature by a lucky few, especially towards the end of their life; but these fortunes are in most cases comparatively small, and they are confined in almost every instance (save those of charlatans) to the very princes and leaders of the profession. I could name if I chose, did not the modesty of English prose forbid, barristers, doctors, architects, painters, hardly known at all outside a narrow professional or critical circle, who are earning three and four times the incomes earned by distinguished men of letters of world-wide reputation. Were a comparative list made of three or four such classes, and reputation pitted against reputation, outsiders would indeed be surprised to learn for what beggarly wages well-known thinkers, poets, or romancers were pouring forth essays, verses, and

novels. I know one case, indeed, of a writer almost universally praised and admired over two hemispheres, who told me, long after his best work was done, that he had never yet made in a single year more than £300, all told, by all his writings.

The key to this seeming paradox is not far to seek. By the very nature of the case, the men who write books—books which the printing-press scatters broadcast at once over land and sea; books which are read by hundreds of thousands who never see the author's face—get widely known over every continent. Nobody at San Francisco, probably, is acquainted with the name of a single leading London barrister or architect. But thousands of people, I will venture to lay a modest bet, in the remotest parts of Montana or South Africa, know fairly well the name of almost every literary contributor to the last twelve numbers of this Review. Yet even so, the diffusion is not necessarily very effective, from the author's point of view, at least. It means nothing. A surprisingly small number of copies of a book—in the case of a serious or scientific work how surprisingly few would be 'almost incredible—suffices to bring it well within reach of pretty nearly everybody who cares to read it. Circulating libraries, the British Museum, Tauchnitz editions, American piracy, do the rest, and the author, poor soul, *laudatur et alget*.

With law, medicine, practical arts, it is all the other way. The names, to be sure, are not known; there is little to diffuse them; but when the particular piece of work wants doing, they get hunted up, and the purchaser must pay the market price for the very best workman then and there in the market obtainable.

In literature, however, in spite of all this wide diffusibility, effective reputations grow very slowly; and there is no special incentive of private interest to make the general public seek out and employ rising talent. Men read and buy for the most part the books of the people whose names they know, and have long known best; and they know best the names of those who have been the longest before the public. Hence it very rarely happens that an author earns a decent income during his own lifetime; and when he begins to earn one after his death, it is the publisher—that far-sighted mortgagee of his brains—who reaps in the long-run all the benefit.

III.

Art, you say, is in the same category, surely; for there, too, are not the dead always at the head of the profession?

Not quite: the cases are by no means exactly parallel.

It is true that Raphaels, Michelangelos, Leonardos sell to-day at higher prices (though not at very much higher prices) than Leigh-ton, Watts, or Alma Tademas. But there is not anywhere any large stock of Raphaels and Michelangelos now on sale; and the

demand for such things far exceeds the effective supply at any given moment. Once more, there's nothing in art which answers at all to the power possessed by the printing-press of indefinitely multiplying in exact fac-simile the masterpieces of literature. "How about engraving?" asks the cheap objector. But engraving doesn't go in the least on all fours with the case of printing. If you buy a *Hamlet*, a *Paradise Lost*, a *Vanity Fair*, a *Pickwick*, you buy the very identical play, or poem, or novel which Shakespeare, or Milton, or Thackeray, or Dickens originally composed. If you buy an engraving of any of the pictures in the Tribuna at the Uffizi, you buy not a Raphael or a Fra Angelico, but merely a colourless and inferior copy.

The fact is, the artist has two strings to his bow; the author only one. The artist has both original and copyright; while the author has copyright itself alone. And in the artist's case the original is far the more important of the two, while in the author's case the original manuscript is for all practical purposes mere waste paper.

And here again the difference is fundamental. Art always commands a high price in the market because the artist plays (unwittingly and unwillingly, but still perforce plays) upon one of the meanest and smallest of all human feelings. (I'm not blaming him for it: I merely note the fact as a fact of nature.) He appeals to the hateful monopolist instinct of humanity, especially of rich and ostentatious humanity. He indirectly and unconsciously pampers the vulgar tastes of such people as dukes, and brewers, and cotton-spinners. What these men mainly want when they buy a picture is a means of displaying their own wealth and their own munificence to the remainder of their species. If they could buy the monopoly of a play of Shakespeare's or a novel of Scott's, frame it and glaze it in handsome style, and hang it up as a decoration in their own drawing-rooms—with the right to say to all their acquaintances, in a pompous whisper, "This is the masterpiece of the great So-and-so; I picked it up, dirt cheap, for a hundred thousand pounds in Fleet Street"—then literature, too, would profit by their odious foible. But unfortunately the manuscript of a new novel by Besant is *not* decorative; and nobody would care to read the book (however neatly written) in the author's handwriting. A picture, on the other hand, has immediate interest; and when you buy it and hang it on your wall, you know you have got what nobody else on earth can duplicate. The stock of old masters being necessarily limited, new masters also have their chance of favour. But who will care to buy a new book by a rising author when he can get the pick of Thackeray, and Dickens, and Carlyle, and Macaulay any day for a shilling?

Hence the first great disadvantage under which the trade of writer lies is simply this, that the competition of the dead, here and here only, is overwhelming.

I might add if I liked that this natural tendency to feed the mind mainly upon the literary work of past ages is as bad for the reader as it is fatal for the writer; that the best literature for any generation to nourish itself upon is the living, breathing, actual literature of its own contemporaries; that the cheapening of old books helps not only to stifle new ones, but to retard the intellectual development of the whole community; that men read old and worn-out thought, thought that has had its day and done its work in the world, when they ought to be taking in the fresh, new ideas, the living leaven of future progress and future evolution. But I refrain from such folly. The wise man never utters one-half of what he really thinks. Most of us who scribble have suffered severely enough already in all conscience for expressing a far more modest fraction of our true opinion. So I say no more. Let us not cast our pearls any longer before the faces of the gentlemen who review Reviews in the weekly papers.

IV.

The first great reason, then, why the author should be so badly paid for his toil is the competition of the dead, and the consequent comparatively small demand for living literature. The second, which operates even where a specific piece of work is wanted to order at a fixed price, depends upon the fact that literature is least of all trades a close profession.

The lawyer, be he barrister or solicitor, has to pass many years, and many examinations, in preparation for his future work in life. The physician, the surgeon, the parson, the engineer, all require a special training and special credentials for their particular functions. But any man (or woman) who can hold a pen and spell decently (I am credibly informed even the latter qualification is politely waived in the case of ladies) can become an author at his (or her) own sweet will. It must be so, of course; a competitive examination for the post of novelist would be too grotesque; but the inevitable result of this open career upon the wages of the trade, viewed as a trade, is simply that the price of literary labour goes down on the average to the minimum price of unskilled labour of the clerkly kind in the general market.

A trade so open to all the world as this is naturally exposed to the incursions of the amateur; and what is oddest, the amateur in this trade alone stands at no possible disadvantage. Quite the contrary: he carries into the trade his outside reputation. Nobody would entrust the management of his case in the Queen's Bench to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But if a great doctor, a well-known soldier, a popular painter, a familiar singer or actor or beauty writes a book, it sells, not only as well as the average book of the professional author, but a great deal better. The name of a lord, or a Cabinet Minister, or a fashionable preacher, or a momentary lion,

the comet of a season, or the cover of this Review itself, draws far more, I venture to guess, than the name of the ablest essayist or the deepest thinker now working regularly on English letters. And apart even from these occasional intrusions of the outside public into the professional preserves, there is the further fact that a vast deal of journeyman literary work is turned out by unprofessional hands, or by people who eke out small incomes, fixed or otherwise, by writing for pleasure in their leisure moments. Such writers can naturally afford to take a smaller price for their occasional services than the professional author; and their competition tends still further to depress the wages of a trade already more than sufficiently depressed by the unique and abnormal competition of the dead.

Under these circumstances it is easy to understand why no man outside the walls of Colney Hatch ever voluntarily and deliberately devotes himself to the trade of authorship. Of course there are people who write books for the love of it—that is quite another thing. Most authors, if they came into ten thousand a year, would doubtless go on writing books themselves—the books they want to write, not the books the public asks of them. But no man, probably, ever became by choice a professional writer, a “bookseller’s hack,” as our ancestors bluntly but forcibly phrased it. A trade so ill-paid and so overworked would gain no recruits, except for dire necessity. Men are driven into literature, as they are driven into crime, by hunger alone. The most hateful of professions (as a profession, I mean), it becomes tolerable only from a sense of duty, to wife and family, or the primary instinct of self-preservation. The wages are low; the prizes are few and often fallacious; the work is so hard that it kills or disables most men who undertake it before they arrive at middle life; while above all, to the sensitive mind—and most authors are constitutionally sensitive—there is the annoying liability to censure and criticism which meets your most honest and careful work at every street corner with blunt obtrusiveness.

In most other walks of life men only hear what is said for good about them. People are polite, or at least are reticent. In literature, as in politics, the most modest and thinking of men must perpetually submit to hear his intelligence, his taste, and his personality discussed in public with charming frankness, in plain print, and in every journal. If men think him a fool, they don’t disguise the fact; they tell him so plainly. If they think him a snob, they inform him to his face of that pleasing belief with brutal sincerity. Probably most professional men of letters, if they told the truth, would admit at once they would give their right hands never to be compelled any longer to submit themselves to this painful ordeal of public quizzing.

Why, then, do men write for pay at all? Well, because they must live somehow. The profession is recruited almost entirely,

I believe, from the actual or potential failures of other callings. The man who has knocked in vain at all other doors, or the man who has not capital enough even to approach any other door with the silver key which alone admits to the outer vestibule, takes as a last resource to literature. Some of us are schoolmasters or college tutors; some of us are doctors who failed to draw patients; some of us are "stickit ministers" or disrobed parsons; a vast proportion are briefless barristers. When a man who knows how to put an English sentence grammatically together has no other resource left in life, he sells himself, body and soul, in the last resort to the public press, and produces the fabric they call literature.

Novelists in particular are probably always made, not born; being in this respect the antipodes of the poet. Divine bards sing because they must; but I suppose no man ever took by choice to the pursuit of fiction. Fellows drift into it under stress of circumstances, because that is the particular ware most specially required by the market of the moment. Women, it is true, often ardently desire to write a novel; but that is because they mainly read little else, and literary aspiration in their case, therefore, naturally betakes itself in that particular direction. To be an author and to be a novelist are to them identical. But the literary aspirations of an educated man generally lead quite elsewhere. It is only the stern laws of supply and demand that compel him in the end to turn aside from the Lord's work to serve tables for his daily sustenance.

v.

And this brings me to a further deplorable result of these economic conditions governing the unfortunate trade of authorship—the only trade pursued by educated men which requires neither capital, nor credentials, nor special training—the result, I mean, that the author himself, viewed as an economic unit, must aim, above all things, at suiting his market. This is a truth as clear, from the economic point of view, as the truth that the baker, the grocer, and the producer generally must produce what the public wants to buy, not what he himself thinks would be best for the public. There is no way out of it, work it how you will. He can't possibly force the market. You may not like the conclusion—the conclusions of political economy are usually distasteful; but, like it or lump it, it is true none the less. We have to deal here with a crowded trade, in which competition is exceptionally and fatally severe—a trade which kills off its workmen faster than any sweating system ever devised by human ingenuity—a trade compared with which (I speak seriously) match-making and silvering and house-painting and coal-mining are healthy and congenial light occupations. Paternoster Row (as every passer-by must surely have observed) is white underfoot with the blanched and

mouldering skeletons of its victims. The hours are long, the strain is severe, the pace is killing, and the pay is inadequate. In this trade, therefore, unless a man produces the precise object the public wants, for a public exceptionally fastidious and capricious, he goes to the wall as sure as fate, and the black earth yawns hollow below to receive him.

Of course most men, in spite of the public, have their own fancies and their own likings. The best of us are human. Your native taste may be all in the direction of baa-lambs and buttercups; you may love to babble of green fields and to purl melodiously in limpid prose of purling brooks; but all that is naught. If the public of the moment demands sensation you must throw the Whitechapel murders into the shade with your paper atrocities, and revel in human gore with a cheerful face, as though you much preferred that unpleasant medium for your morning tub to any less clammy and sanguine liquid. Or your natural bent may be all for tragedy; you may pant to ennoble the buskined stage, and to purify the souls of Mr. Mudie's subscribers with Aristotelian correctness by fear and pity. But if the public has detected in you some faint undercurrent of amatory vein, you must exhibit Aphrodite, robed round with nothing but the world's desire, on every page of your glowing verse, or must unravel the tangles of Nessæ's hair through three long volumes, till you're sick and tired of it. The people want to be amused, and amused it will be in its own way, in spite of you. Just now that way is hacking dusky South African flesh into small pieces; and all the fiction and imagination of the age must needs warp itself from its predestined path to gratify this jejune recrudescence of barbarism, this morbid taste for blood and thunder in literature.

There's no help for it, no way out of it. As a plain matter of political economy the facts are these: Innumerable workers possess the field. Competition is keen, success is difficult. If *you* don't supply what the public wants, somebody else will step in and oust you; and the somebody else will survive in the struggle for life, while you go to the wall or into the workhouse. That is the gospel according to Darwin and Malthus, applied to art. "*Saltavit et placuit*" is all the epitaph you can ever hope for; and not to please is simply fatal.

"But high aims in art, the noble desire to elevate and train the taste of the people—have we not heard that great artists must create the faculty by which they are to be appreciated?" and so forth, and so forth, with variations innumerable. Now, let us be serious. I am speaking here, not about great artists, but about the common and respectable trade of author. There are authors who do not depend upon the trade; those lucky dogs can please themselves if they like in this matter, and I don't doubt that in the end they often succeed

in pleasing the public also. Ruskin is a splendid case in point; others occur, but, mindful of the dignity of British prose once more, I refrain from naming them. In such instances the author's subsistence is secured meanwhile, and he can go on writing the way he chooses, and as long as he chooses, till he secures his public as well. But what is the use of waiting for your public, if you die of starvation yourself in the meantime? Moreover, it must be remembered that most authors can't print what they like at their own expense. They haven't the capital. They are dependent upon publishers, editors, booksellers, proprietors, and those sensible people—sound business heads—will only print the sort of stuff they expect to pay them. All this talk about its being the duty of the author to elevate public taste, &c., &c., belongs to a purely ideal world, where political economy and the struggle for life have not yet penetrated. In the actual practical world we all live in, the author must work for his daily wage like any other journeyman labourer. If he pleases his public, he earns his salt; if he doesn't please it—open the doors, and exit. You might as well tell the baker's man, as he goes his round, he should aim at elevating the taste of the back streets by supplying the people with Vienna bread and French rolls of the daintiest pattern. How is he to get the flour and machinery to turn them out? and supposing he does, of what use would it be if the back-street folks have no money to buy them with, or don't want them?

Of course there are always a few authors who insist upon "following the intuitions of their own genius," and who sometimes succeed (with iron constitutions) in pulling through, in spite of everything; but far more often they faint by the way and perish in the attempt, to receive payment thereafter, at the public expense, sumptuous but unsatisfactory marble monuments. These are the martyrs, and martyrdom is always an edifying spectacle; but it isn't practical, and moreover, in most cases, it isn't even right. A man may be ready enough to starve, himself, but the better part of us have given hostages to fortune; and there is more real heroism in toiling on uncomplainingly at distasteful work for those hostages' sakes than in making your wife and children starve with you uncomplainingly because, forsooth, you are a heaven-born genius, and must give free play to the inspiration within you. The first plain duty of most plain men is to discharge their responsibilities to those who are dependent upon them. Martyrdom is a showy and effective business, it brings down the house at the close with a rush; but a modest sum put away in the Three per Cents commends itself rather as an aim in life to what is, after all, the highest morality.

Not that there are not heroic instances on the other side. One there is of a great thinker who resolutely devoted his small capital

and the years of his life to the development of a philosophical system, on which at first he wasted himself in vain, with no return and little sympathy, till at last, after many days, the world of a sudden woke up with a start to find him acknowledged as its profoundest teacher. But, then, the great thinker *had* that little capital to start with; he had no family ties; he stood alone in the world, to sink or swim; and he resolutely determined to spend himself in the effort. That was heroism if you like, but heroism possible or praiseworthy only in a few exceptional instances. A trade can't be carried on upon such terms as those; it must keep alive its workmen, and the workmen can only be kept alive by pleasing their public.

It is one of the minor annoyances of an author's life, indeed, that the world at large can never be made to recognise this plain fact, but constantly insists on identifying the writer with his books or his articles. It takes it for granted that he writes what he likes, and that he chooses his themes because he is personally interested in them. Sometimes it scolds him for his evil selection: "Oh, how can you write such horrid things?" or, "Why do you always make your plots so dreadfully bloodthirsty?"—while he, poor innocent soul, with his finger to his mouth, would probably far prefer to spin out a pretty idyllic story about the domestic loves of two nice young people, who after many vicissitudes were happily married, or to enlighten the world to the best of his ability on the precise relations of the double stars to the unresolved nebulae. They little know that at that very moment a note from an editor, supreme arbiter of fate, lies open upon his table, "Why don't you give us a little more incident? Couldn't you manage, now, to kill off Guy and let Ethel's throat be finally cut after a desperate struggle by the insurgent Zulus?" But oftener still—and this is far more annoying—the world makes little complimentary speeches: "That was a sweet story of yours"—good heavens, the Trial of the Ruddigore Mystery! or "How I did laugh over that clever essay on the Ethics of Bores!" pumped up perforce with a nervous headache in response to an urgent demand from an employer for a humorous article. What is worst of all, the world even writes you earnest argumentative letters about the precious subject on which you have last written, as though you cared for it: "Have you seen my pamphlet on the South Australian corn question?" or "Do you know that there exists at Rome a more perfect copy of the Apollo of Lysippus than even the one you praise so highly in your interesting paper on the Development of the Plastic Art in Corinth?" Why, that tedious article was written to order, at so much per column, to accompany plates already engraved, for the editor of a leading art-magazine; and you take about as much personal interest in the plastic art of Corinth or of Corioli, as a shoemaker takes in the metatarsal bones

of this, that, or the other particular customer. You mugged it all up as Mr. Potts's young man mugged up the subject of Chinese metaphysics, and as soon as you had delivered your soul, according to contract, of the five thousand words, neither more nor less, sufficient to imbed those eight interesting engravings in a shallow stratum of insipid letterpress, you dismissed the plastic art of Corinth for good from your mind, with a fervent hope that no malign influence would ever compel you in an evil hour a second time to approach the dry details of Hellenic sculpture.

VI.

Cynicism? Ah, no; despondent realisation of economic law. These are the conditions under which alone the author by trade necessarily lives. But do you think he likes them? Incredible! Impossible!

For the author, too, has had his day of illusion, you may be sure. There was once a time, long, long ago, when he thought he might say what lay nearest his own heart; might speak out to the world, for good or for evil, the truth that was in him. Never mind whether the truth was worth speaking or not: to him at least it was all important. Hard experience alone has knocked all that out of him. And to the end, for the most part, he kicks against the pricks. He hates the sordid, squalid necessity for earning his bread by lowering himself to the tastes of the public he must needs serve with its daily literature. Slowly and painfully he learns to take his place beside the maker of hats and the importer of latest Paris fashions, as a unit in a trade that lives by pleasing. Perhaps pot-boiling is his true function in life, but he at any rate must have other ideals and other interests. For the author has usually aims and aspirations and theories of his own. The very ability which enables him to spin words into pretty phrases that take the editorial mind by their freshness, implies as a rule tastes, feelings, and sympathies above the common. If he could, he would gladly say what he has deepest and most earnest within him. He would give the people of his best. But when he tries it on, the people too often turn it over listlessly at the railway bookstalls, and say with a yawn, "We prefer his shilling shockers, thank you."

And most of us *have* tried it on, every now and again. We have listened, as advised, to the intuitions of our inspired genius. The publishers, to be sure, looked askance at our work; they shook their capitalist heads ominously. Never mind; we have a few hundreds of our own laid by—the spoils of the Philistines from those shockers aforesaid: let us publish at our own risk and expense. 'Sdeath, we'll print it. Alas, alas, how flat that work fell, in which we tried to elevate the taste or improve the morals or intellect of the public!

The public chose rather to keep its taste and morals at its own dull level. A loss or two of this sort soon taught us wisdom. We accepted our true place in the world. We boiled the pot, if not cheerfully, yet resignedly. We began to feel the pulse of the market. Most of us never quite succeed in catching it, to be sure; that pulse is so capricious—or we ourselves have such insensitive finger-ends—that we fail exactly to synchronize somehow with its erratic movements. But we get near enough to make both ends meet approximately. That modest result amply suffices for the average ruck of a hard-worked but eminently humble and contented profession.

The fact is, as the world is constituted, to say out in full what you actually think about anything is simply fatal. You must write always with one eye askew upon ten thousand foolish popular prejudices. Especially in England, to hold opinions about any really great and important subject—about the relations of man to the Cosmos, for example; to space and time and matter and energy; to earth and ocean and plant and animal; or again, about the relations of man to man, of man to woman, to the child and the family, to the past and the future; to the evolution and ultimate perfection of the race; any question, in short, of politics, or religion, or social science, or sexual morality, in the least degree above the opinions vulgarly held by the bourgeois mass of our Philistine fellow-countrymen, is nothing less than damning. To have ethical theories superior to the morality of the grocer, the baker, and the Baptist minister; to have views of life more comprehensive than the views of blushing sixteen in the rectory drawing-room, is to write yourself anathema. On all these subjects—all the subjects about which it is worth while giving an opinion at all—the world doesn't want to hear anybody's opinion: it wants to go on uncriticised and unthinking, on its own commonplace banal level.

"But the great geniuses said their say boldly and made their mark, and pleased in spite of it." Of course. What can you not do if you are a great genius? That is small consolation to those hard-working souls who are not geniuses; and the rank and file of every profession can never hope to be all field-officers. What is the use of telling the corporal who finds military cheer in barracks hard, that at the officers' mess they fare sumptuously every day off champagne and turtle? Yet even amongst the great geniuses of the world there have been no doubt four classes. The first is the class who could afford to wait and bide their time; who were not of the trade; who cared but little what the world thought of them; who would go their own way and say their own say, and care for no man. The second is the class who perish in the attempt—the Chattertons and Keatses, the Brunos and Dolets—the noble army of martyrs

whom few can follow. The third is the class of lucky hits—the men who early take the public fancy, like Dickens or Hugo, and can do thenceforth pretty much as they like. The fourth is the class of those who deliberately set themselves merely to please, and succeed at last by dint of their genius in pleasing royally.

To most journeyman authors, however, literature is simply a hard trade, governed like any other by the cruel laws of supply and demand. The one glorious possibility the craft encloses is the stray chance of a hit—one of those sudden jumps whereby a man's price goes up at a bound from hundreds to thousands, by some inexplicable whim of public fancy. Every workman in the literary trade lives in a perpetual deferred hope of accomplishing some day such a grand revolution. It is this strange gambling element of the craft that keeps him at times from losing heart entirely when things look blackest. It is this that reconciles him to the homely, slighted shepherd's trade. Every now and then he sees one of his friends burst out in this wise into sudden blaze, often with a work no better than many of his previous good works which the public slighted, sometimes, indeed, by no means with his best one; and why may not he too in his turn do likewise? To the journeyman author that chance, if ever it comes, means not only a competence, it means also, what is dearer by far to him, emancipation, freedom. For when once an author has attained success, he is free indeed. He may say what he likes. He may tell the truth at last, and no man will curb him. From its favourites the public will suffer anything. Carlyle gave it abuse, Ruskin gives it nonsense, but it smiles benignly. That long self-repression will be all at an end. That drudgery of applying his noblest faculties to work that he hates will all be over. He can bring out after all his great work on the celestial parallax, or can explain his heretical and unpalatable views on the population question. He can even publish his epic poem, or print the tragedy that the management of the Lyceum so unaccountably rejected. So at each fresh book his hopes rise high; surely the hit is coming now; he has fetched that thick-skinned ruminant the public, this time! Alas, the new venture falls flat as all its predecessors at Mudie's, or has that modest bookselling *succès d'estime* that attends all through his best efforts to please the pachydermatous public. He has failed again to find the thin spot in that rhinoceros hide. To work once more, with foolscap in reams! Surely at last, with all his striving, he must find out exactly what that capricious many-headed beast really wants from him!

OUR TRUE POLICY IN INDIA.

THE advantages of an Afghan "buffer" are fully recognised by Anglo-Indians of the present day. Those who differed with John Lawrence based their arguments upon the ground that Russia would eventually reach Afghanistan, which, unless England interfered, she would then proceed to absorb. The Lawrence School [*vide* a thousand dead minutes and articles which did harm in their day] began by scouting the very idea of Russia's approach to Afghanistan, and ended by insisting that if she did succeed in this endeavour her troops would have to fight every inch of their further advance to the Punjab.

The Fabian, or rather ostrich, policy has now, when it is almost too late, been thoroughly discredited. The only result which it can show is the rapid and almost uninterrupted advance of Russia. Already Northern Afghanistan lies at the mercy of the Czar, and already the Afghans have realised that they can no longer maintain their cherished isolation. They cling indeed to their independence, but they accept the fact that it must be an independence guaranteed by an alliance with England or Russia.

Afghanistan is awaiting the course of events; not, as some have fondly imagined, to attack the first aggressor with utmost force, but to determine which of the rival powers is most formidable. The assumption by India of a defensive attitude would decide all Asia upon this point, and the armies of the Czar would find reinforcements of 200,000 excellent fighting men awaiting them upon the very scene of the first conflicts.

If we had penned Russia back behind her frontiers of 1863 [and it might easily have been done], India would be well content to accept the Indus for her frontier and to renounce the initiative. Under such conditions her resources might cheerfully and unreservedly have been placed at the disposal of England; with a proviso, of course, that sepoys and camp-followers should be commanded by men who thoroughly understood them, and that no portion of an Indian Contingent should, under any circumstance, be left to the discretion of officers who had not been intimately and recently associated with the East. But in the face of Russia's rapid and determined advance, such a course of self-effacement has become strategically and politically impossible. The first of these impossibilities may perhaps be explained by a simile. Imagine India a vast and fortified city, whose parapets are the frontier mountain ranges. Behind these her defenders stand to their arms to repel all assaults.

But if the assailants are ever permitted to advance upon those parapets, and cross bayonets with the garrison, the latter have already forfeited the advantages of their bulwark, which now protects the enemy equally with themselves. In such a case both parties would find themselves precisely on the same footing, were it not for the loss of *morale*, which is an inevitable penalty where the initiative has been surrendered.

The true strength of the defence never lies in an actual parapet, however impenetrable it may seem, but rather in the spirit which animates the garrison and in the difficult outworks and far-stretching glacis which hold the enemy at arm's length. These latter constitute the essential obstacles, for the difficulties and losses sustained in forcing them should dishearten the assailant whilst yet at a distance, and predispose him to fall back before some well-timed counterstroke. The Sulicman range is our parapet, and its outwork is the country we are doubly pledged to defend. The Afghans are our professed allies, but in case of war from the west, India cannot trust her defences to any foreign guardianship, and at all costs our troops must make a bold advance.

Politically, the defensive has now become equally impossible for India. The natives of the north and the inhabitants of Afghanistan would become greatly excited if they saw the Government left at a time of crisis to its own resources and forced to assume an attitude of inaction. The well disposed amongst them would be disheartened, the adventurous spirits who love change and its chances would become an immediate source of grave anxiety to the ruling caste.

Proclamations asserting that England had retained her troops to employ them to a better purpose elsewhere, say in the Caucasus or at Constantinople, would fail to exercise the smallest re-assuring effect upon the natives of India. Those who are well acquainted with the East will readily picture the incredulity with which the publication of such a statement would be received. A second Alma would influence India less than the landing of a battalion at Karachi.

But, if the armies of India were being mobilised for service across the frontier, whilst at the same time fresh troops from home were rapidly being poured into the country through Bombay and Sind, no internal trouble or anxiety would so much as show its head, and far from indulging in sedition, the dangerous elements would push forward, clamouring to be led against the enemy.

Apparently then, any reinforcements sent to India by England would, at such a time of crisis, possess a twofold value. First, in their re-assuring moral effect, whereby an almost unlimited amount of warlike allies, both Cis and Trans-Indus, would be secured to us. Second, and only second, in the actual amount of fighting material landed. The relative value of a British soldier disembarking in

India to one despatched elsewhere would be, at the very lowest estimate, as 2 to 1.

There is yet another manner of stating this great question. India, at a few days' notice, can put into the field, roughly speaking, two army corps and a reserve division, with close upon 250 guns. This would enable her to occupy the Kandāhar district in force and to strengthen the line of the north-west frontier. The addition of one English army corps would allow her, without unduly weakening the north-west frontier or the garrison of India, and whilst maintaining suitable reserves at Kandahar, to advance on Herat with two army corps. This estimate is made on the supposition that Afghanistan is friendly, and on these conditions a reinforcement of two English army corps would eventually enable 70,000 men to operate against Russia in the Khanates, whilst a third army corps was held in reserve at Herat.

If, on the contrary, England were so misguided as to denude India at such a time, 10,000 men is the extreme limit to which she would venture to bleed her dependency. Taking the most sanguine view of her own army organization, England might be able to raise, equip, and despatch 70,000 men within a reasonable period after the outbreak of hostilities. Add to these the 10,000 from India, and we arrive at a total of 80,000 men available to attack Russia elsewhere than in Central Asia. And it is to enable England to organize an unimposing contingent of these dimensions that the remainder of the army in India is to be reduced to absolute impotence and inaction! So much for the offensive as opposed to the defensive policy regarded from the Indian point of view. In the one case, England obtains the fullest advantage from both her armies, plus the assistance of an united India and the alliance of Afghanistan, one might almost say of Asia; in the other, her forces are frittered away, and her Indian troops, far from being able to assist by striking a blow at the common enemy, are hardly able to maintain themselves against bazaar rumours.

Lest, however, a stay-at-home Englishman should imagine that the interests of a dependency have been too selfishly and exclusively kept in view throughout the foregoing arguments, it may be advisable to quit for a moment the purely Indian aspects of the case, and to consider the question from the standpoint of Imperial England. Expeditions and campaigns which might have been feasible enough thirty or even twenty years ago, are now ludicrously inappropriate to the altered conditions which obtain in Europe. Gentlemen who turn agreeably-worded phrases recommending that India should be condemned to the defensive, and thus enable England once more to play at soldiers in South-eastern Europe, are surely strangely oblivious of the characteristics, military and otherwise, of the age in

which they are existing. The democratic temper of their own country, the conscription abroad, and the spread of that railway communication which permits a vast Continental army to concentrate on a threatened frontier with extraordinary rapidity : all these combine to stamp their projects as unreal and fantastical. It is always better to accept facts; and although we have no business in Belgium or Turkey, it does not therefore follow that the empire is in its decadence. The position which Englishmen have to face is, after all, not so very depressing, for if their country is in certain respects admittedly the weakest of the great nations, in others she is still very formidable, and time is on her side. Placed in direct opposition to a conscription army, her land forces are insignificant to the last degree; but here there is a saving clause, for only her own folly or the loss of her maritime supremacy can force her into such a juxtaposition. In Continental quarrels her main strength lies in her naval supremacy and in the consequent inviolability of her base. This may possibly be regarded as a negative attribute of power, but it has nevertheless enabled the British to fight Europe just as much or as little as they please for several generations past. Let us hope that for the future they will determine to avail themselves of this prerogative to the utmost, and keep altogether clear of profitless battle-fields. The mother-country has ceased to be a military power ten miles inland of Antwerp or Odessa, and instead of deploring or ignoring the fact, she should turn her attention elsewhere, and recognise that, beyond the limits of Europe, her naval supremacy more than compensates for the weakness of a small standing army, and yields her advantages ever increasing with the distance and inaccessibility of the theatre of war.

If, therefore, England will only keep quiet near home, scrupulously avoiding all Continental complications, and trusting to her fleet to secure the inviolability of her shores, she can afford to adopt a very high tone, indeed, regarding the interests and defence of her colonies and dependencies.

This contention will not only be found generally true, but is specially applicable to any differences which may arise between England and Russia in Asia. For here we do not pit three-years' service soldier lads, rusty reserves, untrained militia, and unofficered volunteers against the might of a nation in arms, but India, with her 70,000 Europeans, seasoned, trained, and organised; with her 150,000 Asiatic veterans, in perfect harmony with their Eastern surroundings; and her practically unlimited recruiting-grounds, comes into play. The Indian army is already so far complete in all details of organisation and equipment, that it could even make a push to fit out the English army corps when they landed upon her shores. The home army has neither organisation nor equipment,

and may be compared to a modern man-of-war capable of carrying coal for one day's steaming only. The British Isles are absolutely safe from Russia, and the sole frontier in their possession which may fairly be considered vulnerable to Europe is the North-West Frontier of India. And yet theorists exist and obtain a hearing who would leave that frontier to look after itself, in order that they may dispatch a couple of tardy army corps to play second fiddle to Roumania, or combine with venal Pushas to lose themselves in the defiles of the Caucasus.

These gentlemen forget the first of military principles, for as long as war is war, one cannot be too strong at the decisive point, and he who seeks to be everywhere in force is nowhere formidable.

To bring British troops into direct collision with a Continental Power would imply that England had deliberately sacrificed her chief strength. The crew of a whaler might, with equal wisdom, run their comparatively tiny craft alongside the huge leviathan to fix grappling-irons. If such an undertaking would be desperate and suicidal, the attempt to create diversions at extremities like Vladivostok would be merely ineffectual. Vladivostok is captured; what then? is Russia any weaker at the decisive point? The supposition is puerile. How glad we should be to hear that Russia proposed to exhaust our empire by dispatching an expedition to British Honduras. I think we should say, "Take the place and welcome, and, if possible, stay there until the war is at an end."

England must employ all her forces, every man she can raise and gun she can manufacture, in India; and there, not only from the Imperial but also from the parochial point of view, she will make the best and most economical use of her resources.

The Russians reckon that the British will break their teeth against the Caucasus or embark their two poor army corps amidst the insuperable difficulties of the Euphrates and Tigris valley routes. So certain are they that the British forces are to be frittered away in abortive expeditions of this description that they regard themselves as safe in the regions actually under dispute, and the *Novoye Vremya*, whilst insisting that a forward policy will best repay Russia, contemptuously remarks: "The Indian Government has not at its disposal the force that would be necessary for any seriously aggressive campaign." It is an approved maxim in war, "never to do what an enemy wishes you to do, for this reason alone, that he desires it," and in this particular England may yet disappoint her adversary. As said before, England cannot be too strong at the decisive point. The Punjab with Kabul as its outpost is the decisive, because it is the vulnerable, point of Imperial England. The Khanates with their outpost, Herat, are the vulnerable points of Russia in Asia, and there fortunately we can still meet her on more than even terms, if the

responsible authorities will only set their faces against a policy of desultory military expeditions. Let England keep her mobile forces in hand for the reinforcement of India, and the latter thus strengthened will advance, and in one desperate campaign shatter the power of Russia, both in Asia and in Europe, for many long years to come. By the adoption of such a policy the *morale* of the Native troops would be maintained at the highest pitch; Beluchistan and Afghanistan would rise in arms to aid us, and public confidence in the Punjab and Hindustan would approach the enthusiastic.

— The advanced strategic frontier of India extends from Kandahar to Kabul, and covers considerably less ground than the line at present occupied. In spite of its forward position this strategic or war frontier is excellently well protected on its flanks by wide deserts to the south and impracticable mountains to the north. Kandahar is its most accessible extremity, and practically we already hold this city in our hands. Advancing thence upon Herat, whilst the Amir makes the best fight he can at Kabul, we should meet Russia on an equal footing at a point where a single defeat will cut her completely in two. A reverse at Herat must place all the Russian troops who are assembling in Afghan Turkestan and working through Balkh or Kabul in a most unenviable position. Indeed, under such circumstances, the communication of all the Russian forces east of Merv would be so seriously threatened that they must either retire or run the risk of annihilation.

“In a retreat, besides the honour of the army, the loss is often equal to two battles,” and everything combines to make this manœuvre especially dangerous in Central Asia.

If we were only careful to avoid Kabul ourselves, and to show by every possible method that we were fighting for the freedom of Afghanistan, a large majority of that nation would certainly rise to assist us. The tables would then be turned: Russia, reckoning upon our policy of passive defence in India, looks to send swarms of Afridis, Ghilzaies, and Murris raiding across our frontier whilst internal treachery raises its ugly head amongst us. Instead, she would find these identical restless individuals accepting the guidance of our young officers against their own lines of communication, whilst the independent noblemen of the plains were entreating us to accept of them lakhs upon lakhs of rupees.

England is beginning to prepare with much noise and confusion; India is completing her preparation quietly and effectively. After one or two sanguinary conflicts, as to the issue of which no one here has much anxiety, the war in Asia will inevitably resolve itself into a prolonged strain amidst regions where armies are limited by the poverty of their surroundings. Russia will be unable with one effort to bring all her overwhelming numerical preponderance to bear, and

whenever the struggle resolves itself into a question of endurance, few Englishmen will fear the result with an enemy whose internal debility is daily on the increase. Greater Britain has then only to make up her mind to see the business through at any cost, and the war would close with the cession of every Russian vessel on the Caspian, together with the port of Krasnovodsk, which by that time would be connected with India by rail. A glance at the map will show the inevitable ultimate results of such a treaty: results which we do not seek, but which are now being forced upon us.

The coming war, whether it commence in Central Asia or South-Eastern Europe, will give us our chance of for ever shaking off the Russian menace.

England has assumed a tremendous responsibility, and when the moment comes she will justify herself, if necessary, in arms; but not on the Continent. Charity begins at home, and the guardianship of South-Eastern Europe may conveniently be left to Austria, Italy, and Turkey.

If the former country were at death-grips with Russia, would she prefer to see her enemy seriously and effectively attacked in Central Asia, or would she rather receive a tardy contingent—and not a very large one—of British soldiers? On this point there can be but little doubt. But even supposing that there were, England has to consider herself and her colonies before the interests of her Teutonic cousins. This is not a selfish policy, still less a cowardly one; it is merely a recognition of the fortunate chance that in the crisis under discussion England can best help her friends by attending to her proper concerns in Asia.

In former wars we fought blindly, ignorantly; we knew not wherefore; and yet, guided by instinct or good fortune, our victories often yielded us results which not the wisest calculator could have foreseen. But instinct is an unreliable guide and fortune is a fickle friend. This time, should war be forced upon us, our object must be kept clearly in view from the outset. If we fight at all we must have a full satisfaction for our blood and treasure so freely expended. No mere temporary arrangement, no compromise, will avail. We are bound to secure ourselves against a recurrence of similar anxieties and losses, and this purpose can only be effected by a complete destruction of the Russian power in Central Asia. *Delenda est Carthago.*

AN INDIAN OFFICER.

OUR TRUE POLICY IN INDIA: A REPLY.

THE article, "Our True Policy in India," is one to be read and re-read. Though it is professedly anonymous it is throughout written in the name of "India." Some one at all events who thinks he has the right to speak in the name of that great Dependency addresses us avowedly in her behalf. We have to deal with India absorbed in a person who must it is clear be addressed as the rulers of France, Austria, and England address one another in Shakespeare's plays. For a humble servant of the English Crown to enter such august society implies some courage. I certainly should not venture to do so, but that "India" has left very little doubt in the article that his—I suppose one ought to say "her"—object is to denounce a policy which it has been my special function to advocate. It was perhaps, therefore, not unnatural that the editor who wished to lay the case fairly before his readers should select me to reply. I certainly should be sorry to accept as a statement of any policy that I have advocated the account which is given by "India" of the policy to which he is opposed. One is, I suppose, to understand that when the Powers of the World—for "India" here by no means writes as though she were a dependency—enter the arena of controversy in magazines they select that method of dealing with opponents which consists not in setting forth fairly the merits of both cases and comparing them, but that which consists in abusing the plaintiff's attorney. Personally I do not like it; and as, from an absence of all mention of certain important data, I do not think that "India" gives his readers much more chance of judging of the policy which he approves than of that which he condemns, I propose to re-state the two policies which are in dispute in my own way.

Whoever may or may not have advocated a policy of tranquil acquiescence in Russia's steady progress towards India certainly I have not done so. Certainly I most cordially agree with "India" that "if we had penned Russia back behind her frontiers of 1863 (and it might easily have been done)," we should be now in a very different position from what we are. I quite agree that *if*, with communications by railway perfectly secured in our rear we had created at Herat the great arsenal that could be there developed out of the local resources of the country in iron, lead, and the materials of gunpowder as well as in food supplies, and *if* we now held it with an English garrison, and *if* the fortifications had been perfected by English engineers, it would be possible for us now to strike a very effective blow against

any Russian force attempting^o to advance from the present Russian frontier.

But it is useless to cry over spilt milk. We have in our dealings with Russia thrown away opportunity after opportunity. The question is, how can we best prepare for her next move, which will undoubtedly be made when next she finds us in difficulties elsewhere.

The writer of the article considers that our position is analogous to that of the holders of a fortress the parapets of which are the mountains on the frontier of India. This seems to me one of those analogies which tend to mislead judgment and not to enlighten it. The whole conditions of the defence of a mountain region and of the ramparts of a fortress are so different that I doubt if, even when the whole comparison is fairly made, any useful deductions can be drawn from such an illustration. Still it will bring out one of the most important facts of the situation if I say that the comparison would be more exact if the mountains of India were compared to the ramparts of a fortress not in the possession of a garrison, but occupied by warlike inhabitants of doubtful sympathies, and apt to intercept the return of the first sally which had not been wholly successful in its dealings with the besiegers. It would be an endless task to discuss the innumerable mountain expeditions against the frontier tribes which this condition of things has entailed on us. It may, of course, be the case that, so far as the safety of the line to Quetta and Candahar is concerned, Sir Charles MacGregor's brilliant campaign has permanently secured it, and that at least that line of advance upon Herat is no longer exposed to the hostile raids of mountain tribes. Seeing, however, how very delicate a line of communication by railway through any possible hostile country is, it is as well not to forget that during the very last campaign that we waged beyond the frontier "parapet" the wild tribes of the mountains actually broke in upon our railway itself, and carried off into a region most difficult of access large quantities of the railway plant. Moreover, Sir Charles MacGregor's campaign had to be carried on for the punishment of tribes to whom that perhaps even more brilliant feat of arms, Sir Charles Napier's campaign of 1845, might, one would have hoped, have taught a permanent lesson. That, on the other portions of the frontier, campaign succeeds campaign, and that there are still, towards the north-west, mountain tribes unsubdued and almost unknown, will not be denied by "India." Seeing, therefore, that even along our most secure line of advance, that by Quetta and Candahar, where the whole southern flank at least is in friendly hands, our position is such as I have indicated, I do not think that it is an unfair statement of the general question to say that any campaign carried far beyond the mountain rampart will for many years to come be exposed to the

danger at least that, if any serious rumour of a check at the front spread among the mountain tribes, we should be liable to attack upon most sensitive lines of communication. Furthermore, our railway line of communication with Quetta has to cross the valley of a river, the Indus, liable to sudden floods of most destructive character. Therefore, if it were on these grounds alone, I think that the assumption of the writer that Cabul and Candahar are now to be regarded as the advanced frontier of India requires some qualification before it can be accepted as a business-like statement, to be used as what our scientific men call a "working hypothesis."

But that is not all. It is of the greatest importance for us to know with what period of time the writer is dealing when he sketches for us this brilliant campaign which is to sweep from the frontiers of India, across wild Afghanistan, and so across the Asian deserts upon the Caspian Sea. Most of us would like at least to know what is to be done in the event of some sudden outbreak of war within the next three years. Candahar, which is not in our hands, can hardly be regarded as one of the outposts of India, at least until the railway is completed through the Khojok Pass. Engineers in India must be very different from those we are accustomed to in Europe if they overrate the time that will be required for a great operation. Now though men at a distance try to put lower the period within which the Khojok will be tunnelled, the best estimate that we have puts it at about three years. I venture to think that the great campaign needs to be considered with these facts present to the mind of him who examines it. Yet more from Candahar, or, as that is not a fortress in our hands, let us say from the Candahar side of the Khojok Pass, the distance to Herat is three hundred and sixty-nine miles. "It is not easy marching, even when there is no enemy to be looked for."¹ On the other hand, from the new Russian frontier to Herat the distance is about a hundred and thirty miles. How soon the Russian railway may be completed to the frontier we do not know, but it is safe to say that it can be completed far more easily and quickly than our railway through the Khojok. The hundred and thirty miles from their frontier to Herat present no difficulties corresponding to our three hundred and sixty-nine miles from Candahar.

Therefore, even if it were true that the "advanced strategic frontier of India extends from Candahar to Cabul," Russia is yet indefinitely nearer to Herat than we should be even on that frontier. I have shown that in no true sense can Candahar, which is not in our hands, be considered one of the strong posts of this frontier as the case stands, and curiously enough the writer, whilst speaking of Cabul, the other end of the "frontier," as "the outpost" of the

(1) *The Russo-Afghan Question*, Colonel Malleison, p. 163, where, as in *Herat*, that most careful writer has given a full description of the route.

Punjab, thinks it necessary for political reasons that we should "be careful to avoid Cabul ourselves." A military plan of campaign which reckons on outposts, which it is necessary to avoid ourselves, as elements in our strength, seems in my humble judgment to belong to that region of "theory" on which the writer pours all the vials of his scorn. Moreover, under this aspect of the question one may well urge all who would really study the matter to read the recently published views of one who, if any ever had, had the right by knowledge, by capacity, by devotion, by military experience, by profound investigation, to speak in the name of India. Sir Charles MacGregor, has told us not once, but again and again, that we can place no dependence on the fidelity of Afghan garrisons.¹ Colonel Malleson has accumulated the most exhaustive evidence from all the best sources to demonstrate the same fact. Sir Charles distinctly believed that even if the fortress of Herat had been, by the skill of our engineers, made into the effective fortress which it once was, we could have no security that an English army marching upon Herat, and anticipated under the walls of that town by a Russian, would not find that the place had been surrendered by the treachery of some one of the numerous parties which would unquestionably exist within the walls. Therefore, considering the change which would be introduced into the whole situation by that fact, I do not think that I deal unfairly with this brilliant scheme if I say that its first assumption, that of a reverse of the Russian armies at Herat, not a little begs the question as to the easiest mode of keeping Russia quiet in Asia. I cannot myself think that desert regions like the Khanates are for any power specially "vulnerable" regions. Napoleon thought that deserts were the most formidable frontier barriers of any country, and all the developments of military power of late years, though they have tended to facilitate the passage of all other obstacles—rivers, mountains, and the like—have done little or nothing to render desert campaigns less formidable than they were. There is, I confess, a certain surprise to me in "India's" speaking of Herat as already the vulnerable Russian outpost of the Khanates, because that contemptuous scorn with which he throughout treats those who do not agree with him can hardly surely apply to the judgment of Sir Charles MacGregor, who said of Herat—

"Herat has been termed the key of India, not lightly as a mere figure of speech, but by every officer who has had an opportunity of seeing its valley. It is so because it is the nearest and best point at which an invader could concentrate and prepare for the invasion of that country, advantages which it gains from its beautiful valley, the fertility of which is unrivalled in Asia; from its strategical position, which gives it the command of all the important roads to India; from the great strength of its fortress, it being in fact the strongest place from the Caspian to the Indus; from its admirable climate, and from the prestige it enjoys throughout India."

(1) *Life and Opinions of Sir C. MacGregor.* 1888.

Therefore I should have thought that until Russia actually possesses it, it would be better to determine that—so help us, heaven, she never shall possess it—than to regard it already as an outpost of hers, and that if she does ever possess it, it will be anything but a “vulnerable outpost,” more especially since, as Colonel Malleon has shown, if once possessed of Herat, Russia would not require to transport there *any* of the material of a great army, since mines of iron and lead, as well as all the ingredients of gunpowder, exist in profusion in the neighbourhood. Before the Russian railway had passed Kizil Avrat, that is when only the first stage of that great undertaking had been accomplished, whilst the Russians had still to march five hundred odd miles across the desert to reach Herat, Sir Charles MacGregor, after the most exhaustive examination of the best means of keeping Russia out of Herat, turned his inquiries from India to a wider field.

As to a condition of things far more favourable to us and far less favourable to Russia than exists at present, he wrote on October 1st, 1883, to Sir Donald Stuart, “For I hold, and I do not think any one can disprove it, that if we let her absorb up to Sarakhs, and do nothing at all, we shall not, when the second phase of her operations comes to be carried out, be in a position to prevent her going to Herat. Having got hold of these places, she can rest on her oars just as long as suits her convenience.” He then describes how her next step will be to carry railways up to Farah, and *improve the navigation of the Oxus*.”

“At present,” he goes on, and this, be it remembered, was before the capture even of Merv, and long before any conception of such a railway as the Russians have now made had entered into any calculations, “at present there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who knows the country that Russia could put a force into Herat without our being able to prevent her;” and at last, believing, as I also do, that *for the time being* we have let the opportunity slip of directly stopping Russia from seizing Herat, he writes to Sir Frederick Roberts on April 5th, 1884, “I believe your Governor has a very complete knowledge of foreign politics, and I should be very much obliged to you if you would take an opportunity of asking him quietly what he thinks of the chances of our being able to make an alliance with Germany, Austria, and Turkey against Russia. I am inclined to think such an alliance would be feasible, but of course I am rather abroad when I come to talk about European politics.” So intensely absorbed with the importance of this question did he become that in his masterly memorandum on the defence of India he expressly embodied a chapter on the “Diplomatic Measures Necessary.” “The great object,” he says, “is for Britain to use her breathing time, and meet Russia *elsewhere than in India*. European

alliances are *indispensable*, and Russian trade must be crippled if invasion is threatened." Are these, may I ask, the opinions of "gentlemen" who "forget the first of military principles;" are they those of "theorists who exist and obtain a hearing?" I do not know of any one myself who has in fact proposed to leave the Indian "frontier to look after itself, in order that they may dispatch a couple of tardy army corps to play second fiddle to Roumania, or combine with venal pashas to lose themselves in the defiles of the Caucasus."

But about the same time that the Quartermaster-General of India, the man to whom, if to any one, the present and all future Governors-General of India, or Commanders-in-Chief in India, owe it that they have now before them definitely laid down specific knowledge up to date, and the means of improving it yearly, was forming and expressing these opinions, I had, in my own small way, from all the information I could gather, come to precisely the same conclusion. I had, that is to say, convinced myself that if India was to be held in tranquil security, it was essential for us at once and now to prevent Russia from seizing Herat, and that our only hope of doing so now was by being in a position to strike her "elsewhere than in India." I at least had examined the history of the advance of Russia upon India, and had convinced myself of two things. First, that the whole history was one of broken pledges and designed deception on the part of Russia, and of gullibility on the part of our own statesmen, always professing to believe in pledges in which, as custodians of the Empire, they had far less moral right to believe than have the ordinary daily victims of the confidence trick. Secondly, that those statesmen and those newspaper editors who professed in these matters to speak in high moral tones about the peaceful and civilising mission of Russia, and about our duty to arrange with her terms of peaceful neighbourhood, were in such instances as I had tested committing the crime which Carlyle has declared caused the French revolution. They were "pretending to be, and not really being;" pretending to have studied and to have examined the question on which they professed to guide the public, and they had not studied it. A few very simple questions easily showed that fact, without their even knowing the exhibition they had made of themselves.

Therefore, as it happened to be my duty soon after this time to look carefully into the question of the relations to one another of the European Powers, I naturally examined them from the point of view suggested by Sir Charles MacGregor, though I had no notion whatever that he had, from his own exhaustive examination of the question of the direct defence of India, come to the same conclusion that I had arrived at. I started from the assumption that the European statesmen were business-like men of the world,

that they would give nothing for nothing; that, to adopt Prince Bismarck's favourite phrase, the *do ut des* principle, "I give just as much as you are ready to give and no more," must rule in all transactions of the kind. Therefore it was essential to examine the question of whether England had anything to give that would make it worth the while of other Powers to aid her in keeping Russia quiet. I by no means desired to stop any possible preparation from being made in India to put her in a position once more to do what she could have done some years ago had she been allowed to do it. It is very easy for "India" to suggest that England should "only keep quiet near home." It is quite certain that no one will be more anxious to do so than poor England, and that as she has done in Asia so she will do in Europe—that is, shut her eyes as long as she possibly can to all hostile designs against her. English statesmanship has not been actuated by one series of influences in dealing with Russia in Asia, and with another more aggressive in dealing with questions "near home." It is idle, therefore, for the writer in the same breath to complain of our "Fabian, or rather ostrich policy" in those matters with which he is closely acquainted, and to talk as though anyone at home would be likely voluntarily to enter into any "complications" in Europe. We shall be only too glad to keep out of the way of complications if complications will only keep out of our way. But what these phrases practically mean is this, that being, as "India" believes, exposed at any moment to attack from Russia, we ought to reject Sir C. MacGregor's wish, that we should if possible join with other Powers and obtain their alliance, in order to enable us to attack Russia "elsewhere than in India." "Complications" in this sense do not mean any additional foes on our hands, but enormous increase of strength from those who have as much reason to dread Russia as we have. There has never been a great and victorious war in which we have engaged in which we have not had allies. Why, at the particular moment when for the first time in our history we have become conterminous by land with an aggressive Power, should we refuse to use our naval power where it can be used for the general purpose of keeping the peace by threatening danger to the peace-breakers? I am rather disposed to think that "India" might put forward Sir C. MacGregor's plea, "of course I am rather abroad when I come to talk about European politics;" otherwise it must be admitted at once that when he says, "we have no business in Belgium or Turkey," he strikes a blow which would be fatal to our obtaining the assistance which Sir C. MacGregor thought "indispensable" for India. The question of Belgium is simply the question whether or no treaties are to be preserved or are not to be preserved. That brings me to an answer which I am anxious to

make to others who have written on this question since my book was published.

I very soon found when I began to examine the military situation of Europe, that, from circumstances which I have carefully explained, the assistance of a great naval Power is very much needed by the Central Powers of Europe in order to complete their strength. It is not necessary to explain here how that happens, because I have discussed it fully elsewhere,¹ and what is more important, the great statesmen of the Central Powers fully acknowledge the truth. At first the answer that was made to me at home was, that the Central Powers would not purchase our alliance by binding themselves to join us in keeping the peace in Asia, if we bound ourselves to assist them in keeping the peace of Europe. Since it has been known that they are quite ready to do this, the cry has been raised that they will promise, but that they will not fulfil their promises. It seems to me that that cynical assumption of the wickedness and falsity of all foreign statesmen as compared with our own, precisely represents the kind of mutual distrust among nations which has always paved the way for the establishment of a great European tyranny. It seems to me to be stamped upon the face of modern history that no statesman at any time has ever been more anxious to base all their policy upon the faithful observance of treaties than the statesmen of the German Empire have been ever since its establishment. In several instances some of us have been not a little annoyed by the almost punctilious exactitude with which Prince Bismarck has adhered to this principle. The doubt, therefore, whether Germany would adhere to promises once made seems to me peculiarly ill-timed. Moreover, we have for those who think that cynical distrust of those whose interests, like ours, are in favour of peace, is the wisest of all possible policies, this additional security to offer, that the strength of the Central alliance with our aid would be so great that peace would be preserved, and that as long as peace is preserved the general condition of the opposed forces would remain what it is, and therefore the value of our alliance would continue to be as great as ever.

But if we expect others to keep treaties we must be ready to keep them ourselves, and we cannot repudiate a treaty which has been recently declared by our own statesmen to be specially binding upon us, without abandoning all right to call upon others to fulfil their obligations to us. Therefore, not at all from a wish for scattered expeditions, but because the sacredness of treaty is vital to the whole use of the vast power on which we can rely, I certainly do not believe with "India," that we have "no business in Belgium," though I think it in the last degree unlikely that we should ever

(1) See *The Balance of Military Power in Europe*, Blackwood and Sons, 1888.

have to move a man there, and should be very sorry if we had to do so.

There is, however, another reason which has been assigned by some who have dealt with this question, why we cannot possibly rely upon the Central Powers to aid us in keeping Russia quiet in Asia. This reason is in truth a misconception of facts, based upon the terror inspired by Napoleon's great failure in 1812 against Russia. It has been recently alleged that the frontiers of Russia in Europe are exceptionally unassailable, and that to propose attack on her is suggesting another expedition to Moscow. As a matter of fact, I showed in my book that the subject has been exhaustively discussed, and that Russia is, from circumstances easily explained, particularly vulnerable to attack in Europe by Germany and Austria. To my no small regret I found that this all-important point had not been grasped by certain writers who have subsequently dealt with the question, and that they assumed that it was impossible for us to expect any co-operation against Russia from Germany and Austria, because we should be asking of them an impossible task. I think I have some reason to complain that men should discuss the subject who do not attend to the points that have been already dealt with. In a grave matter concerning the future of the Empire we can never arrive at truth if writers deal with a subject in this way.

The question of Turkey is a different one. It is not true that I at all events have proposed to attack the Caucasus or "to embark two poor army corps amidst the insuperable difficulties of the Euphrates and Tigris Valley routes." Nor do I know who has put forward these proposals. What I have said is, that in reckoning up the possible forces to be opposed to Russia we cannot afford to ignore the 700,000 admirable Turkish soldiers who have been recently trained under German guidance. I have said, moreover, that we can add efficiency to that army if we choose in a way that no other Power can; that the Central Powers look upon it as part of our share of the general task to do that, and that their readiness to make an effective alliance for the peace of Asia and of Europe largely depends on our undertaking to do so, while we most certainly need not guarantee Turkey against her Christian populations, but only aid her in resisting Russia, in order to secure that force. My withers are unwrung by all this talk about Vladivostock, about which I have said nothing such as is here suggested. I may add further that the article teems with various sentences of copybook military wisdom to which I could heartily subscribe if I thought they had any relevance to the question at issue.

But when "India" declares that "England must employ all her forces, every man she can raise and every gun she can manufacture,

OUR TRUE POLICY IN INDIA

in India" in the event of war with Russia, I he raises a question of some importance for every man at home.

We are to be carefully left without allies. \ accounts of those who have lately been seeing much France, that the feeling there is yearly growing rather with England than with Germany that their is likely to be. No doubt "India" has not had the mean the growth of this feeling which we have had at home. he might know that the French are not likely to have for their mistakes about Egypt and as to their colonial policy. not know how soon a single ruler with personal objects to serve suddenly come into supreme power in France. We do know that he gets power his first business will be to restore French national *amour propre*. We do know that an alliance with Russia would be easy for such a man, and that the most favourable moment for making it would be when England had denuded herself of troops for that most appalling campaign against a great European power across the deserts and up to the Caspian, which "India" holds out to us as the happy alternative for a policy which will, in the judgment of all who have carefully examined it, secure peace in our time, both in Europe and in Asia. I hope that the readers of "India" will fairly face the prospect he offers them. It will perhaps serve to bring home to them the fact, that if war does now arise in India it will for the first time since the French were driven out of India be a struggle with a European power there, and that that fact changes completely the conditions under which England denuded herself of troops in order to suppress the mutiny. The French army has of late been rapidly improving in all respects. There are not a few good judges, who by no means thought so two years ago, who begin to think it doubtful if the French is not the most formidable army in Europe. We certainly are at present good friends with the French, but France is at present "lying low." She has not forgotten, though she does not publicly talk about, what she considers her grievances against us. The situation is appallingly different from what it was immediately after the Crimean war. It deserves to be cautiously examined. I cannot think that it has been so examined by "India." I have not dealt with numbers of points in which it seems to me that "India" writes rather with the looseness of a *flaneur* than with the grave accuracy that one would expect from a man who almost suggests that he has the fate of India in his hands. Thus we are told that the Indian army is completely ready for this great campaign. When then was the vast transport purchased which will be required for so gigantic an enterprise? Transport, as we have reason to know from the difficulties of Sir F. Roberts' campaign, is

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s like a mushroom in India any more than in

the statement that there are "150,000" natives to be employed against the finest troops of one of the nations of Europe. It is a large order which is not at least. Then, again, note that fight "the best" against a great European power, which the Ameer is to lead from Cabul while our army streams westward towards the frontier. Is it certain that the Ameer will hold his own against the Russians here? Does this slender guardianship take account of the possibility of Russian advance by Samarcand, Kilif, and Balk on the north, and, or by either of the two best routes on Chitral. If not, I ask any reader who can look at a fairly good map, to judge which army is most likely to be striking dangerously at the communications of the other.

Then, again, all this scheme, which assumes that the Russian troops in Afghan Turkestan will be dependent on supplies from the Caspian, does it take account of the improved navigation of the Oxus and the Amu Darya, and the rapid development of Bokhara which is going on.

Altogether, though, as I said at first, the tone assumed by the writer suggests a man whom one cannot treat otherwise than with the respect due to India, one profoundly hopes almost against hope that it may not have been written by one who will ever have the opportunity for putting these projects into execution. After all, however, there is some comfort in remembering that though "India" here dictates terms, she has not yet shaken off the connection with home. I venture rather to doubt whether all Indian officers will quite thank "India" for announcing that they do not like ever being employed under circumstances which are apparently so described as to express dislike to the work given to the Indian Contingent during the '82 campaign. I have strong documentary evidence for believing that Indian officers would much dislike being deprived of such opportunities as may occur for similar employment, though I can well believe that the highest Indian officers would themselves prefer to enjoy supreme command.

F. MAURICE.

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THE BALUCH AND AFGHAN FRONTIERS OF INDIA.

I.

WHEN I sailed from Karachi in May, 1867, I had been struck by its open sea and dancing waves, and had pronounced it of all the towns in India the least Indian, and a pleasant place enough. I had seen the harbour works for the removal of the bar, and had expressed a doubt as to the completeness of their probable success, but no doubt as to the importance of Karachi, destined, I then thought, as soon as the Indus railway was finished, to make enormous strides, and, when the Persian Gulf route became a fact, to be the greatest of all the ports of India, being on the straight line as against the wasteful curve. The wheat and cotton of the Punjab, and of Sindh which was not at that time irrigated, I prophesied would flow down toward Karachi. In 1867, as I left Karachi, I had seen the Ameer of Sindh come on board the ship to take leave of a great official.

When in November, 1888, I again set eyes upon Karachi there were the same dancing waves on the open sea, the same pleasant softness of climate, a bar almost as evil, although one removed by incessant labour to a somewhat different place, an enormously extended town, and vastly increased shipping, evidences of every kind that, although the Persian Gulf route is no more advanced than it was twenty years ago, when the first edition of *Greater Britain* appeared in November, 1868, the accomplishment of the smaller task, the Indus railway, has fulfilled my prophecies with regard to the growth of the port. Again uniforms came on board our excellent ship, but instead of the magnificence of the ex-Ameers of Sindh, the plain khaki jackets of a travelling staff, Sir Frederick Roberts, and those with him.

The middle of the day I spent in looking round Karachi, a specially important place when considered from the point of view of those military interests which I had come out to study, inasmuch as it is the inevitable military port of India, until, if ever, the Persian Gulf route is used, and Gwadar, on the south coast

of Baluchistan, is connected by railway with Nushki, and comes partly to replace Karachi for warlike purposes. Some argue that in time of war we shall be unable to use the Mediterranean and Egypt, and that Bombay will then be better than Karachi for the dispatch of troops. There are, of course, possibilities each way. We may require to send troops hurriedly to India in a war in which we are able to use Egypt. We may even be able to send them in the course of time by the wider isthmus, that between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. If Asia Minor could be opened out by railways our shortest route in any war in which Turkey happened to be friendly would be by the Euphrates, even supposing that railways ended at Bushire as we call it (that is Abu-shehr), or some port on the Persian Gulf, and that our troops had there to take sea again to reach Karachi. It is probable that the first railways to connect Europe with India will approach India from this side. The political difficulties of passing through Afghanistan are likely for long to be so formidable that the railways which will ultimately unite Persia with the European system will probably become the postal route, a fine harbour being made at first upon the gulf, possibly at Bushire, three or four days' steam from Karachi, possibly at Bunder El Abbas, or some port at the mouth of the gulf within a couple of days' steam from Karachi. Ultimately I think it probable that a railway will be made along the north shore of the Persian and Arabian Gulf to India, for the country is, when crossed in this direction and not from south to north, far from difficult. By Egypt, or much more by the Persian Gulf, Karachi is our nearest and therefore our most important military port, saving two days for Northern India over Bombay, and four days for Quetta. The harbour is, as any other harbour on this coast would be, troublesome, and it is said that the sand which has been dredged out of it, had it not been gradually washed back again, would have sufficed to build up a sort of local Himalayan range. Still it is a sufficiently good harbour to be thoroughly useful for military purposes.

On the evening of the day on which we reached Karachi we left it in the railway train of the Commander-in-Chief, dining that night, breakfasting, lunching, and dining the next day in his carriage, and before breakfast on the second morning reaching the as yet untraversed line of the high-level broad-gauge route through the Bolan Pass.

Dawn on the first morning out showed me Sehwan, which I had seen in 1867, but a Sehwan and neighbourhood greatly changed since I came down the Indus in that year, and now under that almost continual cultivation which in 1868 I had ventured to prophesy for it. The next day we found dawn at Sibi, a rapidly-growing town where the two sides of the railway loop from Quetta meet, though only

one side—that by which we shall return through the Harnai Pass—is at present open to traffic. Both lines are strategical lines, and the local trade, being chiefly trade which accompanies half-yearly migration of tribes, mainly fails to come by rail. It has, however, enormously increased through the peace which we have brought to the Bolan. For several years, not very long ago, the Bolan Pass was entirely closed by civil war. In 1875 Sir Robert Sandeman, then Captain Sandeman, was directed to report whether anything could be done to reopen it. It was impossible to open the pass without the co-operation of the Khan of Khelat, and he was interested in closing it, as by closing it he forced the trade through his capital and obtained the duties, whereas in the Bolan he was obliged to share them with the local tribes. Sir Robert Sandeman came to an arrangement by which some of the wild Murrees were paid to keep the peace, and the policy was inaugurated of interesting the tribes in the protection of the passes, instead of attempting to hold them by a regular force. In 1878 the telegraph was carried through the Bolan, and the pass was used for the advance of troops. Fortified posts were built, and the pass was successfully kept open throughout the war, the tribes standing steadily to our side from the moment that we had begun to pay them. The paying for the protection of a pass does more than protect the pass. It enables us to make arrangements to keep the peace in all its neighbourhood, for, by coming into relations with the chiefs, our agents are able to hold assemblies of these leading warriors, and their decisions, which are generally sound, are obeyed without a question. Where necessary, pressure is brought to bear by the stoppage of “the service” of a particular tribe, and a perfect machinery of government and justice is established at small cost. The tribesmen not only guard the roads, but they arrest criminals, recover stolen property, carry letters, produce supplies, escort officers and survey parties, and generally perform all the duties of police in a wild country. As late as 1874 the Murrees were in the habit of raiding upon the Khelat plains, which geographically form part of the plain of India, and upon their neighbours upon both sides in the hills; and also in 1874 another Khelat tribe, the Brahoes, actually crossed the desert and invaded British territory in search of fugitive slaves. But so great and so rapid was the change, brought about in the manner that I have described, that even after Maiwand, when there were signs of trouble in India itself, and when beyond the Bolan there was a good deal of fighting with tribes lying between ourselves and the Afghans, the Bolan itself remained undisturbed.

At small stations between Sibi and the mouth of the Bolan we began to see some splendid men, long-haired, white-robed, gipsy-faced Baluchis, looking very black for the most part by the side of the nearly white Kashmirians and Kandaharees and the brown

Sikh police. Many of the men were over six feet three inches and admirably built. The dogs crowded round the train, to which they had not yet become accustomed, licking the grease off the wheel-boxes; and it is said that when the railway is first introduced into one of these wild frontier districts the trains go over the legs of so many of the dogs that there is a chance of a new three-legged breed being introduced before they come to understand the starting signals.

As we neared the mouth of the pass and began the ascent we met miles of camels, and thousands of people, with horses and asses and sheep, passing along the road. It is hard to say how they manage to live upon the march, for the country is absolutely sterile, and they have to carry with them all supplies, except food for camels, for the camels live upon the thorns. On the middle day of our long railway journey the thermometer had stood at 90° in the shade, but before we had climbed far into the hills the yellow sheep-skin tunics—the famous *poshteens* from Kabul and Kandahar, similar to those which I had so often seen among the Russians—began to make their appearance, and we were shivering in a bitter wind. The enormous importance of the Bolan as a possible invader's route to India had long been known, and it led to the occupation of Quetta as a strong natural position upon the other side. The troubles with the tribes in, and on each flank of, the Bolan had afterwards led to the pressing forward of the double railroad to Quetta, giving alternative lines, of which the northern was already open and running, while the southern through the Bolan had been made as a narrow-gauge line, then taken up, and now remade as a broad-gauge line at a high level less exposed to damage by water. This new line had not been surveyed for traffic, and I believe that in passing along it with our carriages we were breaking an Indian Act; but military progresses know no law, and as no stones happened to tumble upon our heads no one was the worse.

As we rapidly began to rise we passed many "switchback-railway" sidings, made to turn sharply up the hill, intended to save the trains from destruction if they should break away upon the steep inclines. The route now was literally swarming with the tribes. Thousands upon thousands of white-robed Baluchis were trooping eastwards towards the Indian plains, coming down from their hill villages, and bringing with them their great tents, their camels, their wives, and children, to leave all these upon the Indus shore on British soil, and to travel by rail throughout India to Lahore, to Delhi, some even to Calcutta, selling carpets and buying all the goods of which they stand in need for the coming year. In the spring they will climb back into Baluchistan and Southern Afghanistan by the Bolan, carrying so little food that they seem to live upon the stones. When we reached the picturesque portion

of the pass we left our carriages for an open truck placed at the head of the train in front of the two engines, and there we sat with the forepart of the truck occupied by the paws and head of His Excellency's dog; next came the one lady of the party and Sir Frederick Roberts, and then myself and all the staff. The long-haired warriors and tribesmen, who occupied every place of vantage on the crags, doubtless thought, and have since told their fellow-tribesmen on their return, that the whole scene was devised to do honour to a dog. In one place the line was so steep that our two engines, after failing once with horrid puffings, had to take us back up an incline to make a run at the severe piece, which has been fitted with a cogged centre line for a German engine to pull up the heavy weights. In the tunnels umbrellas were freely opened, because the tunnels had not yet been lined, and the dropping of small stones as the train went through was a frequent incident. At the top of the pass an English station-master had planted willows, and amphibious *Persicaria*, and a kind of willow-herb, in the pools and tiny trickling stream; but willows, *Persicaria*, willow-herb and all, Thames vegetation though they be, could not make the Bolan look like the Thames valley, for it is stonier than the hills of Greece, stonier than Palestine, more evil-looking than Iaghout—as bad as the Sinai Peninsula looks when seen from the Gulf of Suez. As we began to descend a little from the high level we found the bridges disturbing to the more nervous of the party, for, while they were no doubt substantial as far as the passage of the train was concerned, they were not planked, and were neither pleasant to look down through nor convenient for the workmen to cross. All the many labourers employed upon the line had brought their families from the surrounding districts to see us pass, and all stood smiling at us, but none bowing except chiefs. Here and there Indian traders, passing along the road with the tribesmen, would leave the rest of the caravan and come close down to the railway line itself to bow in the usual Indian fashion, their salutes being duly returned by Sir Frederick Roberts. The signalmen spread their hands before them and salaamed to the ground at the passage of the train.

At last, after the bare wild scenery, such as may be found anywhere in the great, dry line across the old world between the Morocco Atlantic coast and Tripoli, and again between the Suez desert and Central India, we suddenly came out upon a splendid view over the plain of Quetta, bounded in the far distance by the Kwaja Amran frontier range, a view which reminded me of the first glimpse of the plain of the Great Salt Lake. Like Utah and Nevada, the plain of Quetta and the Pishin valley form what the Americans call a soda country, a flat alkali-covered tableland with bare hills rising range upon range like the Ruby Mountains, the

Diamond Mountains, the Quartz Mountains, and the Humboldt range that lie between the Great Salt Lake and California.

We ran rapidly down the incline, and while I was at tea with Sir Charles Elliott, the Minister of Public Works, in his carriage, which was attached to the rear of the train, we suddenly found ourselves, long before we expected it, drawn up in the red-carpeted station of Quetta, with my old friend Sir Robert Sandeman, in blue official uniform and civil cocked hat, solemnly bowing to His Excellency, who had changed from khaki into more European military costume, and was surrounded by a staff who had changed their clothes very quickly, nobody knew where and nobody knew when. A guard of honour of a hundred men in scarlet, with regimental colours also glowing brightly in the last rays of the setting sun, was upon the platform to receive the Commander-in-Chief, and in a minute more, under a capering, dancing, and galloping escort of picturesque Sindh Horse, we were driving rapidly to Lady Sandeman's hospitality at the Residency.

Quetta is now one of the largest of our stations, in India I had almost said, but Quetta is not in India. On the way up by railway from Jacobabad you first run out of India into Khelat territory, wholly independent but for the fact that Sir Robert Sandeman as Governor-General's agent in Baluchistan is all-powerful—all-powerful because, or chiefly because, he administers justice on the advice of the nobles of Baluchistan, continually called together by him, and in the name of the ruler of Khelat—partly too because Sir Robert Sandeman is a born ruler of men, and one whom, exactly fitted by nature for the work which he has to do, it is not easy to disobey. He is, however, even more loved than he has ever been feared. The railway, after going out of British territory into Khelat territory, in which we police the line and two hundred feet from it each way, comes back again into territory which was ceded by Afghanistan to India in 1878 by the Treaty of Gandamak—territory known till recently as the "assigned districts" of Pishin and Sibi, and very lately indeed become a part of India. But at Quetta we had run out of this territory again into a Khelat district, a district not independent because it is administered as if it were part of India on a regular system, we paying rent for it to the Khan of Khelat. Sir Robert Sandeman is Chief Commissioner of the new province, known as British Baluchistan, although ceded to us not by Baluchistan but by Afghanistan, which never, however, really occupied it except at two spots. As Chief Commissioner he rules British Baluchistan (as well as the Quetta rented district) from Quetta, not itself in British Baluchistan; and at Quetta he also carries on the duties of Governor-General's agent for independent Baluchistan, and is able to wield

powers such as he could not make use of if Quetta was an integral part of India.

The Sandeman system takes from the people a sixth of their produce in return for peace and protection and retention of their customs and tribal rule. The judgments of chiefs are enforced, and a good deal of the money is paid back to the tribes for service, but there is profit on the whole. The governing by their own laws and customs wins for him and for us the love and attachment of the Baluch chiefs, and even of the southern Afghans. The institutions which he fosters are aristocratic, but very free, and certainly popular with the tribes; and the local levies which he raises for our service form excellent troops. We hear that we shall have an opportunity of seeing for ourselves a good deal of these levies, for he has called together the chiefs of Western Baluchistan and of the districts to the north as far as the Punjab frontier to meet us in durbar at Loralai. The effects of Sir Robert Sandeman's rule in the neighbourhood of Quetta have been extraordinary. But a very few years ago marauders were common, and officers were killed within sight of the town when they went out to shoot.

“ A scrimmage in a border station—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail!
The crammer's boast, the squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride! ”

Now the country almost as far as Kandahar is so safe that an Englishman or a Hindu trader can jog about it if he chooses on a mule, and without a pistol. The Pishin valley is certainly more peaceful than almost any part of Europe.

The view from the Residency is a lovely one. The foreground was occupied by stalwart Sikhs with the blue and red turbans of the police of the Punjab, from which they were “detailed” for Quetta duty. Quetta stands on a flat plain, but three magnificent detached mountains are in sight, and a portion of the remainder of the landscape is filled in by a distant view of the far-off ranges. Five minutes after we had reached the Residency the red sun-fires were glowing on the mountains and there was darkness in the plain. There are no finer crags anywhere than those which frown upon our great forward garrison town; but darkness fell and there was no more time left to look at them, and tea in a comfortable drawing-room with pleasant society had charms for those who after nearly four weeks of sea had gone through forty-five hours of railroad.

A few years ago Quetta was looked upon as being out of the world. Now, thanks largely to the popularity of its rulers, it has become a

station which many officers prefer to almost any of the regular Indian stations. There is plenty of water; in consequence there will soon be plenty of trees, willows especially having been planted in great numbers, and growing rapidly. The height of the plateau upon which Quetta stands, varying as it does between five and six thousand feet above the sea, makes the nights cool in the hot part of the year and gives a severe winter, tempered by dryness and a splendid sun; and if only means could be found to avoid the frontier fever, which fills the hospitals with regularity in October of every year, Quetta would be a most pleasant place. It is a curious evidence of the sun heat and of the night cold of Quetta that European soldiers are struck down at one and the same time by sunstroke and pneumonia. The sober men seem generally to come into hospital with fever, and those given to excess with the direct effects of the hot sun or of the bitter wind: The sun and wind together so blister the skin that even the British officer and soldier, with all the inborn British horror of doing eccentric things, are forced to thickly cover their faces with various kinds of grease.

Quetta conversations soon brought back reminiscences of far-off days. When I had last seen Sir Robert Sandeman it had been in London, during the discussion of the occupation of the Khojak position, in which I had sided with him, and I was able soon to brush up my recollections.

We brought with us or found gathered here all the men in India who best understand the problem of frontier defence—a very grave problem too. The British Empire, enormously strong in some respects, easily protected on most sides by the mere expenditure of money upon the fleet and its necessary coaling stations, is vulnerable by land in two parts of the globe: upon the Canadian southern frontier and upon the Indian western frontier. In each of these places Great Britain is a continental power; but in Canada our neighbour is not a country with a standing army, not a country that, for many years past, has shown a disposition to extend its frontiers, or at all events not a disposition to extend them except when called by the neighbouring population. The British troops have been withdrawn from British North America, except from the point of Halifax, valuable to the mother country as a coaling station and as the head-quarters of a fleet. The Canadian Dominion has undertaken its own defence. It has a permanent force of trained militia, although too small a force. It has a large number of trained officers. It has laws which enable the whole population capable of bearing arms to be called out at once and drilled to take the field. It has in front of it practically only States militia, and the militia of States comprised in a Federation which does not desire to possess itself of Canada unless a majority of the

Canadian people should wish voluntarily to desert their connection with ourselves and to enter into political relationship with their neighbours. In India the problem is very different. Our neighbour, although not yet a very close neighbour, is the greatest military power in the world, possessing a peace army equal in strength to the German and the Austrian together, and given, to say the least of it, to territorial growth.

There has been a marvellous change in Russia since I wrote in 1868. At that time, while I alluded to her steady advance, and while I assumed that a few years would see Russia in exactly the geographical position that she now occupies, and while I argued against the occupation by us of any part of Afghanistan proper, I pointed out the lamentable weakness of our then frontier. I showed that if Russia were to move down upon India we should have to meet her either in Afghanistan or upon the Indus, and that to meet her "at the foot of the mountains and with the Indus behind us would be a military suicide." I showed that a retreat to the Indus would be a terrible blow to the confidence of our troops, that an advance into Afghanistan would be an advance out of reach of railroad communication and through dangerous defiles, and that it was a delusion to suppose that we could resist Russia upon our then frontier. I proposed a railroad from the Indus through the Bolan, and the concentration to the north-west of the Bolan of a powerful European force, to take in flank and rear any invader who might advance upon the Khyber; and I pointed out that such a position would be on the road to Kandahar, and that, although it would be a mistake to occupy Kandahar except by the wish of the Afghans, nevertheless the advance of the Russians would one day force the Afghans to ally themselves to us and to solicit the occupation of their cities. But, while I was right upon this point and anticipated the policy which was first laid down by Government ten years later, I took far too low a view of the strength of Russia in Central Asia. My own experience in five journeys in Russia which I made, shortly after writing upon India, between 1868 and 1873, led me to modify the view which I had formed as to Russian weakness; but time has also modified the facts themselves, and there can be no doubt that the affection with which Russia is regarded by the bulk of her Mahommedan population is of recent growth. I was utterly wrong, however, in my belief of 1867 that Russia would be unable to introduce civilization into Asia, and that her weakness there would be such that she would continue less homogeneous and less strong for defence than India. Since 1867 the Russians have ceased to be a merely backward people ruled by a foreign, that is a German, rule, and have become that which later observers have found them to be—a nation of all peoples patriotic,

and willing to bear heavy burdens for the sake of an idea. Drunken and ignorant too many of the Russian peasantry still are; and corrupt still is, in many of its branches, the Russian administration; but enormous strides have been made in the last twenty years, and especially in the last ten years since the Turkish war, and while India has advanced, Russia has advanced far more rapidly in every direction.

Not only is Russia the greatest military power in the world; but she is the European power with the largest homogeneous population and the greatest expansive force. Territorially she has the largest empire, possessing a vast share of the old world, and hers is a people full of patriotic and religious spirit, and so well disciplined that all except an infinitesimal minority obey joyfully and without question, under all circumstances, whether good or evil, the will of a single man. Yet, although subject to what, with our Parliamentary ideas, we are disposed to style despotism, the Russian people are full of spirit and of those qualities which we consider specially Anglo-Saxon—"pluck" and "go." Russia has absorbed with rapidity, but with completeness, the greater part of Central Asia, has drawn steadily nearer and nearer to our frontier, has made herself extremely popular with the people she has conquered. Her policy throughout the century has been apparently fixed in object, but pursued with patience; and while there seems no reason to suppose any probability of a speedy collision, which England will do nothing to provoke, it is impossible for those who are charged with the defence of India to shut their eyes to the possibilities or even the probabilities of the future. It is on these problems, of which I began the discussion in Quetta under the most favourable circumstances for obtaining light, that I shall have to pronounce my opinion as a contribution to a discussion on the importance of which I need not dwell. That opinion I shall naturally reserve for the point at which it was most fully formed. At the end of 1868, when I wrote upon this subject, I had ridiculed the possibility, under the then existing state of things, of Russia invading India, but a mere glance at a good map is sufficient to show, that, by the extraordinary advance which Russia has made, both by pushing forward her frontier southwards and by rapidly making strategical railroads within the last few years, that which was impossible in 1868 is at all events less out of the question now. It behoves every Englishman to make up his mind upon the extent of present and of probable future danger, inasmuch as grave decisions may have to be taken by the country soon.

Besides Sir Frederick Roberts, who knows Afghanistan as no one else now knows it, and knows the Indian army as no one else has ever known it, we had with us at Quetta the Adjutant-General, General Elles; the Quartermaster-General, General Chapman, who

has given years of patient labour and travel to the Indian frontier; General Chesney, the military member of Council; Sir Charles Elliott, the Public Works member of Council, who has under him the strategic railways; General Nairne, the Inspector-General of Artillery; Colonel Sanford, the Inspector-General of Military Works, who is responsible in chief for the fortifications; Colonel Nicholson, the Secretary of the Defence Commission; and Generals Sir Oriel Tanner and Sir John Hudson, of whom the first was just giving up the command at Quetta, while the second was taking it over from him. On all political questions, and questions half political and half military, Sir Robert Sandeman and his local second, Major Barnes, are naturally the chief powers.

Our baggage, which had come round with the servants by the mail train along the ordinary railway through the Harnai Pass, by which we were to return, reached Quetta two hours after we did, and we were then able at last to wash and dress. Considering what Quetta was a few years ago, it seemed strange to sit down in a magnificent room with thirty people—ladies in Paris gowns, soldiers in scarlet, doctors in blue, and the only civil member of Council present dressed like myself, as an ordinary mortal—to a dinner worthy of a first-class embassy. The illusion that one was at a great European State-dinner was enhanced by a magnificent picture of the Queen, and nothing except the costumes and faces of the servants showed the latitude and longitude in which we were assembled. At last we retired to our own apartments, where we were “put up” by the side of the Commander-in-Chief, and had in consequence his guards over us, a post of Sikh police and a post of Bombay native infantry; and the step of the double sentries, unnecessary except for state, lulled us to rest. The next morning I started early with the soldiers, and without Sir Robert Sandeman and the ladies, for manœuvres on the Pishin plain, and for a sight of some of the new military roads.

In addition to the great strategic railroad, which was constructed on orders given by the Government of which I was a member, after the Penjdeh incident, military roads have lately been made from Quetta to Khelat, from Quetta to Dera Ghazi Khan, and through all the valleys around Quetta. Such roads have to be made with care, because there is always the risk that, made to assist the defence, they may be so placed as to prove of advantage to the invader. But the roads round Quetta have been considered with immense care by General Chapman and Sir Frederick Roberts, and I should imagine that it is unlikely that in this case such errors have been made. We ran out in our train from Quetta to Khanai. The country that we passed through was an arid sterile plain, crossed here and there by ridges and by water-courses; a bare tableland swept in summer by

hot dust storms, in winter by cold north winds. Around us were hills of ten to eleven thousand feet, of which the highest was the splendid rock of Takatu, 11,390 feet in height. In the gorges were stunted trees, juniper, wild olive, tamarisk, acacia, and false pistachio. Although the Pishin valley is poor at its Quetta end, further up it is irrigated in parts, grows fair crops, and pays the cost of administration. The large garrison of Quetta had been moved forward into the hills, and was waiting for us, divided into two forces, in the neighbourhood of the station of Khanai. We had taken our saddles with us, and cavalry horses supplied by the Sindh Horse were ready for us to ride. I had some scruples as to riding cavalry horses, and never did so throughout the journey when it was possible to procure a civil or a local levy mount, because I know the very proper touchiness upon this point of Indian cavalry soldiers. The advent of a large Government party often lames their best horses, which belong, at all events in theory, to the men. Sometimes worse happens. I know how the passage of a recent Viceroy along the grand trunk road, taking artillery horses from many miles away to draw his four-in-hand, once left at least two batteries without horses for seven weeks, and totally inefficient for that time, of course—a serious matter indeed in India. On this occasion, however, I had no choice, and must have failed to see the positions and the manœuvres had I not accepted Sindh Horse mounts.

The two local generals, Sir Oriel Tanner and Sir John Hudson, acted as umpires with a large umpire staff. The rest of us rode with the Commander-in-Chief up a gorge which, if practicable, would afford an obvious passage to an attacking force from the Afghan side round the local Matterhorn, without facing the giant Takatu, and avoiding the fortified lines across the plain of Quetta. But so strong is the natural position of Quetta that this gorge—the only means of approach from the north or west, except that across the deeply ravined and now fortified plain—contained some five excellent defensive positions, at each one of which a small force ought to be able to repulse a large one. My little Kabul horse, with Arab blood, seemed to be able to climb the side of a house, either up or down, was sure-footed as a goat, never tired, and apparently never needing to drink or feed; but even his mettle was tried by the steepness of the first position. No English horses would face these hills, which are not only of tremendous steepness, but covered with loose stones: the local horses never flinch and will go anywhere you take them. The whole time that I was in India, riding as I did two fresh horses every day upon the average, I never had one which stumbled, shied, or refused. The staff naturally go wherever Sir Frederick Roberts takes them, and when I followed him and them up one hillside I asked myself in amazement whether we should be expected to ride

down, and was glad to find that there was a limit somewhere, for even Sir Frederick himself, perhaps out of kindness to a civilian, dismounted to descend this particular hill, and we of course followed suit, much to the damage of all our boots. When much foot climbing is expected short boots are worn and the legs bound up with the native bandage, but at the manœuvres high yellow boots were worn. The force engaged consisted of two and a half British regiments, three native infantry regiments, all the mountain guns from Quetta, and one regiment of cavalry—quite useless in such country, except for escorts and messages to the rear. All scouting must here be done by infantry, who in their dust-coloured clothes cannot be seen at all in the usual sunshine of the country upon a background of dust and stones. On the rare occasions when the sun is obscured by mist or cloud they can be seen if moving; but even in sunshine the cavalry can be seen, not the riders but the horses, looking like so many ants. The heliograph was in use all along the line, and signal stations were established on the highest summits except on that of Takatu itself, which is too high for use except at enormous distances. The country is about the roughest in the world. The low ground is covered with sweet southernwood and with wormwood. On the hillsides there is here and there a juniper stump deprived of every branch by the tribal parties engaged to make the military roads for the defence position-guns. As the attacking troops from the Pishin Valley came within a long range of our mountain battery fire was opened upon them by the guns, but I could not myself detect their infantry in the blazing sunlight, and could not even find the British infantry of our own side who were lining the cliffs close to us in support of the defending guns. The mountain batteries form perhaps the finest and most useful force of all that serve the Queen. Nothing could exceed the rapidity with which they came into action or retired. The guns were screw guns in two pieces on separate mules, and in the twinkling of an eye they would be now in two pieces upon muleback and now put together and engaged. The battery, among the guns of which my horse was standing, was a mixed corps; the men who served the pieces belonging to the Royal Artillery; the mule-drivers—who, with the mules themselves, seem quite as well trained to their work as do the Britons—being Sikhs. These latter are mostly the stunted brothers of soldiers in our Sikh regiments, of stature too short to be taken for the infantry, but themselves as tall as the average British or continental soldier, as tall as the Commander-in-Chief, the Quartermaster-General, or many of the best officers on the staff, though naturally short of the gigantic form of Sir Oriel Tanner. It was wonderful, indeed, to see so tremendous a warrior, with a saddle like a boat, galloping up and down the hillsides upon little Afghan horses, and rivalling in his

riding the wiry Lord Sahib himself. It was impossible to have the strength of the position pointed out to one by more competent exponents. Sir Oriel Tanner has had great experience of this district during the years of his command. Sir John Hudson, his successor, is one of Sir Frederick Roberts's Afghan heroes. His Excellency's own knowledge of the frontier, which he has crossed in every direction every year for a great number of years past, and through which he has twice had to fight his way, is supreme.

As we all stand by the mountain battery in action, the Inspector-General of Artillery in India—a quiet scientific gunner, the late head of Shoeburyness—who has Sir Frederick Roberts's confidence in the highest possible degree, points out to the Chief and the Quartermaster-General the merits of the newest fuses, just come out from Woolwich, which are both time and percussion fuses in one, so that if the time fail the shell explodes on striking. The echo of the guns from the rocks is deafening; the position is found to be impregnable, and, in order that we may test the others, our white-armlet wearers have to make the violent assumption that the enemy has seized it in the night by surprise, and, as they give him the next or intermediate position also, we fall back to the third to see that defended. There we stand 8,000 feet above the sea, and a cold wind strikes us to the bone and marrow, blowing first one way and then the other, though but an hour before we had been grilling in a sun tremendous even for Central Asia. The ridge was one of those geologic walls that are common in Afghanistan, composed of a hard pudding-stone exactly like Roman masonry. Stones rounded in primeval times by water or by glacial action are imbedded in a natural concrete itself as hard as stone, and the mountain top for hundreds of yards together has an aspect as artificial as that of the walls of Pevensey Castle. These Titanic fortifications so block the way along the gorge that it seemed useless to continue falling back; but as the positions chosen for the chief defence all lay behind again, and still nearer Quetta, right under Takatu, we promised ourselves a further study of them on the morrow, and got back to Khanai to "lunch" at 5 p.m., just before the valley sunset, with the temporary opinion, at least, that, if this is the best way to Quetta, Quetta must be about the strongest position in the world. Immediately after sunset and our meal, a picked force consisting of chosen shots from the Worcester Regiment, under the general direction of the acting Adjutant-General for Musketry, Colonel Hamilton, fired with the new rifle volleys at 600 yards and at 400 yards, followed by rushes and by individual firing. The dust was knocked up as though by shell; the bullets picked up were frightfully torn and twisted, and the copper casing scattered about on every side in a fused form, but the copper is to be replaced by

nickel. At night our train in which we slept was guarded by sentries armed with the repeating rifles, which had a strange tiny and toy-like aspect. We were all up early, and as I had ridden across to a Moslem burying-ground on a high portion of the plateau I had a solemn view of sunrise over the lower slopes of Takatu. The Worcester Regiment picked shots were out again firing volleys at an unknown range, which proved when measured to be 2,090 yards—volleys which, owing to the low trajectory of the new rifle, took much effect. So rapid was the repeating action that there were always at least two flights of bullets in the air at the same time. We rode up the same gorge, round Takatu, to the fourth and fifth positions, where were waiting for us, divided into two forces, the same troops, with the addition of a garrison battery of Royal Artillery in charge of three heavy guns of position, a company of Royal Engineers, and the Quetta volunteers. As we passed through the attacking force upon our way up we found the narrow pathway through the gorge blocked by a sick camel, who had sat down to bubble, squeak, roar, and groan. A sergeant and eight men of a British regiment were surrounding him in despair, having failed to get him up. "What is it?" says the Chief to the sergeant, well knowing, however, what it was. "He won't move, sir," growled the sergeant in his deepest bass. But the result of the incident was that I heard an anecdote of the Afghan war, of how a camel had blocked the whole advance—how, after every humane effort had been made to move him, the anti-humane party, who had proposed lighting a fire against him, began to prevail. At last the fire was lighted, and the beast did not move. The humanitarians then came proudly to the front and interfered, pointing out that obviously he could not move. Pioneers were sent for, and, at the end of twenty minutes of severe labour, a road made round him, when, just as it was completed, the camel got up quietly, without having been touched, and, trotting forward, resumed his proper place in the ranks! However necessary he may be, and however useful, the camel is not popular in the British army, which infinitely prefers the mule. The view of Takatu was grand, but the position was so hopelessly strong that the attack was a mere farce. As we rode down through the attacking force the Commander-in-Chief, smiling at the officer commanding, said, "Well, what are you doing?" to which the reply was "Dying gloriously, sir," and there was nothing else indeed to be done. After a hard ride down the hill we reached Fuller's Camp to "lunch" at 4 p.m., the train having come round to meet us there. The camp is named after Lieutenant Fuller of the Royal Engineers, and is celebrated as the scene of a small disaster which followed Maiwand, when the little post was attacked by the tribes, a British sergeant killed, and three sepoy wounded

out of a garrison of seven. The blackened walls of the camp shelter are still standing, and the presence of a gigantic vulture in the neighbourhood of these gave the place a desolate and disagreeable air. We started at once back to Quetta in our train, as it was the famous Saturday night of, a rare event at frontier stations, a ball, given by the garrison to Sir Oriel and Lady Tanner upon their departure. Most of us were too tired to stay long to see the merriment. Although the troops had not marched in, a good many of the officers had ridden in through the mountains, after their long day, to enjoy the dancing.

On the next day church occupied the morning, and work considered of a fitting nature the afternoon—inspection of the great hospital in which there were a hundred and fifty British sick, suffering chiefly from ague and enteric fever. The climate in these hills would be a perfect climate for our British garrisons provided that care were taken in avoiding over exposure to the mid-day sun followed by exposure to the sunset chill; but this care is exactly one of those things which experience shows cannot be counted on from either the British soldier or his officer, and the annual October harvest of sickness is the natural result.

In the night, that is, on Monday morning at 1 a.m., leaving the ladies at Quetta, but taking Sir Robert Sandeman with us, we started in our train from Quetta for the end of the line towards Kandahar, crossing the Pishin table-land. The station-master, half Irish and half Piedmontese, had not seen Sir Frederick Roberts stroll down to the train, which he had done at that early hour of the night at which he generally retires to rest, and, just as we were ready to leave, Mr. de Rienzi refused absolutely to start the train unless he were assured that the Commander-in-Chief was in it. This was a delicate investigation, because no one could make sure that he was there without running the risk of waking His Excellency up and spoiling a good night's rest. Sir Robert Sandeman and myself, knowing his punctuality, took upon ourselves to declare positively that it was certain that he was in the train, and upon this we were most unwillingly allowed to start; but in the morning the familiar face was there. The station-master was a good specimen of an ex-soldier and gallant Royal Artilleryman, who, with a most British-looking son, rules the telegraph of Quetta as well as the Quetta railway. The son is only about ten, round, rosy, and chubby, and three natives are in the office with him. Apparently the native who is nominally the head man does not attend, and the small boy and the two other natives have no permanent understanding as to which of them is to take command; the result of which is that whenever a message is sent off the sender assists at a linguistic struggle which is extremely comic, and the end of which is that the

small boy proudly interprets the telegram, and, by survival of the fittest, reigns supreme. At Killa Abdulla we waited for dawn, that being the furthest station to which the line is opened and completed—a station inhabited as yet by little except hoarse-croaking ravens. Again, I fear, violating an Indian law, at sunrise we started, a lightened train, up the heavy and dangerous gradients to the tunnel works. There we got out and walked to the head of the tunnel, where we saw Pathan, Welsh, and Cornish miners working side by side. Many of the men from the Severn tunnel works have “come on” here, as they put it, and expect to finish by April, 1890. I notice that, in his able article in the last number of *The Fortnightly Review*, on which I shall offer some suggestions in my next, Colonel Maurice names three years as the probable length of time to be further occupied on the construction of the tunnel. There is a great difference between April 1890 and February 1892, but as Russia will not, I think, even before the later of these dates move forward beyond her present frontier near Herat, the matter is not a vital one.

The Khojak tunnel, through a wall-like range which reminds one of the Solitude of the Sainte Baume in Provence, is indeed a stupendous work, when we consider the difficulty of bringing up the fuel for the engines. We had with us a Canadian gentleman, as a petroleum expert, who is being employed by the Government of India to show how to use Sir Robert Sandeman's local petroleum instead of wood. The petroleum of Baluchistan has been pronounced good, and the use of it for fuel at the tunnel will save an enormous amount of carriage of brushwood; and that denudation of the hills which is at present going on. People employed by us are now cutting the juniper woods and doing exactly that which we forbid in most of India, and which we have prevented the natives from doing in Cyprus. Coal at the Khojak has to be brought from England, and it costs some fifty shillings a ton, and the Public Works Department are only human, so the speedy use of petroleum is to be prayed for in the interests of the forests and the climate of Baluchistan. When we emerged from the tunnel, over which we had been shown by Mr. O'Callaghan, the distinguished head of the civil engineering staff engaged upon the work, we were met by the local Afghan chiefs wearing handsome uniforms that had been given them by the Government of India. These tribal chiefs of the Kwaja Amran range hold the country up to within fifteen miles of Kandahar, and take pay from us and do service for us under the Sandeman system. All were of the Jewish type save one, and that one, curiously enough, was the very image of a Jewish friend of mine who has not the ordinary Jewish features. Their followers, in varied costumes with conical caps, some with dark green, some with light green, and some with white *poshteens*, all with enormous white baggy trousers, all

with rifles slung across their backs banging up and down as they galloped, crowded round us and salaamed, shook hands and salaamed again. Sir Robert Sandeman came in for more than mere hand-shaking and salaams, and here as elsewhere we found the chiefs wanting to almost embrace him. They told us that they were sceptical as to the possibility of making the two ends of the tunnel meet, and when they were assured that the miners will bring out the two workings on an exact line they shook their heads and smiled. Our arrival was a great event for the summit of the Khojak, for in our party were no fewer than three members of the Viceroy's Council, and the chiefs were naturally gathered in great force. Leaving them to make their way over the top by the old road, by which we afterwards returned—the road down which Sir Frederick Roberts's father had had to lower his guns by ropes in the first Afghan war, and down which, at the same places, Sir Frederick Roberts, his father's diary in hand, had had to lower his guns by ropes in the second Afghan war—we embarked in a truck to go up the so-called "vertical railway." This is a wire-rope railway, worked by a stationary engine, and having an incline of one in two-and-a-half. When we had shot up to the summit we were amused at finding a concrete lawn-tennis ground within sight of the mountains beyond Kandahar. Much of the work is being done by a crack regiment, the 23rd Bengal Pioneers, who are excellent workmen, doing their seven hours a day of labour, and good soldiers as well. They had been with Sir Frederick Roberts in the Afghan campaign, and they turned out and cheered like Britons. It was odd to hear, remembering where we were and who they were, their band performing the music of *Dorothy*. The presence of so many generals had a demoralizing effect on the discipline of regimental officers. When we went into a tent I heard an officer say to the general commanding his division, "We made a mistake just now. We turned out the guard and bugled to *your* party as you walked out of the tunnel, thinking you were His Excellency." "But after all we were a lieutenant-general and three major-generals," meekly replied his chief. It is not every day, one would think, that a good half of the Defence Committee of Calcutta and Simla fame are on the summit of the Khojak at one time. Countless camels were at work carrying over the top of the mountain all that was needed for the north-western side. The timber of the framing and the staging comes, strangely enough, from the Rocky Mountains, or from Oregon and British Columbia, for American timber is cheaper at this spot than the deodar of the Himalayas. From the summit we had a splendid view of the red Afghan desert and of the hills to the west of Kandahar; a view, as some foolishly call it, of the "promised land." The country in sight is called in the native tongue "the

country of sand ; " but it is more like a red ocean, from which rocks stick up like islands. I watched Sir Frederick Roberts keenly gazing on the hills on which Ayoub took up his position before Sir Frederick beat him and saved us from the otherwise certain consequences of Maiwand. We rode rapidly down the steep military road to Chaman fort, our most advanced station, where there is a small post of native infantry, and thence, such is the extraordinary clearness of the air, we saw a sight which is however, seldom seen from here—the grand line of the distant snows of the Hindu Kush, some hundred and thirty miles away, to the north of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, on the Upper Helmund and the Argandab, which itself is seventy miles from this spot.

Here the Commander-in-Chief offered to leave any who might be tired, but said that he himself was going to ride on, and we began to think that we were going to Kandahar with an escort of Bombay cavalry, but followed by all the mounted portion of the Chaman militia, who had turned out to see us. It had originally been settled two years ago that the most advanced station towards Kandahar was to have been Chaman fort, but it was found last year that the inclines at that place would be too steep, and it was decided to go four miles into the plain. When we reached this spot, Sir Frederick Roberts announced his intention of going on again, and Sir Robert Sandeman accepted a fresh mount from his tribal levies. Dressed in a long black coat, dark trousers, and a black wide-awake, he bestrode a Kabul Arab, which had a Turcoman red prayer-carpet (which London ladies would covet for their hearths) over him for a saddle cloth, and a magnificent silver necklet, mounted with a brown topaz eye, round his neck. A week later, after my experiences of amulets and charms round the heads of the local horses, I should have wondered less at this strange sight. We rode on five miles further, through the howling wilderness, along a line marked out by the bones of dead camels, till we reached the spot where the slope from the high range had ceased, and where the great station, to which the trade of Southern Afghanistan will flow, can be safely placed. While we were examining the position of the future town, with a keenness which if we had been Americans would have been explained by the desire to possess ourselves of corner lots, a wild Baluchi ran up to us, shouting out wildly with frantic gesticulations. Some almost thought for an instant that he must be a hill fanatic, or, as the British soldier says, "a lunatic ;" but the poor fellow had lost not his wits, but his camel loads, and wanted us to find them for him. As we returned we passed through the bazaar of Chaman village, and found that a town has sprung up here in the last year which will now have to move. The street was lined by the infantry of the Chaman militia, no two alike ; and each with his own long rifle, no

two of the same pattern ; their commander riding a white horse with his tail dyed red with henna. Scoffers began to ask the question—In a fight between the Chaman militia and the Quetta volunteers, which would win ? When the tunnel has been made, we shall have at Chaman an open door on Kandahar : a door open for trade from Afghanistan to India, and open for military advance if necessary to Kandahar or to the Helmund. It is well known that in the autumn of 1888 the Ameer telegraphed to ask the Government of India to send troops immediately to Kandahar, and, although he withdrew the request upon the same day, it is possible that it may be made again. Sir Robert Sandeman was with Lord Hartington some years ago in opposing the continued occupation of Kandahar when the opinion of Sir Frederick Roberts was the other way. But there is now no difference of opinion between Sir Frederick Roberts and Sir Robert Sandeman, and indeed no difference among any of the military authorities, and little, if any, difference of opinion in India ; it would be wrong to go to Kandahar against the wish of the Afghans, but it might be necessary to go at their request. If cavalry were kept at our new frontier post, they could ride to Kandahar in one forced march. Some of us could have gone there this day ; certainly the Chief himself, his master of the horse and his other aide-de-camp, and the troop of cavalry of the escort.

While Afghan trade will go through our tunnel to avoid the heavy climb, tunnels are worthless to an advancing foe. My experience in the Franco-German War has shown me that it is useless to blow up railway bridges, as temporary bridges can be laid again at once except in the case of the strongest streams, but that tunnels can be easily blown up in such a way as to be rendered absolutely useless, and beyond the power of any army to remake in time of war. Local British opinion is divided about the tunnel. It may raise the suspicions of the Ameer, as he may think that it points to the seizure of Kandahar, although that is certainly not the intention of the Indian Government. Some would have preferred to have taken the railway round, instead of over and through, the Kwaja Amran range, and towards the Helmund and Seistan, skirting Northern Baluchistan and Southern Afghanistan—a line in fact running towards Persia rather than towards Kandahar. Some, on the other hand, are inclined to press the Ameer to allow us to lay the rail to Kandahar through his territory, as we have already laid it through portions of Khelat territory, and as the Russians have laid their strategic railway over Bokhariot soil. We have one hundred miles of railway stored at the front, and it could be laid to the Helmund in three months at the outside. There is the question, too, of what should be done with regard to the railway under various circumstances which may follow the present Afghan reign. The Martini-

Henry rifles given to the Ameer for the arming of his troops enable him to hold his own, and to put down all insurrections. They will enable the army to put down insurrection when he is gone if the army agrees on an Ameer. By guaranteeing a continuance of the subsidy, that is their pay, provided there were unanimous choice, we should have much influence in keeping the country together, which is to our advantage; but all agree that the wisest policy with regard to Afghanistan, and one which should accompany any political line of action which may be adopted, is that of the encouragement and development of trade. My own belief is that Parsee shopkeepers, and even British merchants, would do well to establish themselves at Chaman. A good deal of trade is already coming through, and it is certain that it must rapidly develop. The Afghans already take goods from India very largely through Peshawur and Kabul, as well as through the Bolan Pass and Kandahar. The railway rates, however, are too high. But it is not only by our railway and by securing peace upon the frontier that we have developed trade. Our military roads have also been of service, and especially the roads through and near the Khyber, the new road through the Bori Valley, and the road which runs by the side of the railway through the Pishin Valley and the Bolan. English houses should press the Ameer to let them establish branches at Kandahar. Both the town and the surrounding country are perfectly quiet, and there is less fear of robbery than in Piccadilly. If a good trade with the rich cities of Afghanistan should spring up, it would form a powerful security for the peace of Afghanistan and for the continuance of our influence. Colonel Bell, Deputy Quartermaster-General in the Intelligence Branch—the officer who came from China all round India on the outer line, and who is now making his way from Quetta through Seistan—has, I believe, expressed himself most strongly in favour of these views. There is more reason to expect British trade in Afghanistan than there is, in the nature of things, to expect Russian trade in Chinese Turkestan, yet Russian shops simply swarm in the towns of the Chinese frontier. The answer, I believe, that has been made by British firms who have been questioned on the subject is that the Ameer has a rather awkward habit of sometimes taking goods he fancies at his own valuation. But he is a very able man, and I cannot but think that he would fall in with the views expressed by Colonel Bell if they were properly placed before him. This would have been no doubt one of the objects of the mission which was lately to have gone to Kabul at the Ameer's request, and the sending of which is now delayed until the present year, when it is proposed that it should meet the Ameer, on his return from Herat, at Kandahar.

From Chaman we climbed back by the old road over the hill top, meeting a caravan of beautiful white asses and flocks of lovely little curly black goats, and even curlier cream-coloured sheep. When we reached the south-eastern opening of the tunnel, we left our horses and again took train for Quetta. A staff officer told me privately that, although I should be officially told the contrary if I asked, I had better offer money to the sowar whose horse I had been riding, as the horses in our native cavalry are considered the property of the men. I, of course, did so, and was severely snubbed for my pains, the man saying proudly that he was a "Pathan sowar," that is not only a "gentleman horse-soldier," but also of the Afghan race—a double reason why he should not lower himself by accepting a present like a servant. Still, while I admired the man's manner, I felt that most Englishmen would have taken the money under the circumstances of the case, and that a British cavalry private would have looked upon the sowar as a fool for refusing money for the compulsory use of his own horse. The whole of our native cavalry are in fact what the British Household Cavalry once were, and still are in a shadowy theory (which in some words of command survives)—gentlemen troopers, and splendid troops they are; so efficient that, while native infantry could hardly be used against picked European troops, except where our picked Bengal or Frontier regiments were supported by an equal British infantry force, the whole of our native cavalry could be safely used in the field in war either with little or with no British support at all. The official view is that they could be safely used in a proportion of three native regiments to one European regiment of cavalry, and that they could perform unaided the whole of the scouting and covering work; but I believe myself, from the answers given me to the questions I asked, that the cavalry could be safely used without British support, that they are equal to any cavalry that could be brought against them, and as good as any cavalry in the world. If I am right it is not really necessary to send British cavalry to India, and British infantry and artillery are sufficient; and a considerable saving to the Indian Government might be obtained by diminishing or abolishing the cavalry reliefs. The climate in the gorge a little before sunset was splendid, like a still Christmas-day at Toulon or Cannes, or a fine October day in Switzerland. As we journeyed back by train we were struck, in the hour that preceded darkness, by the sunset beauty of the arid ranges of Pishin. We crossed two great irrigation canals, brand new—a testimony to Sir Robert Sandeman's improvements—and, after watching the complete extinction of the glorious red light upon the hills, slept till Quetta.

On the next day I rode with Sir Frederick and the soldiers to see the fortifications and the positions of the Quetta plain; the ladies

driving in the same direction in the afternoon, but being unable from the roughness of the country to pass outside the fortified lines. Leaving the railway where it strikes the military road inside the forts, a few miles from Quetta, we crossed the valley from side to side inside the fortifications, visiting each position for the heavier guns. Then ascending the hillside we went to the hill forts which command the deep ravines, and then to the signal station, posted at a height of 7,000 feet, from which are flashed heliographic signals to the Khojak summit, forty miles away. We descended by the military road through the Ghazabund Pass. When we reached the bottom the Adjutant-General pulled up and said solemnly, "There is good water here," and we gathered round the spring, a rare sight on the North-Western Frontier. When we were about to drink the Royal Engineers stationed at the place at once interfered, and suggested that they had a store of soda-water, and the "good spring water" of the military map changed, I fear, into more dangerous compounds, on the ground that "the Afghans bathe in it." The works that we had seen are the last word of the art of modern fortification as applied to mud. All is in mud. Under this tremendous sun—which, after a night of thick ice and before another night that would freeze the Serpentine, has twice the strength of the English July sun and frizzles any part of British flesh exposed to it—mud becomes as hard as rock; witness our artillery troubles during our wars in Afghanistan. The first requisites in this country are a large hat and a small nose, and the officer commanding the cavalry who was out with us, an old Exeter College Oxford graduate, who has a large nose and a small helmet, suffered according to this rule. The forts are to be armed at once with guns, a little heavier than any which could be brought against them, which are already stored in the local arsenal; and then Quetta is impregnable. The Quetta arsenal is in the old Khelat-government fort, which occupies the summit of a lofty artificial mound, in which a Greek Hercules has been found. One of the redoubts stands on a similar but less lofty mound, that of Baleli, which gives its name to the Lines. The object of fortification is that you should not be attacked, and in the Quetta position we have a splendid example of the wisdom of resort to fortification in fit places. Nature made Quetta strong, but unfortified it would have needed an army corps for its defence. Three-fourths of an army corps is saved to us by fortification, and no enemy will pass that way; but, on the other hand, the position forms a splendid base for an offensive-defensive flank attack upon the invading enemy. The work has been rapidly and cheaply as well as admirably done. Not counting the work on the Khojak tunnel, or the completion of the 316 miles of military road from Quetta to Dera Ghazi Khan, by which we are to ride, there have been constructed

in connection with the Quetta defences, in eighteen months, the whole of this wonderful line of forts and two hundred miles of military road, for the sum of £120,000. From the Royal Engineer and Royal Artillery point of view it would seem to be almost a pity that the Russians will never come to Quetta to try the strength of the splendid lines; and "they will never be so uncivil as to come round them" is the remark of cynical critics. From the side of the hill opposite to the signal station Quetta is overlooked, lying behind us in security. Part of India is thus protected from attack, but not the whole, and I have now to see the remainder of the vulnerable side.

On the 14th November our train started for Kach by the northern side of the Quetta loop, some of the party riding as far as that point, where we all breakfasted together in His Excellency's dining carriage. We passed the scenes of the death of Captain Showers and of the fighting of 1880. From a point where the wild scenery began to become beautiful, all of us—both those who had ridden the first part of the way and those who had come by train—mounted upon trollies and ran down the steep inclines of the railway through the stupendous limestone cañon known as the Chuppa rift, which connects the Nari gorge with the Pishin tableland. The line is carried now along a precipice and now through tunnels, finally crossing the river itself upon a bridge. While we were spinning at a rapid pace through the last tunnel before the bridge, Sir Frederick Roberts said to the Civil Engineer in charge of the trolly, "We will stop at the bridge," and the breaks were put on so that the trolly came to a standstill in a position about the most uncomfortable to the eye in which I ever found myself; but the scenery was worth the dizziness. As we came down the valley Sir Robert Sandeman pointed out to us the spot where the Zhob men had made a bullet-hole through his helmet when, after Maiwand, they tried to descend on Quetta. At Sharnick and Nasak we ran into softer scenery, though the valley was still bounded by magnificent cliffs, rising in some places a sheer 7,000 feet from the plain to the top of Mount Khalifat at nearly 12,000 feet elevation. At Harnai we stopped for a long night and slept in the train. Here we were met by Sir Robert Sandeman's transport and by a strong detachment of cavalry to furnish our escorts. Passing through Harnai were many of the Sirdars from Central Baluchistan on their way to Sir Robert Sandeman's durbar at Loralai. The chief man who remained at the station to start with us on the next day was the famous Jam Ali, the Jam of Lus Beyla, a sad, handsome dignified gentleman, white-bearded, but young-eyed, and of a sweet and melancholy air. He is the former ruler and the present ruler (under circumstances which I will state, for they have some human interest) of a principality which lies along the coast and runs towards the Persian Gulf, the

revenues of which are some £30,000 a-year. Lus Beyla has sunk a little under the prosperity of Lower Sindh, but before we began to make the harbour of Karachi, one of the Baluch ports was known as "the golden port," on account of the large dues that were collected. The father of Jam Ali was removed from the throne for rebellion against the Khan of Khelat, and was put in prison by us at Bombay. Jam Ali, then a boy, was set on the throne and ruled the country admirably. He worked so hard to get his father back that we eventually relented, and the father returned to the throne which Jam Ali vacated in his favour, or, to be more accurate, the regency of the Crown Prince ceased. The father proceeded to marry several new wives, who ill-treated Jam Ali, and then to call together a portion of his chiefs, against the will of the majority, to declare an infant child by one of these wives the next successor to the throne. Jam Ali put himself at the head of the majority of the Sirdars, and raised a rebellion against his father. I think it was Sir Oliver St. John (who was acting in Sir Robert Sandeman's absence) who marched against him with the Quetta escort, captured him, and locked him up. Sir Robert Sandeman, I think, it was who freed him on his return. Last year the father died, and Sir Robert Sandeman having called together the chiefs, they decided to set Jam Ali once more upon the throne instead of putting up the child; so Jam Ali has come to his own again in the spirit, and Sir Robert Sandeman, although suffering in health from a heavy fall from his horse, is going all the way back, after his visit to the Zhob when he leaves us, right down to the coast, in order to instal his friend as *de facto* ruler of Lus Beyla. Jam Ali, I believe, is only about forty, but his misfortunes have aged him as well as probably added dignity to his face, and he looks like an old man, but an old man of singular beauty who has been softened, not hardened, by suffering. Although I could not speak with him except through Sir Robert Sandeman or the interpreters, I conceived a sort of friendship for Jam Ali, and we used for the ten days that we were together to salute each other morning and evening with special intention.

Another interesting person in our suite which met us at Harnai on the afternoon of our arrival, and with which we were to start upon the morrow, was a boy chief, looking sixteen or seventeen on horseback, but evidently not more than twelve. He was a very pretty boy with a strange sweet smile, and for him also some of us conceived a liking. He too rode with us the entire distance, riding always in the centre of the road, with his uncles, who were his protectors, riding one on either side of him. The supremacy of the boy over the uncles, as being the recognized head chief, was very marked, although he was too young to even wear a full-sized sword. Another distinguished person was the camel contractor, the greatest

camel owner between Persia and India—probably the greatest camel owner in the world; the son of the camel contractor of our two advances into Afghanistan in the second war, who had been wounded in serving with us at Maiwand, and for his services made a Khan Bahadur. This gentleman was a handsome man of some five-and-thirty years of age, brown in colour, about six feet two in height, heavily built, with a broad open smile, and a tremendous habit of shaking hands in pump-handle style. He was gorgeously dressed in blue and gold; Jam Ali wearing dove-colour, pale pink, soft light blue, and silver; and the boy chief wearing the ordinary Baluch white and the embroidered *poshteen* from Kandahar. All had cornelian rings, many cornelians somewhere about their neck, and some turquoises.

The camels began at night to gather round the train. There were all the fast-trotting camels that could be procured in Baluchistan, and a sufficient number of marching camels for our wants. Three camels were allotted to me, but, even with the greatest possible dispersion of load, I could only manage to freight two with my light luggage for the mountain march. In fact my two camels were well off, for when we got into the Punjab and obtained army mule transport, one mountain-battery mule easily carried what the two camels had brought. My camel drivers were Brahooes, coming from 400 miles away, and speaking a tongue that, as the lamented General MacGregor said in his *Wanderings in Balochistan*, is one "which no ordinary individual can be supposed to know." MacGregor went on to explain that while Pottinger says that they are Tartars, Latham describes their language as Tamil, an extraordinary difference which probably means that the philologists themselves have not got to the bottom of the Brahooes. On the 15th the camels started long before us with the baggage. Mine is becoming so much more Central Asian in appearance every day that I hardly know it when it appears rolled up in Afghan embroidered sheepskins, in Penjdeh carpets, or in thick Herat or Persian cottons. The starting of the camels was a pretty sight for those in the train, so long was the file and so graceful were the costumes of the swarthy Baluch drivers. Our party was to divide at Harnai, but we remained together, putting off the moment of separation so long as to only just leave ourselves time to conclude our day's march by sunset. It was by far our latest start. From Harnai there left by train, as the road was difficult for ladies, Lady Dilke on her way to Simla to stay with Lady Roberts till the march was over; Colonel Pole Carew, who had fever, went on by the same train as far as Sibi; Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Nicholson went on by the same train for a much longer distance; and Sir Charles Elliott and General Chesney were both of them also in the train for a portion of the way. With us there went on horseback into the hills, besides Sir Robert Sandeman and the Commander-in-Chief,

the Adjutant-General; the Quartermaster-General; a staff officer representing the general commanding the division, as Sir John Hudson had turned back to Quetta; Captain Rawlinson, an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief; Surgeon-Major Taylor of the Headquarter Staff; and a clerk of the Commander-in-Chief's office, who was not to have come as long as Colonel Carew was coming, but who, to his delight, was told to come when Colonel Carew fell sick. The nucleus of our party was the same all along the road until we reached the Punjab frontier, when Sir Robert Sandeman left us; but in addition there came with us in portions of the road Captain Ivar MacIvor, one of Sir Robert Sandeman's principal assistants; Lieutenant Archer, son of the Agent-General for Queensland in London, a new and rising political officer; also cavalry officers commanding the various posts, and the road engineers, mostly dashing young fellows from Cooper's Hill.

On the first afternoon Sir Robert Sandeman and I rode together, escorted by his local levies and a party of Sikh police, leaving the soldiers to ride with their cavalry escort. Jam Ali rode close behind us, with his pipe-bearer riding by his side, armed with a pipe sufficiently magnificent for a prince through whose territory our Indian telegraph runs for between two and three hundred miles, and who gets £700 a year for protecting it. The pipe was a State pipe, for Jam Ali never smoked it. The local levies are known on the frontier as "catch-'em-alives," because when they developed a habit of bringing in, for convenience, only the heads of criminals, they were directed by Government to take the offenders in a more civilized form, which they have since done. The name has now come to be used, often in the shortened form of "catch 'em," as an adjective for all that appertains to the tribes, and the choice of horses is stated to be between cavalry horses and "catch-'em" horses. I have even heard of silver rings, with large turquoises of uncertain colour set in them, being called "catch-'em" rings. I started from Harnai not only upon a "catch-'em" steed, but with a "catch-'em" bridle, consisting of a thick leather thong with a loop in it for two fingers, and a long end reaching to the ground, knotted and fringed, and serving as a whip.

Leaving the Harnai Valley, and turning our backs on steam, we still found the telegraph by our side for the first three marches: after that we were beyond all the inventions of the nineteenth century except pigeon post, which was intermittent, however, on account of the operations of the hawks. We rode up the splendid gorge called Mekrab Tangi, a cañon almost as fine as the Chuppa rift, but with greener sides covered with long creeping capers and bushes of maidenhair fern. As we rose into the hills once more, giant partridges became plentiful; and we passed through groves of wild

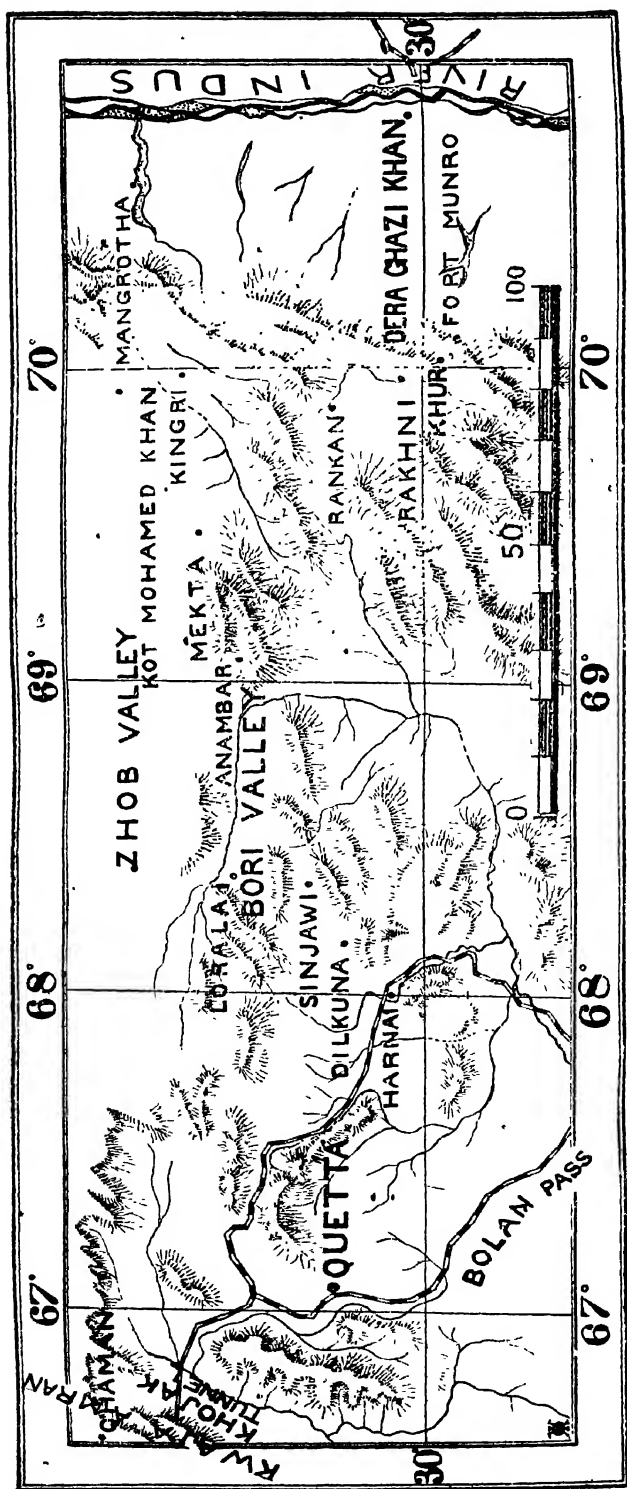
olive-trees, some of them of extraordinary size and therefore fabulous age. We reached Dilkuna at dark, to find our tea ready prepared for us in the engineers' bungalow, the only house, by Sir Robert Sandeman's most excellent and well-known butler, "Mr. Bux," a magnificent-looking personage, who once passed as a prince with the London crowd when his master brought him to England. Sir Robert and I had hustled on along the road in spite of the fine scenery, and we got in first; but before the moon rose clear of the great mountains Sir Frederick Roberts rode in with the staff and the escort of Bengal cavalry, and our party was complete for dinner in Sir Robert Sandeman's great tent, in which there was a suspicion of frost about the air, so that *poshteens* and fur-lined jackets became dinner-dress. We are the guests of Sir Robert Sandeman from Harnai to Loralai, and from Loralai to the Punjab. But for our halt of two days at Loralai we are to be the guests of the VI. (Prince of Wales's) Bengal Cavalry.

In the morning Abdul, Sir Robert Sandeman's bearer, brought me my little breakfast before light, and Sir Robert and I were off so early that we left behind us our "catch-'em-alive" escort, except some few who frantically caught us alive by a short cut up the mountain side. Rising rapidly from Dilkuna camp, which stands at some 5,400 feet, we reached a ridge of 6,600 feet by sunrise, and enjoyed that magnificent spectacle which in dry mountain countries daily compensates the traveller for all his petty troubles, such as night cold, noon sun, dust, cracked lips, and parched throat. In the half-hour next after sunrise the military road was literally covered with partridges of two kinds, running along it in front of us in troops and droves. The road was none too wide, and the corners were made dangerous by our occasionally meeting camels just at the worst places. Horses have never liked camels since their first meeting in classical times, when the camels of the Persian army under Cyrus terrified the horses of the Lydians under Cræsus. No amount of habit ever makes even Central Asian horses thoroughly used to camels. Moreover, camels know no "sides," and are just as likely to take the one side as the other, the inside as the out, so that one never feels thoroughly safe in meeting them at a corner until one has passed them. From the ridge we rode through a wide straight valley bearing a great likeness to Bridger's Pass and Laramie plains in the Rocky Mountains, by which I journeyed in 1866 before the railway, and in 1875 by train. At the half-way station-house I changed my this day's horse, to which I had given a sore back in return for a sore knee which he had given me, and obtained another and better "catch-'em," a white Arab with a noble tail. We went so fast that Colonel Jennings, commanding at Loralai, and another officer, who had ridden out to meet the party, told us that we were too early for the arrange-

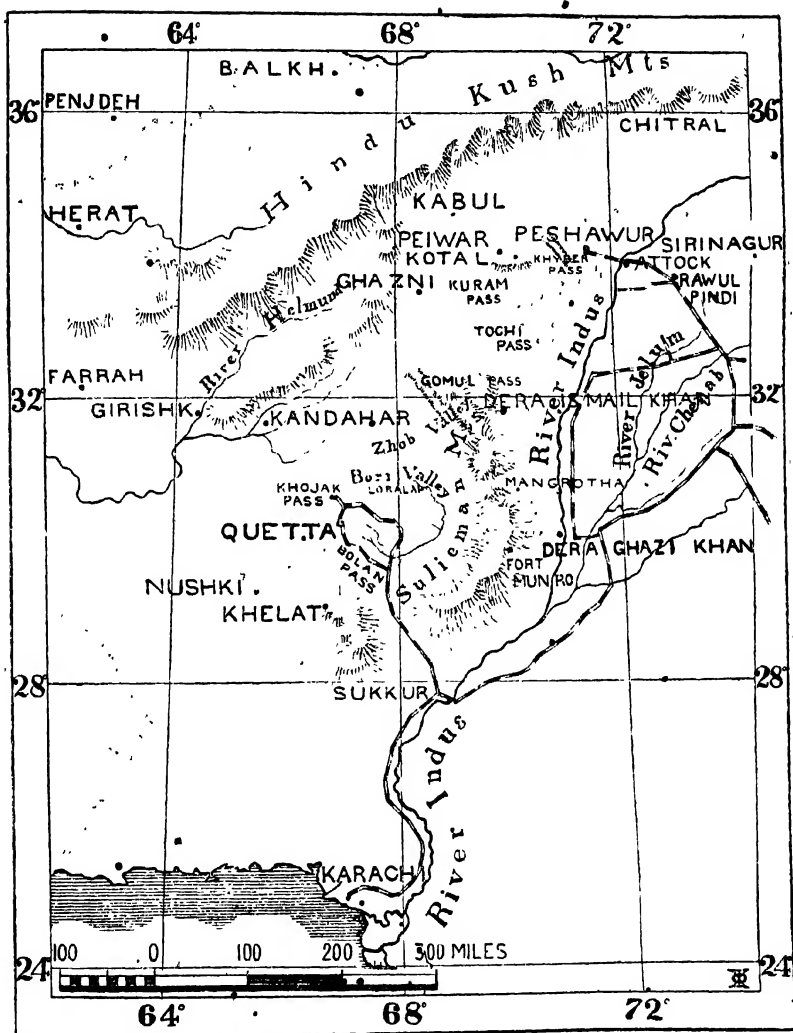
ments. By nine o'clock in the morning we had done our one-and-twenty miles, and soon after we reached the rich valley of Smallan, filled with splendid myrtles, upon which the unpoetic Baluchis feed their omnivorous "catch-'em" horses. A few minutes later we had arrived at our destination at Sinjawi. The Chief rode up and inspected a post of native infantry, and we soon got our second breakfast in a second tent. The plan of march is, that the moment dinner is over "Mr. Bux," packing the glasses and the chairs, of which there are no duplicates, marches, starting about ten o'clock at night on the fast camels, to the breakfast place, and there goes to bed, after looking up his supplies. The result is that when we arrive with tremendous appetites "Mr. Bux" is always ready to smile, salaam, and say "Good morning, sah. Breakfast leddy, sah."

Sinjawi Fort stands at the meeting of several frontier valleys. Kites sweep round it in the clear air and give it the look of an Indian station. So pretty is the green valley as it curls through hills, some golden-yellow and some orange-red, that General Elles and Captain Rawlinson climbed a high stony knoll twice in the day to make between them a panoramic sketch, that came out as satisfactorily as the Adjutant-General's well-known drawings of the Black Mountain gorges. At Sinjawi Sir Robert Sandeman was met by the head man of Dup or Dub, a good deal higher up our line of march, who has just returned from the Mecca pilgrimage—his first sight of sea and first experience of steam. He was very sick, he tells us, but "fire is stronger than wind or water" is the experience which he has brought back. He wore his topmost sheet like a Scotch plaid, while on his back was a smaller version of the Highland "target," such as we were now to see all along the remainder of the march, an ordinary Indian-made Afghan shield—a shield of hide embossed in shining metal, dazzling in the mountain sun. The chief of Dub bears a slightly doubtful reputation, as his village is on a disturbed part of the road, and his face was somewhat heavy after his interview with "the politicals."

On the 17th I started with Sir Robert Sandeman at the first ray of dawn towards the new entrenched military post of Loralai, to which the Bengal cavalry pigeon-post had preceded us on the previous evening; all but one of the pigeons having, however, been eaten by the hawks in the defile instead of getting home. Sir Robert Sandeman dropped behind about sunrise as Mr. Archer and others caught us up. I went on with Colonel Bigg-Wither, the maker of the road, but at last I tried to go by myself as he wanted to go slowly to be able to take one pony along for two days' march. I made a total failure of it, as these frontier horses are accustomed only to go in parties, so I had at last to ride up to the "catch'em" escort and ride with them, after which my horse, finding himself among his friends, behaved well. We seemed this day to have



THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF BRITISH BALUCHISTAN.



THE SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.

somewhat got out of the country of the giant partridges, but we saw large numbers of small partridges and one or two bustards. At the second change of horses six hundred chiefs and tribesmen met us, almost all of them insisting on touching the hands of the Commander-in-Chief and of Sir Robert Sandeman. The splendid costumes and the great number of horses in the glaring sun made up a most picturesque scene, but the ceremony took a long time, and I was glad to ride ahead with General Chapman away from the crowd of kickers and the storm of dust. About a third of those present were Ghilzais from the Ghazni neighbourhood, refugees from the last insurrection against the Ameer. These risings are, it is said, provoked by over-taxation and by the offences of the Kabul troops against the honour of the women of the tribes. The features of the Ghilzais present were what we should call Jewish, or rather Ninevesque. The country just here was thickly studded with little towns, in which every farm-house or cottage was fortified with a strong mud wall and tower—fortified against the Murree raids. On the cliffs about a thousand feet above us were the ruins of a Buddhist fortress-monastery.

It was just ten o'clock when the mountain battery, which is stationed at Loralai, began firing its salute, and, crossing the Bori valley in a whirlwind of dust, surrounded by between six and seven hundred galloping Baluchis and Afghans, we entered the station in the form of an Arab *fantasia*. The white robes of the Baluchis as they flew out in the wind resembled the burnous, but our fellows came to pieces more than do the Arabs, yards of turban and yards of sash streaming behind them in the wind. The Commander-in-Chief was put up by Colonel Jennings, and I by Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher of the same regiment.

In the next *Fortnightly* I will give the remainder of my frontier diary and state some of the conclusions to which I came.

THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

THE importance of a sufficient supply of wholesome water for domestic purposes is at the present day admitted by all who have paid any attention to the subject. Water is a necessity of life, second only to the air we breathe. It or its elements form about four-fifths of the human body, and without its assistance no function can be discharged. It is a necessary constituent of all food, and is of itself the most valuable of the many articles which come under this denomination. Life can be supported for days and even for weeks upon water alone, and its admixture with so-called solid food is a necessary condition of their being utilised by the animal system. Although some substances resist its action as a solvent, its power in this respect is much more extensive than that of any other fluid. Water has other valuable properties. It is the most effective and convenient agent for cleansing the surface of our bodies, our clothes, furniture, and dwellings, and the soil itself; and when it descends in the form of rain it cleanses the air by washing the impurities out of it. Its physical properties and the ease with which it can be set in motion render it the most convenient channel for the removal of many waste and effete materials, and for their conveyance to places suitable for their disposal, and it is especially this use of water which has led to so many difficulties and dangers in connection with its supply to large communities. Abundance of wholesome water is almost everywhere obtainable, but unfortunately its sources and the streams in which it flows are too often contaminated by the admixture of filthy and noxious matters. Such contamination is not only repulsive to all ideas of cleanliness, but it includes many great dangers, for not a few epidemics of fatal diseases have been caused by the germs of such disorders having gained access to the water. It is now pretty generally known that any sudden outbreak of disease in an epidemic form is almost certainly attributable to the water supply, that is, to something which has passed into the water, and has been swallowed by the sufferers.

In primitive communities and in sparsely scattered populations there is seldom much difficulty in obtaining a supply of water. Wells are sunk, and if these are properly protected from contamination, the supply, as a general rule, is abundant and wholesome. In Eastern countries, such as India, in which water is the only fluid drunk by the natives, the popular taste becomes so far educated as to be able to distinguish good water from bad; it is generally safe to use water from those wells that are the most frequented. Pala-

table water is, however, not necessarily pure water, and well-water is peculiarly liable to contamination, not only from matters thrown or falling into it, but from noxious substances which soak through the surrounding soil.

When, however, extensive communities inhabiting large cities have to be supplied with water, the problem is one of a very different character. To obtain sufficient water of any kind must often be difficult; to obtain wholesome water may be almost if not quite impossible. A supply cannot be obtained on the spot; if thousands of wells were sunk in a large city, some would yield bad water, all would be liable to contamination, and the supply would eventually prove insufficient. Water must therefore be brought from a distance, and whenever large towns are in the vicinity of rivers, the most natural course to pursue is to take the water thus brought within reach by natural agencies. River-water, free from admixture with extraneous matters, is generally of excellent quality. Many rivers begin in clear mountain streams of pure water, and receive accessions to their volume, not only from tributary streams, but from the ground-water which, having fallen as rain on higher ground, has sunk in, to reappear in sandy or gravelly regions at lower levels in the form of springs. If rivers were simply channels for the passage of water, if no effete and waste materials were allowed to pass into them, we should hear very little about the difficulties of supplying water to the majority of large cities. Up to quite recent times, rivers have been regarded as the most convenient receptacles for sewage and waste matters of all kinds, and even modern legislation against such pollution has not achieved the desired object, though considerable improvement has been effected. It may be laid down as a general rule that no stream ought to be used both as a source of supply and as a carrier of waste and excrementitious materials.

In applying this rule, however, to the case of large cities, and especially to that of our own metropolis, we are confronted with several facts of a very remarkable character. Were not the results of experience constantly before us, to provide five millions of human beings with a never-failing supply of water would probably be regarded as an impossibility, and it is still difficult to realise the magnitude of the operations by which the supply is effected. The simple fact is, that eight large water companies supply one hundred and fifty-four million gallons daily to a population amounting in the aggregate to nearly five and a half millions, the consumption being at the rate of twenty-eight gallons a head, and nearly half of the total quantity supplied being taken from the Thames. More than one-third comes from the Lea, while the remainder is supplied from springs and wells. It follows, therefore, that five-sixths of the total quantity

of water supplied to the metropolis is derived from sources condemned by the rule laid down in the previous paragraph.

The eight water companies are authorised to obtain their supply from the following sources:—Five of them, viz., the Southwark and Vauxhall, the West Middlesex, the Grand Junction, the Lambeth and the Chelsea companies, take water from the Thames at Hampton, Molesley, and Ditton, the maximum quantity allowed in twenty-four hours being one hundred and twenty millions of gallons. The East London Company gets its supply from the River Lea, at Chingford, and is also allowed to take, when necessary, as much as ten millions of gallons daily from the Thames at Sunbury. The New River Company takes water from the Lea, near Ware, the spring at Chadwell, and from thirteen chalk wells in the Lea valley. The Kent Waterworks Company obtains its supply from the chalk wells between Deptford and Crayford.

All these companies contract to collect water from intakes, or certain defined spots where it is obtainable, to store it in proper reservoirs, filter it, bring it into the streets, maintain it under a given pressure, and convey it into the private service pipes provided at the expense of the house owner or the consumer. The companies' engagements are completed when the water is brought, in a wholesome and pure condition, to the premises of the consumer as required by the "Metropolis Water Act, 1871," and when provision is made for a regular supply. They are not responsible for anything which may happen to the water inside the premises supplied. It may be kept in filthy cisterns, it may absorb gases from drains or cesspools, and may become absolutely poisonous, but for such contamination, and for the state of the pipes within the house, the builder or householder is responsible. What is perhaps still more important, because less generally known, the water companies are not responsible for much of the deterioration of quality at the intakes, from the neglect of local public authorities, such as river conservators and others, who have allowed increasing quantities of sewage or refuse matter to be discharged into the river above the points whence the supplies are taken for public consumption.

Such, then, are the present arrangements for supplying London and its five and a half millions of inhabitants with water. They have been completed at a cost of over fourteen millions sterling, and since the passing of the "Metropolis Water Act, 1871," the companies have incurred and undertaken an expenditure amounting to upwards of four millions for the improvement of the water supply, both in quantity and quality, for extending the capacity of their reservoirs, and increasing the areas of filtration, as well as for providing for the requirements of a constant supply. In order that the consumers' interests should be duly protected, the "Metro-

polis Water Act" of 1871 provided for the appointment of a water examiner, being a competent and impartial person, who should from time to time examine the water supplied by the companies, to ascertain whether they had complied with the requirements of Section 4 of the "Metropolis Water Act, 1852," which orders that every company shall effectually filter all water supplied by them within the metropolis for domestic use before the same shall pass into the pipes for distribution. The filtration of water taken from the Thames and Lea is thus effected by the water companies.

The water is received into subsidiary reservoirs and there stored for some days, during which a large proportion of the suspended matter gradually subsides, when the water is drawn off into the filter-beds. These large reservoirs have another advantage; they enable the companies to increase their storage during fair weather, and to discontinue the collection during temporary floods. In 1877 the total storage of the seven companies was 1,041 millions of gallons; in 1888, 1,290 millions, or about nine days' supply. The water supplied by the Kent Company, being taken from deep wells in the chalk, does not require filtering.

The filtering beds are composed of gravel and sand, the depth of the materials thus employed varying from three and a half to seven feet (see report by water examiner for Nov., 1888). The upper layer of about two feet is composed of sand, the remainder is made up of gravel. Sometimes a layer of shells is placed between the sand and gravel, gradually increasing in coarseness. The pressure of the water in these filters is not great, the depth is never more than two feet, and it is found that sixty gallons pass through each square foot in twenty-four hours. The filtering-beds are cleansed and replenished with fresh sand from time to time. The action of the sand is mainly of a mechanical nature; it certainly removes suspended matter, both organic and mineral, and it appears to retain about five per cent. of the dissolved constituents, and the power of such a filter in arresting organisms is considerable when the sand is fresh, but it ceases after a time. Dr. R. Koch, however, states that the reduction in the number of organisms is due to the film of mud which gradually forms on the surface of sand filters, and which mechanically retains the organisms in the same manner as a Pasteur filter, in which the water is forced through unglazed biscuit ware. If this statement be correct, it must be regarded as unfortunate that the film has to be scraped off periodically, in order to allow of the percolation of the water through the filter. The removal of the film takes place about once a month, and as Dr. Koch states that a fortnight is required before it acts as a good filtering medium, as against organisms, it is clear that in our water-works there must always be several filter-beds which offer but a slight obstacle to the passage of

microphytes, which may have gained access to the water. Against this drawback, however, is to be set the fact, already alluded to, that fine white sand well washed arrests the passage of a considerable proportion of organisms. It does not afford complete protection, for it was shown at Lansen, in Switzerland, that water containing typhoid germs, after having been subjected to sand filtration, infected the population of a village and destroyed many lives. Ferruginous green-sand and spongy iron are still more efficient in this respect (see Dr. Frankland's Report on the use of spongy iron in the filter-beds of the Antwerp water-works). The duties of the water examiner are of a multifarious character. He inspects the filter-beds and reservoirs, and examines the quality of the water at the intakes and after filtration. He furnishes monthly and annual reports, giving complete and exact information with regard to the water supplied, including such points as its source, total volume, average daily supply, state of filtration, condition of samples, &c. He furnishes reports on the composition and quality of daily samples of the water, based on analyses made for the companies by analysts of their own appointment, and by an analyst chosen by the Government; and lastly by a report of results of the bacteriological examination of the metropolitan water supply made by Dr. Percy Frankland.

From the foregoing account of the precautions taken to insure that the water when delivered to the consumer shall be as pure as circumstances will permit, it is obvious that no charge of neglect can be sustained against the companies or those who control their operations. With regard to the companies, it is universally admitted that they have always been in advance of public opinion on improvements in the water supply; not only do they fulfil their contracts, but they do not limit themselves to a bare compliance with the provisions of Acts of Parliament, they frequently adopt measures for the general improvement of the supplies, and exhibit proofs of their anxiety to discharge the duties of their position towards the public. It cannot be said that the inhabitants of London are dissatisfied with the water supplied to them. Possibly their satisfaction may be the result of ignorance or indifference; but there can be no doubt as to its widespread existence. With regard, however, to the source of supply and the consequent quality of the water, very conflicting opinions are held by men who deserve to be regarded as competent authorities. If we are to believe Dr. Frankland and those who think with him, there may be water everywhere in London, but there is not a drop fit to drink, except that which is supplied from the chalk wells in Kent. Other able chemists agree with Dr. Tidy in declaring that the London water is excellent, and that no better sources of supply can be found for the metropolis, considering all the facts of the case, than the rivers Thames and

Lea. It will be well to examine briefly the evidence adduced in support of these two contradictory opinions. There is, however, a preliminary question which must not be passed over; every one wishes to secure pure water, but what is the standard of purity? Now pure water, using the adjective in the strict sense, is not obtainable outside the chemist's laboratory, and much care is required for its preparation. It is obtained by distilling ordinary good water, and the product has to be tested in various ways in order to determine that it has received no contamination from the vessels employed by the process. If no mineral matters are discoverable, and if on evaporation the water leaves "scarcely a visible residue," it may be regarded as pure. Next to distilled water, comes rain water, caught in clean vessels, on mountains or large plains far from human habitations and after some hours of rain. It is almost needless to say that water up to this standard of purity is not to be found in the purest springs or rivers. These are supplied by rain which falls on the earth, charged with many impurities washed out of the atmosphere, and capable of dissolving many materials on and beneath the earth's surface. Lime and magnesia are universally present in the soil, and various organic matters offer themselves for solution. As water sinks through the earth, new materials are taken up; others previously dissolved or suspended in the fluid are often retained. Hence spring water contains the results of solution modified by filtration. River water, containing as it does much rain water that has fallen on the earth, is apt to vary greatly in composition and often contains much organic matter washed off the surface by the rain.

Water, whether from river or spring, to be regarded as wholesome, must be perfectly clear, free from odour, tasteless and cold. It must also contain more or less air and carbonic acid (otherwise it will taste flat), and it must be soft, through the absence of undue amounts of lime and magnesia. Its solid constituents should not be much more than ten grains in a gallon, except in the case of water from chalk wells, where the proportion may be much exceeded. With regard to the organic matter—an all-important question—if water from the chalk springs of the Kent company be taken as a standard, there should not be more than one-tenth of a grain in a gallon. It is very difficult to distinguish between dissolved organic matter derived from vegetable substances and that of animal origin. Elaborate chemical processes are required, and the chances of error are considerable. Some information may be obtained by examining the sediment with the microscope, and from a consideration of the source of the water and the various matters dissolved therein. Bacteria of all kinds, fungi, remains of animal structures, eggs of parasites, &c., must be absent. Infusorial animalcules of various kinds and diatoms are often seen in well waters, and do not indicate any serious impurity. To

make an exhaustive examination of a given sample of water requires considerable skill, but its wholesomeness or otherwise can generally be decided without much difficulty. It is perhaps necessary to mention the fact that the taste of water is a very uncertain indication of its purity. If anything objectionable be detected by the tongue the water must be rejected; but dissolved organic matter is often tasteless, and the sense of taste is of little use in discovering many dissolved mineral substances. Thus common salt is recognised by the tongue only when a gallon of water contains as much as seventy grains. On the other hand, very small quantities of iron communicate a peculiar flavour to the water; one-fifth of a grain per gallon can be thus discovered. It is well to warm water before tasting it; cold is always grateful to the tongue, and prevents many unpleasant flavours from being noticed. Having thus briefly alluded to the characteristics of wholesome water, I proceed to inquire whether the water supplied to the metropolis can be included in this category. It cannot be denied that a considerable amount of sewage and refuse matter enters the Thames above the spots at which the water is taken by the various companies. It has, indeed, been stated that the sewage from a population estimated at more than half a million is thus disposed of, and that therefore the source of supply is contaminated to such a degree as absolutely to condemn the water even if filtered through sand in the best possible way. It must be remembered that the "Rivers Pollution Act" forbids the discharge in their entirety of sewage matters into rivers. The most common methods of dealing with sewage are to allow the solid parts to subside or to precipitate the greater portion by means of chemical substances, and then to make provision for the liquid to pass over or through land and thence into a stream. The sewer water is to some extent purified, but its standard of purity has not as yet been fixed. Besides this source of contamination the result of floods must be taken into account. The cultivated ground near the banks of the upper Thames is often under water, and much organic matter from manure, decaying vegetables, &c., must be washed into the river as the floods subside. Another source of impurity, viz., the refuse from house-boats and from the floating population, must also be borne in mind. To express numerically the condition of the Thames water it may be assumed that from four to five hundred millions of gallons pass daily over Teddington Lock, and that twenty million gallons of dilute sewage have been mixed with it. The potential impurity may be described as fluctuating between two and four per cent.

It is all-important to determine as accurately as possible whether this degree of impurity represents a fixed quantity, or whether it is lessened as the water flows on. Much turns upon the answer given to this question; as usual, very conflicting evidence is given

by experts, but an unbiassed examination would appear to show that rivers with a flow of a few miles possess considerable power of transforming hurtful organic impurities into harmless products. The change is effected by three principal agencies. 1. The suspended organic matters subside; they are forcibly carried to the bottom by the admixture of the impure water with suspended mineral matters. 2. Fish act as scavengers, and it must be remembered that their presence in water indicates a certain degree of purity. 3. The most potent purifying agent is oxygen, derived in part from the air and in part from the plant life with which rivers abound. The oxygen derived from the latter source being set free in the water, is the more powerful agent in producing the change. The weeds of a river-bed into which sewage passes absorb a large amount of organic matter and of chlorides, and are valuable purifiers of the water.

Dr. Frankland admits that some purifying action may occur in the course of the flow of a river, but contends that it is so small as to be practically useless. He considers that if the water of a river be once contaminated with ever so small a proportion of sewage matters, no river in England is long enough to bring about, by oxidation or otherwise, such a removal of the organic impurities as to render the water wholesome and fit for domestic use. He cites the case of the river Irwell, which, after passing Manchester, runs eleven miles to its junction with the Mersey without further material pollution, and falls over six weirs; yet the purification by oxidation is trifling. Dr. Tidy, on the other hand, asserts that if sewage be discharged into a river and mixed with at least twenty times its volume of pure water, after a moderately rapid flow of a few miles, the whole of the impurities will disappear as a result of oxidation and other agencies, and the water will be restored to its original state of purity. The late Dr. Parkes, an authority second to none on such a subject, was inclined to attribute much influence to oxidation, and several facts strongly support this view. The case of the river Tees deserves to be mentioned; this river receives the sewage of Barnard Castle, containing four thousand inhabitants, and of several villages, and likewise the refuse from dyeworks and fell-mongers. It flows on for sixteen miles to Darlington, where the water companies supplying that town, Stockton, and Middlesborough obtain their water. It is somewhat remarkable that Dr. Frankland has reported this water to be "of unimpeachable quality, as clear and bright (after filtration), and nearly as palatable, as deep well or spring water." Here surely there is no evidence of previous sewage contamination.

Another remarkable instance of the purification of water as a result of free exposure to the air was furnished by Mr. A. le Grand, in a communication to the Society of Arts. He was well acquainted

with the water of a river known to be more or less polluted, and of which samples were sent to analysts from time to time. On one occasion the water as drawn from the river was forced up into the air in a jet, and the spray which fell was collected and sent to the analyst. So great was the change in the direction of purity that the analyst, until assured by competent authority, was sceptical as to the real source of the water. These instances seem to prove that exposure to air purifies water contaminated with organic matter. Such exposure must, however, be complete and continuous. It is not contended that well water conveyed in pipes can be thus improved, though this admission is sometimes cited by the opponents of the oxidation theory in support of their view. About ten years ago the chalk wells at Caterham became polluted by a workman suffering from typhoid fever, and the result was that many persons in Redhill who drank the water were attacked by the disease. Now the distance between these two places is about seven miles, and it is not fair to assume that, because the typhoid poison was capable of being conveyed that distance in closed pipes, its effects would have been the same had it passed into a river and been swallowed after a flow of some miles.

If it were true that no improvement, whether by oxidation or otherwise, takes place in river water during its flow, and if sewage-matter, even in very small amount, could not possibly be excluded, it would be absolutely necessary to seek other sources of supply. Dr. Frankland's opinion is that we ought to have two systems of water supply in London. The first ought to give us good water fit for dietetic purposes; the second, water for manufacturing and trading purposes, flushing sewers, watering streets, and extinguishing fires. It would not, however, be desirable to introduce two kinds of water into houses, for most servants, not to speak of other persons, would go to the nearest tap, whatever the quality of the water. Only the pure water should be introduced in houses, and the use of meters should be compulsory, so as to prevent waste. Dr. Frankland thinks that it is quite unnecessary to continue to supply some thirty gallons per head, as is done in London, and that ten gallons would be sufficient. He would obtain this pure water from springs or deep wells, and convey it to the consumer without previous admixture of sewage and other impurities. Such wells can be found in the Thames Valley, for it is a well-known fact that in times of long drought the Thames is supplied exclusively from springs, almost all coming from the chalk and the oolite. It certainly seems unnecessary to take enormous pains to purify water which is used only for watering streets and other outdoor purposes. Even Thames water taken at London Bridge, if a few days were allowed for the subsidence of the coarser impurities, would be suffi-

ciently pure for such uses. With regard to the average supply to each individual, twenty-eight gallons daily is probably excessive. There is probably much waste from carelessness and bad taps, but it is desirable that any error in the quantity supplied should be on the side of excess. Habits of cleanliness are not too common, and nothing should be done that would tend to make them less popular, or to furnish excuses for negligence. Waste of water should, however, be checked in every possible way. Dr. Parkes estimated that for personal and domestic use without baths, twelve gallons per head daily should be given as a minimum supply, and that with baths and perfect cleanliness sixteen gallons should be allowed. Water for necessary sanitary purposes is not included in this estimate, and it must be remembered that even a small general bath (4 feet long and 1 foot 9 inches wide) for an adult will require from thirty to forty gallons.

If the Thames is to be superseded or supplemented as a source of water supply in the manner suggested by Dr. Frankland, it would be necessary to inquire into the capacity of springs and wells to afford the requisite *quantity* of water. It is, perhaps, too readily assumed that no grounds for fear would exist with regard to the *quality*. Water from the best chalk wells is clear, transparent, and bright; it is well aerated, and free from dead organic matter, and contains comparatively few organisms. Its hardness is its only drawback, and this depends upon the presence of an excessive amount of chalk, held in solution by carbonic acid gas. It may be softened by adding lime with which the carbonic acid unites, the chalk is then thrown down and withdrawn from the water. It must never be forgotten that well water may be, and often is, highly impure, and this is notoriously the case with shallow wells in porous soils. A well drains an extent of ground around it nearly in the shape of an inverted cone, and the water which soaks in from the soil is often very impure. The area drained must depend upon the soil; Dr. Parkes states that the distance ranges from fifteen to one hundred and sixty times the depression of the water in the well. The deepest (non-Artesian) well will drain a cone, in a loose soil of chalk or sand, of about half-a-mile in radius. All water from deep wells must come from the surface, and, as pointed out by Prof. Bischof, the question as to how far it is purified in passing from the surface of the soil to the bottom of a well is a very important one. It is often assumed that the water has filtered through hundreds of feet of solid rock, but it is certain that much water often passes directly through fissures, and does not gradually find its way through minute interstices. Thus even deep wells have been known to contain seeds, stems, and roots of certain marsh plants, and even small fishes and shells. These deep wells are often fed by leaky beds of rivers, and

the danger of contaminating them is increased in proportion to the amount withdrawn by the pumping and lowering of the ground water. Well water often contain germs, and the chemical purification may be only an increase of that performed by the ordinary sand-filter. All these points require to be considered in the examination of any projects for supplying large communities with water from wells and springs.

Admitting the comparative purity of deep well water, it must not be forgotten that the opinions of experts differ considerably as to the quantity obtainable from these sources. If we may judge from experience, probably the safest guide in the question before us, not a few deep wells would sooner or later become exhausted if large supplies of water were drawn from them. It must not be supposed that the water passing into these wells is contained in huge reservoirs which could be drawn upon *ad infinitum*. Between the months of May and November in ordinary years but little water is received into the chalk area, and the quantity becomes gradually diminished. The replenishment depends on the winter rainfall, the quantity of which influences the next year's supply. When the first Artesian well was sunk in the chalk under London the water rose freely above the surface of the ground; its level is now 60 or 70 feet below it. When the Hanwell Asylum well was first bored, and for some time afterwards, the water rose 18 feet; at the present day it has to be pumped up. A similar and still more striking example is afforded by the well at Richmond. When this was first sunk thirty years ago water rushed up and overflowed; now it has sunk 120 feet. These instances prove that there is no permanent storage of water, and that the supply is likely to be exhausted. There is another difficulty, though a less serious one, connected with obtaining a large supply from wells. Mr. Baldwin Latham has pointed out that water cannot be taken from water-bearing strata by means of a well without diminishing the quantity which would otherwise flow out by natural streams; hence manufacturers with works on the banks of streams might find their industries crippled by withdrawal of the water upon the supply of which they depend.

Apart from the natural objections against drinking water in any way contaminated with sewage matter, there is the risk of the propagation of serious diseases, the germs of which passing with the discharges into water are afterwards swallowed. The evidence that typhoid fever and cholera may be thus spread is quite convincing, and there is much probability that other disorders are disseminated in a similar manner, though the connection between them and impurity of water cannot always be clearly demonstrated. Typhoid fever has again and again been shown to be propagated through the medium of water; the Caterham epidemic, already alluded to, is a

case in point. Ordinary sewage matter may produce diarrhœa even of a serious character, but for the production of typhoid the specific germ must be present. The truth of this statement is shown by those instances collected by Dr. W. Budd and others, in which persons had for years been drinking water contaminated with ordinary sewage, but no cases of typhoid had occurred until a person with the disease came into the place, and the discharges from this patient were washed into the stream from which the water supply was obtained. The evidence that cholera may be propagated through the medium of the water supply is equally strong. Dr. Parkes has collected many instances, and remarks that each successive example adds more and more weight to those previously observed, until from the mere accumulation of cases the cogency of the argument becomes irresistible. It may be added that in all probability the continuous use of water containing much organic matter lowers the resisting powers of the body, and renders it a more favourable nidus for the germs of specific disease.

The diseases just referred to are supposed to be caused by the presence of living organisms termed bacteria, microphytes, or more generally, disease-germs. The discovery and study of these organisms date from a comparatively recent period; an enormous amount of attention has been devoted to them, but so far with only negative results as regards their differentiation, with two or three exceptions. High powers of the microscope are required for their detection, and it is often impossible to say whether those present in a given specimen of water are similar to others taken from another source. It would appear, moreover, that these organisms or their germs may exist in water and yet may be beyond detection by the highest powers of the microscope. When their presence is suspected, the test by "cultivation," as it is termed, is now employed. A fluid containing sugar, tartrate of ammonium, burnt yeast ash, and water is found to be an excellent breeding-ground. A little of this fluid is boiled in a test-tube, which has previously been exposed to great heat, a few drops of the water are added, and the mouth of the tube is closed with cotton wool. If bacteria or their germs exist in the water, in a few days the liquid becomes milky from the presence of countless organisms. Inasmuch, however, as bacteria are to be found in the purest kinds of natural water, this test is not a positive indication of the quality of any given sample. It is, however, useful when taken in connection with other methods, and if the water rapidly becomes opalescent, the organisms may be assumed to be comparatively abundant.

The bacteriological examination of the metropolitan water supply is now regularly conducted by Dr. Percy Frankland, and the results are published in the monthly report. A small, measured portion of

the water is mixed with gelatine and other nutritive media spread on glass plates and set aside in a cultivating apparatus. In a few days so-called "colonies" of minute organisms will be discoverable. These can be counted with the aid of the microscope, and are described as so many in a given cubic space. The significance of the different forms has not yet been determined, and there is no test which will distinguish those which are the germs of disease from those which are harmless. Dr. Birchhof has pointed out a curious fact in connection with the development of bacteria. If samples of unfiltered water be stored in flasks, the organisms undergo no increase, but soon diminish in numbers. If filtered water be stored, the organisms increase enormously, perhaps because the filtration has removed some which would prevent the development of others. Thus the Kent chalk water contains but very few organisms; if it be bottled and kept in a warm place for a few days, millions make their appearance. If unfiltered river water were thus treated, the result would be of an entirely opposite character.

It is obvious that myriads of bacteria are constantly finding their way into the water of the Thames; they are known to possess great vitality and to be capable of resisting the action of many chemical agents. They are, however, destroyed by very slight differences of acidity and by changes of composition in the fluid. Fortunately the composition of the Thames water undergoes very frequent alterations, and it varies in different places. Wholesale destruction of organisms is the probable result, and their removal from water is certainly affected by repeated and thorough filtration. Dr. Percy Frankland stated that their average reduction as a result of the treatment in the reservoirs of the companies amounted in 1877 to 96·7 per cent. If this be correct it is satisfactory to know that the removal of organisms by filtration can be readily accomplished, and it follows that the propagation of diseases through the medium of the Thames water is, under present arrangements, extremely improbable. It might indeed be rendered impossible, if ordinary care were taken by householders still further to purify the water supplied to them. Cisterns should of course be abolished, and a filter should find a place in every house, for there is no difficulty in obtaining an efficient apparatus. A preliminary caution is necessary; a filter which cannot be cleaned, and in which there is no provision for renewing the materials, is fraught with danger. So called "self-cleaning filters requiring no attention" should be carefully shunned, for if filters act effectually, they must sooner or later contain a large quantity of objectionable matters, some of which will be communicated to the water intended to be purified. Various materials are used in domestic filters, the principal being animal charcoal, spongy iron, and magnetic oxide of iron. All these materials are more or

less efficient; but the spongy iron appears to be the most potent purifying agent at present available. In the Sixth Report of the Rivers Pollution Commission, it is stated on the authority of Dr. Frankland, that under the influence of this material (spongy iron), Thames water assumes the chemical character of deep well water. It has been tried on a large scale at Antwerp, and proved to be remarkably efficient.

If we leave the theories of chemists and turn to matters of fact, we find that the inhabitants of the metropolis have been drinking Thames water for many years, and that London is the healthiest large city in the civilised world. The germs of disease must have found their way over and over again into the water, and in such quantities as to have produced serious outbreaks, had they not been rendered harmless or destroyed. Attempts to connect excessive rates of mortality with impurity of Thames water have altogether failed; in fact, when the latter condition has existed, it has been noticed that the health of London was excellent, and the deaths far below the average.

If all the circumstances be dispassionately considered, there would appear to be no sufficient reason for rejecting the present sources of water-supply and for seeking others. It is not, however, intended to imply that no improvements are necessary. The further development of the constant system of supply (so as to do away with cisterns) cannot be too strongly recommended; and the same may be said of a vigorous enforcement of the provisions of the "Rivers Pollution Act." Those who condemn Thames water have no doubt done good service, inasmuch as they have stimulated the companies to do their best with the present sources of supply. It is not of course denied that better water could be got from the lake districts of Wales and Cumberland, but the necessity for bringing water from such distances has never been demonstrated. There is one obvious way by which great improvements could be effected, and that is the transference of the metropolitan water-works to a public authority. It is unfortunate that this plan, which was brought forward only a few years ago by Lord Cross, has not been carried into effect. The consolidation of establishments, the increased vigilance in collecting rates, with the consequent cheapness of the water, and the unity of action in effecting all necessary improvements, are a few of the advantages which would accrue from such a change. It is not too much to hope that some similar measure may ere long engage the earnest consideration of Parliament.

ROBSON ROOSE.

SOME LESSONS OF ANTIQUITY.¹

A WELL-KNOWN student once expressed his admiration for Oxford, by saying that it would be Paradise Regained, if only the Long Vacation lasted the whole year. But remember, he was not an idle Fellow, but one of those who construe *vacare* with a dative, when it means to be free from all interruptions for the pursuit of study. Well, this peaceful sanctuary of Oxford was suddenly changed last summer into a perfect bee-hive. The Colleges, the libraries, the gardens, the streets, the river were all swarming with visitors. As the clock struck, from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, streams of gentlemen and ladies were seen coming out and going back to the lecture-rooms. Every lecture-room was as full as it could hold, and the eager faces and the quick-moving pens and pencils showed that the students had come on earnest business bent. It was in fact a realised dream of what a University might be, or what it ought to be, perhaps, what it will be again, when the words of our President are taken to heart that "man needs knowledge, not only as a means of livelihood, but as a means of life."

This sudden metamorphosis of Oxford was due to the first meeting of students under the University Extension system. They had been invited to reside in Oxford for the first ten days in August. Nearly a thousand availed themselves of this invitation, of whom about seven hundred were University Extension students from the Oxford, Cambridge, and London centres. Sixty-one lectures were delivered during the ten days, on literature, history, economics, and science. Besides these lectures, conferences were held for discussing questions connected with extended University teaching. All these lectures and conferences were remarkably well attended from beginning to end, and yet there was time for afternoon excursions and social gatherings. The antiquities of Oxford, the Colleges, libraries and chapels, were well explored, generally under the guidance of the Head or the Fellows of each College. The success of the whole undertaking, thanks very much to the exertions of Mr. Sadler and Mr. Hewins, was so brilliant that at the end of the meeting it was unanimously decided to repeat the experiment next year.

To my mind that gathering at Oxford, though it was but little noticed by the outer world, was an historical event, the beginning of a new era in the history of national education. And I rejoiced that this new growth should have sprung from the old

(1) An Address delivered at the Mansion House, 23rd February, before the Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

Universities, because it had thus secured a natural soil and an historical foundation on which to strike root, to grow, and to flourish.

There is no doubt a strong feeling abroad that the instruction which is given by the old Universities is antiquated and useless in the fierce struggle for existence. We are told that we teach dead languages, dead literatures, dead philosophy, as if there could be such a thing as a dead language, a dead literature, a dead philosophy. Is Greek a dead language? It lives not only in the spoken Greek, it runs like fire through the veins of all European speech. Is Homer, is *Æschylos*, is *Sophocles* a dead poet? They live in *Milton*, *Racine*, and *Goethe*, and I defy any one to understand and enjoy even such living poets as *Tennyson* or *Browning* without having breathed at school or at the Universities, the language and thought of those ancient classics. Is *Plato* a dead philosopher? It is impossible for two or three philosophers to gather together without *Plato* being in the midst of them.

I should say, on the contrary, that all living languages, all living literatures, all living philosophy would be dead, if you cut the historical fibres by which they cling to their ancient soil. What is the life-blood of French, Italian, and Spanish, if not Latin? You may call French an old and wizened speech, not Latin. You may call *Comte's* philosophy effete, but not that of *Aristotle*. You may see signs of degeneracy in the mushroom growth of our modern novels, not in the fresh and life-like idylls of *Nausikaa* or *Penelope*.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not want everybody to be a classical scholar or antiquarian, but I hold that it is the duty of all university teaching never to lose touch with the past. It seems to me the highest aim of all knowledge to try to understand what is, by learning how it has come to be what it is. That is the true meaning of history, and that seems to me the kind of knowledge which schools and universities are called upon to cultivate and to teach. I believe it is in the end the more useful knowledge also. It is safe and sound, and by being safe and sound, it not only enriches the intellect, but it forms and strengthens the character of a man. A man who knows what honest and thorough knowledge means, in however small a sphere, will never allow himself to be a mere dabbler or smatterer, whatever subject he may have to deal with in later life. He may abstain, but he will not venture in.

What is the original meaning of all instruction? It is tradition. It was from the beginning the handing over of the experience of one generation to the other, the establishment of some kind of continuity between the past, the present, and the future. This most primitive form of education and instruction marks everywhere the beginning of civilized life and the very dawn of history.

History begins when the father explains to his son how the small world in which he has to live came to be what it is; when the present generation accepts the inheritance of the past, and hands down a richer heirloom to the future; when, in fact, the present feels itself connected and almost identified with the future and the past. It is this solidarity, as the French call it, this consciousness of a common responsibility, which distinguishes the civilised and historical from the uncivilised and unhistorical races of the world.

There are races for whom the ideas of the past and the future seem hardly to exist. We call them uncivilised races, savages, ephemeral beings that are born and die without leaving any trace behind them. The only bond which connects them with the past is their language, possibly their religion, and a few customs and traditions which descend to their successors without any effort on either side.

But there were other races—not many—who cared for the future and the past, who were learners and teachers, the founders of civilised life, and the first makers of history. Such were the Egyptians and the Babylonians, and those who afterwards followed their example, the Persians, Greeks, and Romans. To us it seems quite natural that the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians should have erected monuments of an almost indestructible character and covered them with inscriptions to tell, not only the next generation, but all generations to come, what they had achieved during their short sojourn on earth. Why should they and they alone have conceived such an idea? The common answer is, because they possessed the art of writing. But the truer answer would be that they invented and perfected the art of writing because they had something to write, because they wished to communicate something to their children, their grandchildren, and to generations to come.

They would have carried out their object even without hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic alphabets. For we see that even among so-called savage tribes, in some of the Polynesian islands, for instance, a desire to perpetuate their deeds manifests itself in a kind of epic or historical poetry. These poems tell of wars, of victories and defeats, of conquests and treaties of peace. As writing is unknown in these islands, they are committed to memory and entrusted to the safe keeping of a separate caste who are, as it were, the living archives of the island. They are the highest authorities on questions of disputed succession, on the doubtful landmarks of tribes, and the boundaries of families. And these poems are composed according to such strict rules and preserved with such minute care, that when they have to be recited as evidence on disputed frontiers, any fraudulent alteration would easily be detected. Mere prose evidence is regarded as no evidence; it must be poetical, metrical, and archaic.

Whenever this thought springs up in the human mind that we live not only for ourselves, but that we owe a debt to the future for what we have received from the past, the world enters upon a new stage, it becomes historical. The work which was begun tentatively in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt was carried on in the cuneiform records of Babylon, in the mountain edicts of Darius and Xerxes, till it reached Greece and Rome, and there culminated in the masterworks of such historians as Herodotus and Thucydides, Livy and Tacitus.

It may seem to you that these early beginnings of tradition and history are far removed from us, and that the knowledge which we possess and which we wish to hand down to future generations in schools and universities is of a totally different character. But this is really not the case. We are what we are, we possess what we possess even in the very elements of our knowledge, thanks to the labours of the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians, Persians, to say nothing of Greeks and Romans.

What should we be without our A B C, without being able to write? Mere illiterate savages, knowing nothing of the past except by hearsay, caring little for the future except for our own immediate posterity. Now whenever we read a book or write a letter we ought to render thanks in our heart to the ancient scholars of Egypt who invented and perfected writing, and whose alphabetic signs are now used over the whole civilised world, with the exception of China. Yes, whenever you write an *a* or a *b* or a *c* you write what was originally a hieroglyphic picture. Your *L* is the crouching lion, your *F* the cerastes, a serpent with two horns; your *H* the Egyptian picture of a sieve.

There is no break, no missing link between our A B C and the hieroglyphic letters as you see them on the obelisk on the Thames Embankment, and on the much older monuments in Egypt. The Egyptians handed their letters to the Phœnicians, the Phœnicians to the Greeks, the Greeks to the Romans, the Romans to us. All the Semitic alphabets also, as used in Persian and Arabic, and the more important alphabets of India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, all come in the end from Phœnicia and Egypt. The whole of Asia, except that part of it which is overshadowed by Chinese influence, Europe, America, Africa, and Australia, so far as they write at all, all write Egyptian hieroglyphics. The chain of tradition has never been broken, the stream of evolution is more perfect here than anywhere else.

Reading and writing, therefore, have come to us from ancient Egypt. But whence did we get our arithmetic? When I say our arithmetic I do not mean our numerals only, or our knowledge that two and two make four. That kind of knowledge is home-grown,

and can be traced back to that common Aryan home from which we derive our language, that is to say, our whole intellectual inheritance. I mean our numerical figures. There are many people who have numerals, but no numerical figures like our own. There are others, such as the Chiquifos in Columbia, who count with their fingers, but have no numerals at all; at least we are told so by the few travellers who have visited them.¹ There are others again who have a very perfect system of numerals, but who for numerical notation depend either on an abacus or on such simple combinations of strokes as we find in Egypt, Phœnicia, Babylon, China, India, and even among the redskins of America. There are others again who, like the Greeks and the Hindus, use certain letters of their alphabet instead of, under certain circumstances, figures.

You may imagine that with such contrivances arithmetic could never have advanced to its present stage of perfection, unless some one had invented our numerical figures. Whence then did we get our figures? We call them Arabic figures, and that tells its own tale. But the Arabs call them Indian figures, and that tells its own tale likewise. Our figures came to us from the Arabs in Spain, they came to them from India, and if you consider what we should be without our figures from one to nine, I think you will admit that we owe as much gratitude to India for our arithmetic, as to Egypt for our reading and writing. When I am sometimes told that the Hindus were mere dreamers and never made any useful discovery, such as our steam-engines and electric telegraphs, I tell my friends they invented that without which mechanical and electric science could never have become what they are, that without which we should never have had steam-engines or electric telegraphs—they invented our figures from 1 to 9—and more than that, they invented the nought, the sign for nothing, one of the most useful discoveries ever made, as all mathematicians will tell you.

Let us remember then the lessons which we have learnt from antiquity. We have learnt reading and writing from Egypt, we have learnt arithmetic from India. So much for the famous three R's.

But that is not all. If we are Egyptians whenever we read and write, and Indians whenever we do our accounts, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonians also. We must go to the British Museum to see what a cuneiform inscription is like; but it is a fact nevertheless that everyone of us carries something like a cuneiform inscription in his waistcoat pocket. For why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, and so forth? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed,

(1) Brett, *History of the British Colonies in the West Indies*, 4th ed., London, 1887.

by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty.

The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at 24 parasangs or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B.C. introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A.D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionising weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.

And allow me to point out what I consider most important in these lessons of antiquity. They are not mere guesses or theories; they are statements resting on historical facts, on evidence that cannot be shaken. Suppose five thousand years hence, or, let us be more merciful and say fifty thousand years hence, some future Schliemann were to run his shafts into the ruins of what was once called London, and discover among the *débris* of what is now the British Museum, charred fragments of newspapers, in which some Champolion of the future might decipher such names as *centimètre* or *millimètre*. On the strength of such evidence every historian would be justified in asserting that the ancient inhabitants of London—we ourselves—had once upon a time adopted a new decimal system of weights and measures from the French, because it was in French, in primæval

French only, that such words as *centimètre* or *millimètre* could possibly have been formed. We argue to-day on the strength of the same kind of evidence, on the evidence chiefly of language and inscriptions, that our dials must have come from the Babylonians, our alphabets from Egypt, our figures from India. We indulge in no guesses, no mere possibilities, but we go back step by step from the *Times* of to-day till we arrive at the earliest Babylonian inscription and the most ancient hieroglyphic monuments. What lies beyond, we leave to the theoretic school, which begins its work where the work of the historical school comes to an end.

I could lay before you many more of these lessons of antiquity, but the Babylonian dial of my watch reminds me that my parasang, or my German mile, or my hour, is drawing to an end, and I must confine myself to one or two only. You have heard a great deal lately of bi-metallism. I am not going to inflict on this audience a lecture on that deeply interesting subject, certainly not in the presence of our chairman, the Lord Mayor, and with the fear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer before my eyes. But I may just mention this, that when I saw that what the bi-metallists were contending for was to fix and maintain in perpetuity a settled ratio between gold and silver, I asked myself how this idea arose; and being of an historical turn of mind, I tried to find out whether antiquity could have any lessons to teach us on this subject. Coined money, as you know, is not a very ancient invention. There may have been a golden age when gold was altogether unknown, and people paid with cows, not with coins. When precious metals, gold, silver, copper, or iron began to be used for payment, they were at first simply weighed. Even we still speak of a pound instead of a sovereign. The next step was to issue pieces of gold and silver properly weighed, and then to mark the exact weight and value on each piece. This was done in Assyria and Babylonia, where we find *shekels* or pounds of gold and silver. The commerce of the Eastern nations was carried on for centuries by means of these weights of metal. It was the Greeks, the Greeks of Phocæa in Ionia, who in the seventh century B.C., first conceived the idea of coining money, that is of stamping on each piece their city arms, the *phoca* or seal, thus giving the warranty of their state for the right weight and value of those pieces. From Phocæa this art of coining spread rapidly to the other Greek towns of Asia Minor, and was thence transplanted to Ægina, the Peloponnesus, Athens, and the Greek colonies in Africa and in Italy. The weight of the most ancient gold coin in all these countries was originally the same as that of the ancient Babylonian gold shekel, only stamped with the arms of each country, which thus made itself responsible for its proper weight. And this gold shekel or pound, in spite of historical disturbances, has held its own through centuries. The

gold coins of Cræsus, Darius, Philip, and Alexander have all about the same weight as the old Babylonian gold shekel, sixty of them going to one *mina* of gold; and what is stranger still, our own sovereign, or pound, or shekel, has nearly the same weight, sixty of them going to an old Babylonian *mina* of gold. In ancient times twenty silver drachmas or half-shekels went to a gold shekel, just as with us twenty silver shillings are equivalent to a sovereign. This ancient shilling was again subdivided into sixty copper coins, sixty being the favourite Babylonian figure.

Knowing therefore the relative monetary value of a gold and silver shekel or half-shekel, knowing how many silver shekels the ancient nations had to give for one gold shekel, it was possible by merely weighing the ancient coins to find out whether there was then already any fixed ratio between gold and silver. Thousands of ancient coins have thus been tested, and the result has been to show that the ratio between gold and silver was fixed from the earliest times with the most exact accuracy.

That ratio, as Dr. Brugsch has shown, was one to twelve and a half in Egypt; it was, as proved by Dr. Brandis, one to thirteen and one-third in Babylonia and in all the countries which adopted the Babylonian standard. There have been slight fluctuations, and there are instances of debased coinage in ancient as well as in modern times. But for international trade and tribute, the old Babylonian standard was maintained for a very long time.

These numismatic researches, which have been carried on with indefatigable industry by some of the most eminent scholars in Europe, may seem simply curious, but like all historical studies they may also convey some lessons.

They prove that, in spite of inherent difficulties, the great political and commercial nations of the ancient world did succeed in solving the bi-metallic problem, and in maintaining for centuries a fixed standard between gold and silver.

They prove that this standard, though influenced, no doubt, by the relative quantity of the two metals, by the cost of production, and by the demand for either silver or gold in the markets of the ancient world, was maintained by the common sense of the great commercial nations of antiquity, who were anxious to safeguard the interests both of their wholesale and retail traders.

They prove lastly that, though a change in the ratio between gold and silver cannot be entirely prevented, it took place in ancient time by very small degrees. From the sixteenth century B.C., or, at all events, if we restrict our remarks to coined money, from the seventh century B.C., to nearly our own time, the appreciation of gold has been no more than $1\frac{2}{3}$, namely, from $13\frac{1}{3}$ to 15. If now, within our own recollection, it has suddenly risen from 15 to 20,

have we not a right to ask whether this violent disturbance is due altogether to natural causes, or whether what we are told is the effect, is not to a certain extent the cause of it—I mean the sudden resolution of certain Governments to boycott for their own purposes the second precious metal of the world.

But I must not venture further on this dangerous ground, but shall invite you in conclusion to turn your eyes from the monetary to the intellectual currency of the world, from coins to what are called the counters of our thoughts.

The lessons which antiquity has taught us with regard to language, its nature, its origin, its growth and decay are more marvellous than any we have hitherto considered.

What is the age of Alexander and Darius, of the palaces of Babylon and the pyramids of Egypt, compared with the age of language, the age of those very words which we use every day, and which, forsooth, we call modern? There is nothing more ancient in the world than every one of the words which you hear me utter at present.

Take the two words “there is,” and you can trace them step by step from English to Anglo-Saxon, from Anglo-Saxon to Gothic; you can trace them in all the Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic languages, in the language of Darius and Cyrus, in the prayers of Zoroaster, finally in the hymns of the Rig Veda. Instead of *there is*, the old Vedic poets said *tatra asti*. It is the same coin, it has the same weight, only it has suffered a little by wear and tear during the thousands of years that it has passed from hand to hand or from mouth to mouth. Those two words would suffice to prove that all the languages of the civilised races of Europe, the languages of Persia and India also, all sprang from one source; and if you place before your imagination a map of Europe and Asia, you would see all the fairest portions of these two continents, all the countries where you can discover historical monuments, temples, palaces, forums, churches, or houses of parliament, lighted up by the rays of that one language which we are speaking ourselves, the Aryan language, the classical language of the past, the living language of the present, and in the distant future the true Volapük, the language of the world.

I have no time to speak of the other large streams of historical speech, the Semitic, the Ugro-Attaic, the Chinese, the Polynesian, the African, and American. But think what a lesson of antiquity has here been thrown open to us. We learn that we are bound together with all the greatest nations of the world by bonds more close, more firm and fast, than flesh, or bone, or blood could ever furnish. For what is flesh, or bone, or blood compared to language? There is no continuity in flesh, and bone, and blood. They come

and go by what we call birth and death, and they change from day to day. In ancient times, in the struggle of all against all, when whole tribes were annihilated, nations carried away into captivity, slaves bought and sold, and the centres of civilised life overwhelmed again and again by a deluge of barbarian invasions, what chance was there of unmixed blood in any part of the world? But language always remained itself, and those who spoke it, whatever their blood may have been, marched in serried ranks along the highroad of history as one noble army, as one spiritual brotherhood. What does it matter whether the same blood runs in our veins and in the veins of our black fellow-men in India? Their language is the same, and has been the same for thousands of years, as our own language; and whoever knows what language means, how language is not only the vestment, but the very embodiment of thought, will feel that to be of the same language is a great deal more than to be of the same flesh.

With the light which the study of the antiquity of language has shed on the past, the whole world has been changed. We know now not only what we are, but whence we are. We know our common Aryan home. We know what we carried away from it, and how our common intellectual inheritance has grown and grown from century to century till it has reached a wealth, unsurpassed anywhere, amounting in English alone to 250,000 words. What does it matter whether we know the exact latitude and longitude of that Aryan home, though among reasonable people there is, I believe, very little doubt as to its whereabouts "somewhere in Asia." The important point is that we know that there was such a home, and that we can trace the whole intellectual growth of the Aryan family back to roots which sprang from a common soil. And we can do this not by mere guesses only, or theoretically, but by facts, that is, historically. Take any word or thought that now vibrates through our mind, and we know now how it was first struck in countries far away, and in times so distant that hardly any chronology can reach them. If anywhere it is in language that we may say, We are what we have been. In language everything that is new is old, and everything that is old is new. That is true evolution, true historical continuity. A man who knows his language, and all that is implied by it, stands on a foundation of ages. He feels the past under his feet, and feels at home in the world of thought, a loyal citizen of the oldest and widest republic.

It is this historical knowledge of language, and not of language only, but of everything that has been handed down to us by an uninterrupted tradition from father to son, it is that kind of knowledge which I hold that our Universities and schools should strive to maintain. It is the historical spirit with which they should try to

inspire every new generation. As we trace the course of a mighty river back from valley to valley, as we mark its tributaries, and watch its meanderings till we reach its source, or, at all events, the watershed from which its sources spring; in the same manner the historical school has to trace every current of human knowledge from century to century back to its fountain-head, if that is possible, or at all events as near to it as the remaining records of the past will allow. The true interest of all knowledge lies in its growth. The very mistakes of the past form the solid ground on which the truer knowledge of the present is founded. Would a mathematician be a mathematician who had not studied his Euclid? Would an astronomer be an astronomer who did not know the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and had not worked his way through its errors to the truer views of Copernicus? Would a philosopher be a philosopher who had never grappled with Plato and Aristotle? Would a lawyer be a lawyer who had never heard of Roman law? There is but one key to the present—that is the past. There is but one way to understand the continuous growth of the human mind and to gain a firm grasp of what it has achieved in any department of knowledge—that is to watch its historical development.

No doubt, it will be said, there is no time for all this in the hurry and flurry of our modern life. There are so many things to learn that students must be satisfied with results, without troubling themselves how these results were obtained by the labours of those who came before us. This really would mean that our modern teaching must confine itself to the surface, and keep aloof from what lies beneath. Knowledge must be what is called cut and dry, if it is to prove serviceable in the open market.

My experience is the very opposite. The cut-and-dry knowledge which is acquired from the study of manuals or from so-called crammers is very apt to share the fate of cut flowers. It makes a brilliant show for one evening, but it fades and leaves nothing behind. The only knowledge worth having, and which lasts us for life, must not be cut and dry, but, on the contrary, it should be living and growing knowledge, knowledge of which we know the beginning, the middle, and the end, knowledge of which we can produce the title-deeds whenever they are called for. That knowledge may be small in appearance, but, remember, the knowledge required for life is really very small.

We learn, no doubt, a great many things, but what we are able to digest, what is converted in *succum et sanguinem*, into our very life-blood, and gives us strength and fitness for practical life, is by no means so much as we imagine in our youth. There are certain things which we must know, as if they were part of ourselves. But there are many other things which we simply put into our pockets,

which we can find there whenever we want them, but which we do not know as we must know, for instance, the grammar of a language. It is well to remember this distinction between what we know intuitively, and what we know by a certain effort of memory only, for our success in life depends greatly on this distinction—on our knowing what we know, and knowing what we do not know, but what nevertheless we can find if wanted.

It has often been said that we only know thoroughly what we can teach, and it is equally true that we can only teach what we know thoroughly. I therefore congratulate this Society for the extension of University teaching, that they have tried to draw their teachers from the great Universities of England, and that they have endeavoured to engage the services of a large number of teachers, so that every single teacher may teach *one* subject only, his own subject, his special subject, his hobby, if you like—anyhow, a subject in which he feels perfectly at home, because he knows its history from beginning to end. The Universities can afford to foster that race of special students, but the country at large ought to be able to command their services. If this Society can bring this about, if it can help to distribute the accumulated but often stagnant knowledge of university professors and tutors over the thirsty land, it will benefit not the learners only, but the teachers also. It will impart new life to the universities, for nothing is so inspiriting to a teacher as an eager class of students, not students who wish to be drilled for an examination, but students who wish to be guided and encouraged in acquiring real knowledge. And nothing is so delightful for students as to listen to a teacher whose whole heart is in his subject. Learning ought to be joy and gladness, not worry and weariness. When I saw the eagerness and real rapture with which our visitors at Oxford last summer listened to the lectures provided for them, I said to myself, This is what a university ought to be. It is what, if we may trust old chronicles, universities were in the beginning, and what they may be once more if this movement, so boldly inaugurated by the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and London, and so wisely guided by Mr. Goschen and his fellow-workers, becomes what we all hope it may become, a real and lasting success.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE BRITISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE meaning of the British sphere of influence in South Africa has been quite recently explained with sufficient clearness by Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, when, early in January, replying to a deputation representing the South African section of the London Chamber of Commerce, he defined accurately the region over which our sphere of influence extends (represented, according to the very latest information, in the special map that accompanies this article) and afterwards added: "Sphere of influence is a term I do not wish to define now, but it amounts to this, we should not allow the Portuguese, Germans, or any foreign nation or republic to settle down and annex that territory." These are weighty words in the mouth of a statesman; and can mean nothing less than that the Government of Great Britain has at length awakened to the vast commercial importance of British interests in South Africa. As lately as twelve months ago there was no solid belief here in England in the richness of the mineral deposits in South Africa. Whole districts that are now worth millions might have been bought only two years ago for a few thousand pounds. This, in some measure, explains the extraordinary indifference of the Imperial Government. South Africa was regarded merely as a burden, opportunity after opportunity of legitimate development was thrown away; the offer of Delagoa Bay was refused, Damaraland was rejected; Bechuanaland would have been lost had it not been for the efforts of one or two far-seeing men. Now a change has come; England at last begins to recognise the value from a commercial point of view of South Africa, and any backsliding or weakness on the part of the Imperial Government would be received with general and well-merited indignation. The situation was a short time ago extremely critical. Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Cape Premier, speaking at East London, some distance north of Port Elizabeth, in September last, puts the case plainly: "But I shall be asked by many men in this colony, Why do you advocate the advance of British power into the heart of South Africa? Are you afraid of the people of South Africa? No; I am not afraid of the people of South Africa, but I am afraid of the great powers of Europe, as I know this: that if the British Government had not made this step forward up to the Zambesi, there would have been prompt action on the part of other great powers, and where would then be the freedom of our people, and where would be our path into the interior of South Africa?"

It is indeed vital to British interests in Africa that there should be an open road into the interior. The plans of the Transvaal Boers and the Germans to join hands and cut us off from the interior have been frustrated by the action of the British Government in carrying our sphere of influence up to the Zambesi; but we must recognise the fact that there is positively a race for the interior, and that nothing but a firm policy will maintain British interests and keep open the way for the development of British trade in Africa. It is not generally known that there has been actually a proposal to cede to Germany a strip of territory extending from east to west right across the continent north of the Zambesi, which would have effectually barred the passage of the iron track that must ultimately join the Cape with Cairo, and carry civilization through the heart of the dark continent. One point should be established between England and the European powers; that for the future there shall be no mapping out and claiming of territories without so much as an attempt at effective occupation. And the first step in a wiser policy is that England should rightly estimate the value of Africa to the Empire. Bechuanaland itself is a fair example of the prevailing ignorance: many, who may even value it as the trade route to the interior, have no idea of its intrinsic wealth. What says one who speaks with the authority of the fullest knowledge as Deputy Commissioner and Administrator of Bechuanaland, Sir Sidney Shippard? In a letter dated June 29, 1888, setting forth the advantages of Bechuanaland as a field for English capital and labour, after speaking of the value of a railway from Kimberley up to Mafeking, he says, "Such a railway could be completed in less than two years, and would secure all the trade of the Western districts of the South African Republic, including the gold fields of Klerksdorp, Witwatersrandt, and Malmani, which last are only eight miles beyond the British border, near Mafeking. A Bechuanaland railway would certainly pay well, and would prove the beginning of the great trunk line which ought to run to the Tati gold-fields, Gubulawayo, the alluvial gold-fields of the Marzoe in Mashonaland (said to be the richest in the world), and thence to a point below Tete, up to which the Zambesi is navigable. If the beauty and the healthiness of the climate of Bechuanaland, the quality of the pasturage, the productiveness of the soil, and above all the mineral wealth of the country were more widely known, I think we should soon have the benefit of that tide of emigration from England which is all that is wanted to make this one of the richest colonies in the Empire."

One of the writers of this article who has just returned from Bechuanaland, after a visit of six months, and who in the course of his surveying work got a fairly intimate knowledge of the country, such as those who simply drive through it along the roads can never get, can

fully endorse from personal observation the statements of Sir Sidney Shippard. In Bechuanaland the pasturage is magnificent, the soil wonderfully fertile. The cattle everywhere were in fine condition. The corn land worked by the natives, who alone raise crops, gives a heavy return. It has been arranged in the settlement of British Bechuanaland that a certain amount of land should be put aside for the native tribes, and that a certain width of land between the native reserve and the Transvaal should be let off in farms to act as a buffer between the native and the Boer colonist. The whole of this native reserve is highly productive grain land. The writer was informed that last year thirty thousand tons of grain were grown in Bechuanaland. The rainfall was stated to be about fifteen inches per annum. No doubt it varies, but it is probably a good deal more. At Malmani, after a few hours' rain, a fall of two inches was determined by three different gauges. There is a large body of water very near the surface of the land. Most of the wells were found to be less than thirty feet in depth. At one place, some thirty miles west of Vryburg, which we visited, we found a hole some three feet in diameter. The water was reached at twenty-five feet, and the bottom at seventy-five feet below the surface, giving some fifty feet of water. We drank some of this water, which was perfectly sweet. At another curious place, called the Wundergat, we sounded the water and found it one hundred and thirty feet in depth. In both places there was an evident percolation or soakage of the water; at Kurmua also there is an underground river. By pumps, dams, and proper methods of irrigation, land which is now occupied by a few might support thousands.

Bechuanaland is the paradise of the working man. In the course of our sojourn we never saw a beggar or a starving person. Masons in Bechuanaland were getting wages of fifteen shillings to one pound per diem, and this with meat at fivepence a pound. Natives in the coal-pits were getting five shillings a day. When we consider that a Kaffir's food, consisting of Boer meal-pap, costs from fivepence to sixpence a day, there is a good margin for saving. We had Baralong and Basutos working for us. The former we found clever with their fingers but very poor in physique, with a great disinclination for hard work. The Basutos are a fine race, magnificently proportioned, and excellent workers, willing and intelligent. The superiority of the Basuto and the Zulu is shown indisputably by the fact that from them are recruited the police and the searchers of the Diamond Fields. Some think it probable that the native races of South Africa came originally from the South Sea Islands; but be that as it may, it is certain that Jewish customs obtain amongst them. Circumcision is universal, and the old Jewish law of raising up seed to the deceased brother survives in the South African tribal

law that when a chief dies his next brother marries his widow, and the children afterwards born from this union are accounted the children of the dead man, not of the living father.

In a journey northward to the Zambesi, the traveller meets with the following chiefs. At Pokwana, some twelve miles north of the southern border of Bechuanaland, lives the chief Gasibone, a very old man. Some thirteen miles north of him comes Monkoroane, whose tribe numbers some sixteen thousand souls. One of the present writers and Mr. Haggard (brother of the novelist) had an interview with him at Taungs. He was an elderly man, in a tall hat and a summer suit (all the adult Baralongs, it may be observed, are fully clad; the girls wear aprons made of narrow strips of leather, more like boot-laces than anything else, until they are, about nine years old; then they adopt petticoats, which they put on over their aprons). He was exceedingly civil, but he feels that he has lost some of his power, forgetting entirely that if it had not been for our intervention he and his tribe would have been exterminated by the Boers.

The next native reserve, some forty miles above Vryburg, belongs to the tribe of whom Phui is chief. Montsoia, with a large tribe, is in power at Mafeking. He sent a deputation of chiefs to meet us, and we then went and called on him. He is an old man, over eighty, suffering from dropsy; but he received us with much dignity. The house was crowded with his chiefs and relatives. His sons, who are well educated, and teach in the school, sat near him. He said he was very glad to hear that a railway was coming. He had never seen such a thing, but he was told that it would be a good thing for him and his people, and he hoped it would come in his lifetime. We left after many expressions of good will. At the Wesleyan Mission Church we were lucky enough to see a native wedding. The church was crowded. All the seats were taken, and the aisles were filled with women squatting on their hams. The hymns they seemed to know thoroughly, singing them without books. The bride, a girl of fifteen, was dressed in a white cashmere dress, long one-buttoned white kid gloves, and an orange wreath and veil. The husband was attired in a suit of broadcloth. The service was in the Baralong language, being almost a literal translation of the English marriage service. No wedding-ring is used, the bride and bridegroom simply clasping hands whilst they take each other for better or for worse.

North of Montsoia comes Sechele, and north of Sechele the important kingdoms of Khama and Lobengula, the great chief of Matabeleland. Both these chiefs are Zulus, who, issuing from Zululand at a former period, conquered the country and established military kingdoms. Lobengula indeed has pushed his arms

north of the Zambesi, where he has lost many *impis* and where he will probably one day establish himself permanently. All these chiefs are well disposed towards the English, and would welcome British rule if only as a protection against the raids of the free-booting Boers.

With a view to English colonisation, for which this country is in all things eminently adapted, it is well to bear in mind what a magnificent climate there is on the high plateau, hundreds of miles in width, which extends right up from the Cape Colony through Bechuanaland into the heart of Africa. The seaports of Southern Africa are few and far between, and all round the coast is found a fringe of low-lying land which has proved fatal to thousands of Europeans. But the dry, clear air of the high plateau of Bechuanaland is wonderfully healthy. Speaking at a public dinner at Vryburg, one of the writers of this article said that in such a climate it was a mere superfluity to have more than one lung; a man came up to him afterwards and said, "I am an instance of the truth of your statement. The doctor said I had not even one lung, and sent me here; and to-day I am as healthy and as robust as any one in the room."

That humanitarian feeling for the native races, which is a credit to our time and country, is reaping its reward in its natural results in South Africa. It is their experience of this feeling in the English that at this juncture attracts the keenly observant native of South Africa to us, and makes him lean on us for protection and support against his hereditary enemy the Boer. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Afrikaner party in the Cape Colony regard this sentiment with dislike and distrust, for not only have they no sympathy with such humanitarian feeling, but they recognise in its effects a formidable barrier to the extension of Boer influence. The native races are fully alive to this; they recognise the benefits of the present jurisdiction, a jurisdiction that has stopped the sale of liquor to the black man, that has secured him compensation in the law courts in case of assault—in a word, that gives to him a status which under no other Government he is likely to possess. Under this jurisdiction the natives of Bechuanaland have in four years risen from abject poverty and starvation to, comparatively speaking, wealth and prosperity, and they are now able to compete with the Boer farmer in the profitable trade of transport riding. It may well, then, be imagined what consternation was felt amongst them when it was reported that Sir Gordon Sprigg had said at East London that the Imperial Government were waiting to receive an offer from the Cape Government to annex Bechuanaland, and that this matter was under the consideration of his ministers. *Pitsos* or large meetings were promptly held by the native tribes throughout Bechuanaland, and

resolutions were unanimously carried against annexation to the Cape. They had, they said, given their country to the Queen, and they stated in most emphatic terms their opposition to any attempt at annexation on the part of the colony. Their alarm and apprehension was finally allayed by the report of Mr. W. H. Smith's speech at Gloucester, in which he stated that the Imperial Government was not prepared to hand over Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony. Amongst the Europeans in Bechuanaland the feeling against annexation to the Cape Colony was equally strong. One of the writers of this article was in Bechuanaland at this time, and discussed the question fully with all he met. The only man that he heard speak in favour of it was a storekeeper, who said that annexation would be for his interest, as he expected that the restriction against selling intoxicating liquor to the natives would then be removed. The native tribes to the north are fully cognizant of the benefits that have accrued to the tribes in British Bechuanaland. Khama, the most powerful chief in the Protectorate, has insisted again and again on the necessity of keeping liquor out of this country. Witness his eloquent appeal in a letter to Sir Sidney Shippard, dated March 6th, 1888, "To fight against drink," he writes, "is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white men's drink more than all the assegais of the Matabele which kill men's bodies and it is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. Its wounds never heal." Both he and Lobengula, the great chief of Matabeleland, feel most strongly the need of British protection against Boer invasion, and they recognise that the Government of the Cape Colony cannot and will not afford them this protection. The reasons are not far to seek. The Cape Colony has a representative Government, of which the distinguishing feature is that as the European element congregates chiefly in the towns, the preponderating influence in the Legislative Assembly belongs to the Boer farmers, the strength of the Afrikaner Bond party, which is anti-English, anti-progressive, and anti-humanitarian.

As far as the personal experience of the writer goes the Boers are rather to be liked. They have, of course, their idiosyncrasies. They are inclined to say rather what they fancy, you would like to hear, than what they know to be true, but they have many excellent qualities. They are shrewd, and they prefer a man who says openly what he is, to one who pretends to side with them. If once they have confidence in a man, they will do anything in their power for him. One night when we had lost our waggon and had ridden some seventy miles without finding shelter, we at length saw a fire and I assisted my companion, who was half fainting with fatigue, too tired even to sit on his horse, towards the light. There we found

two Boers with a transport waggon waiting for the moon to get up. Nothing could have been kinder than their manner towards us. Whilst we laid down and slept for an hour or two by their fire they prepared coffee, and when we awoke we found bread and coffee put beside us. Shrewd as some of their leading men are, the majority of the Boers are simple in money matters and very easily cheated. We heard a good story of a certain Jew whom our party fell in with at Johannesburg, that having bought from a Boer farmer a quantity of forage, at a certain price, he paid him much less than he should have done. The farmer soon afterwards rode up and said that he was very sorry to trouble him, but he had got a book by which he made out that according to the price agreed on for each bundle of forage, the sum he should have got for the forage was considerably more than he had received. "Let me look at the book," said the Jew. It turned out to be a Ready Reckoner. "My friend," said he, "don't you see this book is for 1885, and this is 1886? That was last year, and it is all changed since," whereat the Boer farmer rode off perfectly satisfied.

Another gentleman of the Hebrew race told us that he considered it perfectly right to "do" the Boers. In the first place, money was useless to the latter, as they only keep it in gold in chests inside their bedrooms, and are constantly uneasy about it; secondly, the sons were only led into drinking and bad habits by having ready cash; and lastly it was impossible sometimes to deal with them otherwise. As an instance he gave us a case where a Boer farmer asked for his farm, upon which gold had been discovered, the exorbitant sum of fifty thousand pounds. If he had refused, the obstinate man would never have abated the price, so he said he must think it over. Shortly afterwards he went to the bank and took out £6,000 in half-sovereigns, in twelve bags of £500 apiece. He drove up with these to the farmer's house, and took ten of the bags out and said, "I have come to buy the farm." "Have you brought the £50,000?" said the farmer. "Well," said the Jew, "I have brought a lot of money; I will put it on this table." He then poured out the £5,000 in half-sovereigns. The farmer and his vrow looked on, and their eyes glistened as they looked at the table covered with gold. "How much is there?" said the vrow. "You had better count it," said the Jew. Of course that was impossible, so the vrow said, "Could you not give us some more bags?" "Well," said the Jew, "I must see if I have any more." Then he told the boy in the cart to bring one bag out, and he purchased the farm for £5,500.

The colonial Boer differs of course from the Transvaal Boer, and the freebooting Boers on the northern frontier of the Transvaal differ still more widely. But the colonial Boers are related by ties of blood and

sympathy to the Boers of the Transvaal. They are useful tools in the hands of that uneducated but shrewd diplomatist, President Kruger.¹ For years he has hankered after Bechuanaland; not only does he value it highly for the excellence of its pasturage and the healthiness of its climate, but he recognises its importance as the key to the interior. Luckily others were fully alive to this, and through their influence the trade route to the vast regions to the north was secured to England. Foiled then in this by the action of the Imperial Government, Kruger views with the utmost alarm every forward step of the English, and when the Cape Parliament last August passed a Bill for extending their present railway from Kimberley to Fourteen Streams on the Vaal River, and one of the present writers went out to survey a line through British Bechuanaland in continuation of this extension, the Transvaal President used every means to put a stop to the line sanctioned by the Cape Parliament. Pressure was brought to bear on the Afrikaner party, appeals were made to their friendship and to their self-interest. The old Boer farmer in the Transvaal and the Free State is opposed to railways generally, as the iron horse, he thinks, will abolish his highly profitable trade of transport riding. Kruger has taken advantage of this feeling and hitherto successfully kept out all railways. "If," he says, "two hundred people arrive here every week by the mail coaches, who shall tell how many will arrive by the trains?" He has kept, therefore, all the lines, so to speak, at bay. One of the writers and Mr. R. W. Murray, jun., of the *Cape Times*, had an interesting interview with "Oom Paul," as Kruger is called, at Pretoria; mention being made to him of the favourable feeling entertained by the Boer farmers in the Marico² district towards the Bechuanaland Railway, Kruger said with some vehemence, "Every railway that approaches me I look upon as an enemy on whatever side it comes. I must have my Delagoa Bay line first, and then other lines may come."

The shrewd president is, however, alive to the fact that the Delagoa Bay line cannot reach him for some years, owing to the enormous difficulties of the route that has been selected; he is therefore staving off the evil day; but events are moving with a marvellous rapidity in the Transvaal, large towns spring up in a few months. Two years ago, at Johannesburg, there were only

(1) Kruger being himself opposed to railway extension, influences the Cape Ministry through the Afrikaner Bond, which is headed by Hofmeyer. The Ministry are dependent on the support of Hofmeyer and his party, and are thus forced to become the tools of the Afrikaner Bond, and through them of the President of the Transvaal, if they would remain in office.

(2) The Marico district, which is the garden of the Transvaal, could produce ten times the grain now grown; but for want of means of transport (the great want in South Africa) the Marico farmers are unable to supply Kimberley and other towns; their difficulty would at once be removed by the proposed Bechuanaland railway.

four tents and ten people; two months ago, in December last, when one of the writers visited it there were fifteen thousand Europeans; hotels, concert halls, churches, theatres, municipal buildings, all substantial brick and stone edifices, testified to the energy and enterprise of the people. At Klerksdorp, a hundred miles west of Johannesburg, where in March last there was not a single house, in December we found a flourishing township, where building was going on with astounding vigour. What has caused this transformation? What has drawn together thousands of highly educated men from all parts of the world? What has filled the coffers of the Transvaal Government, which a very few years ago could not pay the salaries of its officials? The answer is a simple one: it is gold, "one ounce to the ton." That is the agent which has succeeded where armies have failed; that is the factor which President Kruger is forced to take into account.

And what is to be the future? Is the Transvaal once more to be under an Imperial Government? Most emphatically no! From conversation with all the principal Europeans in the Transvaal we got an universal expression of opinion. Not one of these men, however loyal they may be in their respect for the mother country, has the slightest wish for English rule from Downing Street. Many of them had lost their all through their loyalty to England, and if it be our Imperial policy to leave in the lurch those who have risked their all in its cause, we cannot expect from them anything but deep-rooted distrust. It is of no use now to lament over the want of belief or the shortsightedness that ignored the vast commercial importance and the immense riches of South Africa. We merely state the facts as we found them; the general opinion that prevails there as to the future of the Transvaal is that it will be in a very short time an English-speaking Republic. Already Kruger has made a proposition that Europeans shall be qualified after two years' residence for election to a Second Chamber. Even at this moment he is giving way to the pressure put upon him to allow the introduction of railways, but here his astuteness comes into play. Let us quote from the *Cape Times* of January 22nd: "President Kruger's message to the Volksraad of the Orange Free State clearly reveals the hand of the master of the show; the consideration for the Cape Colony is perhaps not quite what we should desire it to be, but it is as much as President Kruger will concede, and beggars, like certain envoys of late, must not be choosers. We may have a line to Bloemfontein,¹ not one inch beyond."

(1) One of the writers pointed out to Sir Gordon Sprigg that a line stopping at Bloemfontein would, even for the trade of Johannesburg, be not as effective as the line through Bechuanaland; whilst the latter would reap enormous advantage from the ever westward-tending development of the Transvaal, caused by the fresh discoveries of "payable" gold reefs at Klerksdorp, and to the west of that place.

Nothing shows the change in Kruger's attitude better than the contrast between his speeches at Johannesburg in 1887 and 1888. In 1887 he said that he should give his faithful burghers every office. In 1888 he said, in the hearing of one of the writers: "I welcome all alike, all equally, those who come to stay for good and those who come to speculate." A few of the Boers have entered into the new spirit of things, but the majority who have sold their farms are trekking northwards. Their delight is to own the land up to the horizon round their farm dwellings, they hate being crowded. "Get me a farm," said one, "where there is no gold." The important point then to us is, in what direction shall they extend; there is a large proportion of the Transvaal itself not yet taken up; there is room and plenty of room in the districts north of Waterberg, in Zoutspansberg, and in all the lands of the north-east. In what is called Portuguese territory, north of Delagoa Bay, there is ample land yet unoccupied. There is no reason then why they should go to the north-west; there is, indeed, every reason against it, the land there is already occupied. Sir Sidney Shippard, on his return from his judicial visit to Matabeleland, told one of the writers that the natives on the eastern border of the Protectorate had scarcely land enough now for their present needs, and yet it is there that the Boers have tried, as shown by the Grobelaar incident, and by the happily frustrated attempts of Messrs. Francis, Wood, and Chapman, to make mischief by setting chief against chief. We must unhesitatingly protect the chiefs who have relied on our support from the raids of the Boers; though no doubt the country over which they rule might, with capital and attention, be made to accommodate a very much larger population.

Emigration to South Africa should be fostered and assisted, if not by our home Government, at any rate by private enterprise. The great attraction—apart from the splendid opening for agricultural development—is the mineral wealth of the vast regions comprised within our sphere of influence; gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, and coal abound almost everywhere. This is no myth, for have we not received from the Witwatersrandt district alone during the year 1888 nearly a million sterling in bar gold? The present year will probably see this output doubled. The consumption of iron in the mining districts of the Transvaal is already so large that a syndicate has been formed in England to acquire valuable coal and iron deposits, with the intention of erecting the necessary plant to produce on the spot all the iron required. Railway construction throughout the length and breadth of South Africa is merely a question of time, and when we remember that steel rails from England placed at Kimberley cost £25 a ton, and that these may soon be manufactured in the Trans-

vaal at one-fifth of that price, the *raison d'être* for such an enterprise would seem to be logically established. We know by experience of other countries under similar conditions how rapid is their development when gold is the magnet of emigration. Mining attracts a heterogeneous population; and as many who come to work as miners are unfit for the work, they turn their attention to agricultural and commercial pursuits. These become the nucleus of a stable and prosperous population, and thus are founded such communities as now flourish in California and Australia. What has been done hitherto towards developing the mineral resources of South Africa may be set down as nothing compared with what must inevitably be done in the near future, for almost the whole of that vast zone comprised within the limits of the Vaal River on the south, and the Zambesi on the north, may be said to be auriferous.

A word as to the way in which the countries within the British sphere of influence in South Africa should be civilised and developed. The chief means plainly is the iron way: this is the great civiliser, the great developing force of the nineteenth century. But what as to government? England has undertaken duties which she must perform, responsibilities which she cannot shirk, and unquestionably there appears to be a sort of feeling in the minds of the chief officials of the Imperial Government that in the present state of things grave difficulties may arise. The dual commissionership has been a subject of attack, and any active advance on the part of England in developing the grand regions which extend up to the Zambesi will doubtless necessitate the division of the office; it is impossible for the government to be carried on with due efficiency under such conditions and from such a distance. Again, the fact that any such advance is a political movement on the part of England no doubt tends to excite the suspicion of the Boer. What then remains for us to do? Perhaps the best way of effecting what we are bound to do, would be by granting a charter to some powerful company or corporation, which might include the countries shown within the sphere of British influence as marked on the map already referred to. This has been our practice in the past. We owe our Indian Empire to the East India Company. This is our practice in the present. Witness the North Borneo Company. Witness the East African Company, whose territory was so ably described by Mr. H. H. Johnston in a recent number of this Review. This will be found to be the best available solution of the difficulties of the situation in Southern Africa. Such a corporation should be bound to extend the same safeguards against the liquor traffic that the Imperial Government now affords, should be strong enough to take up the responsibilities that England has incurred, and to develop

the country on commercial principles. All the leading Europeans in South Africa would gladly join hands with such a company. And thus, without expense or outlay on the part of the Imperial Government,¹ without exciting angry suspicions on the part of the Boers, there might be formed a federation that by its personal relations in Southern Africa would secure peace and prosperity, would protect the natives and restrain the freebooting Boers, would effect without an army a peaceful conquest fraught with the most advantageous results alike for the natives and for England and her people; the sphere of British influence would then be, as it ought to be, the sphere of British commerce. The time is ripe for such an enterprise. Even while this goes to press two of the Indunas, or leading officers of Lobengula, the great chief of Matabeleland, are arriving in England, anxious to see for themselves the power, and to estimate for themselves the goodwill towards the people of Matabeleland of the Great Queen and the nation over which she reigns.

F. I. RICARDE-SEEVER.

CHARLES METCALFE.

(1) At present the expense of the Crown colony of Bechuanaland is not less than £48,000 a year. As an instance of the need of such a company, it may be noted that indigo grows wild in profusion throughout Bechuanaland, and yet, when an English official, who had observed this, asked for a grant of £20 to enable him to experiment with the indigo, with a view to opening up a new industry, his request was refused.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

II. .

THE whole of the period between the birth of the reformation and the final abandonment of religious persecution in England, was rich in women who gave themselves up to devout lives and theological speculation. There were martyrs among them as saintly in character and as touching in story as any of those half legendary saints who were thrown to the lions in Rome—martyrs as willing to die for the subtleties of doctrine as these were for the elemental principles of humanity redeemed and sanctified by Godhead. Such a name as that of Anne Askew shines like a star in the skies. More straightforward than the Princess Elizabeth, who, when a trap was laid for her touching the Real Presence, craftily avoided it by saying:—

“Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it
That I believe and take it”—

—Anne stoutly denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, and when seized and taken to “the Compter,” answered her interrogator straightly. Her examination by the then Lord Mayor is too quaint to be omitted.

“Sir Martin Bowes, sitting with the council, as most meet for his wisdom, and seeing her stand upon life and death, ‘I pray you,’ quoth he, ‘my lords, give me leave to talk with this woman.’ Leave was granted. Lord Maior: ‘Thou foolish woman, sayest thou, that the priests cannot make the body of Christ?’ A. Ascough: ‘I say so, my lord. For I have read, that God made men, but that man can make God I never yet read; nor I suppose ever shall read it.’ Lord Maior: ‘No, thou foolish woman? After the words of consecration is it not the Lord’s body?’ A. Ascough: ‘No, it is but consecrated bread or sacramental bread.’ Lord Maior: ‘What if a mouse eat it after consecration? What shall become of the mouse? What sayest thou, thou foolish woman?’ A. Ascough: ‘What shall become of her say you, my lord?’ Lord Maior: ‘I say, that the mouse is damned.’ A. Ascough: ‘Alack! poor mouse.’ By this time my lords heard enough of my Lord Maior’s divinity; and perceiving that some could not keep in their laughing, proceeded to the butchery and slaughter that they intended afore they came thither.”

Poor Anne, but twenty-five years of age and exceedingly beautiful, was taken to the torture-chamber to be racked; and “because I lay still and did not cry,” she says in her letter to the King, “my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was well-nigh dead.” She was burned alive in July, 1546. “The day before her execution, and the same day also, there

appeared such a serenity and sweetness in her countenance that her face seemed *as it had been the face of an angel*; notwithstanding her body was then mangled and disjointed in such a manner by the rack that she could not stand without being supported by two serjeants."

Of as heroic temper was Lady Jane Grey—an ideal as pure and sweet and holy as any to be found in the whole hagiology. "The innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle age, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen," says Fuller. Again:—"The birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parents' offences." Her own account of the reason of the love she bore her tutor, Mr. Elmer, is infinitely pathetic. "One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me," she said to Roger Ascham, as reported in his *Schoolmaster*, "is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing or dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) without measure misordered, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And whenever I am called from him I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me."

When this lovely young creature's death was decided on, and it was sought to "draw her into the Catholic communion of Rome," she too, in her youth and innocence and zeal showed the steadfast spirit of a martyr, and held fast to the end by the faith which she believed to be true. Old Lady Lisle, beheaded for harbouring a fugitive rebel from Sedgmoor, and Elizabeth Gaunt, burnt because she "as a false traitor had secretly, wickedly, devilishly, and traitorously entertained, concealed, comforted, and sustained James Barton, well knowing him to be a false traitor, and that she had given him five pounds for his maintenance"—these two, as so many others, showed the stuff of which Englishwomen were made, and how their noble constancy matched the men's bold courage. By the way, Elizabeth Gaunt was the last woman who was executed in England for political offences.

The whole energy of the times went to the side of religion, where each sect demanded the right of expression, and had it but the power, that of repressing every other. All the Puritan women,

like Lady Vere—the mother of Lady Fairfax—Lady Fairfax herself,¹ that heroic bigot who ruled her husband and gained him over from the Independent to the Presbyterian cause—Lucy Hutchinson—Cromwell's loving mother, and his wife, who “so frugally housewived it”—Margaret Baxter, who at first philandered religiously with love and afterwards so nobly confessed its reality, yet always with more of the zeal of faith than the love of the flesh—Elizabeth Bunyan, the wife of him who was the spiritual father of Moody and Sankey, the Salvation Army, and all revivalists, and Agnes Beaumont his devoted friend, whose excessive affection, with all the mishaps accompanying it, might well excuse uncomfortable surmises—almost every woman of note in those days was more famous for her religious zeal than for aught else. The fever of faith at last culminated in Anne Lee, who introduced Shakerism and was the leader of her own sect, whose “first testimony of salvation and eternal life, borne in 1770, was the injunction of celibacy as the perfection of human nature,” and who, called “Mother Anne” by her followers, called herself “Anne the Word.” Persecuted here she went to America, where her spiritual descendants flourish to this day. Then there was the Countess of Huntingdon, who branched off from Whitfield and founded a branch sect of Methodism known as “the Countess of Huntingdon's Communion.” After her came Joanna Southcote, among others who have believed themselves chosen Tabernacles, and destined either to be taken up into heaven alive like Elisha, or bound to remain on earth till the Second Coming.

But loyalty had its devoted adherents as well as religion. Katherine de Luke carried letters for Charles I. when no one else “durst run the risk ; for which she was sent to Bridewell and whipped every other day, burnt with lighted matches, and otherwise tortured to betray her trust. Her husband died of his wounds, her son was sold to slavery, and she herself obliged to live abroad for sixteen years.” Elizabeth Cary, an aged widow, was long imprisoned for “peculiar service in carrying his Majesty's gracious proclamation and declara-

(1) Mary, the Fairfax daughter, married the notorious Duke of Buckingham: “A man so varied that he seemed to be, Not one but all mankind's epitome.” She had “merit and virtue.” “She is little, and brown, and lean, but had she been the most beautiful of her sex, the being his wife would have been alone sufficient to inspire him with dislike. Though she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house, and ‘all this she suffered because she loved him.’” When the scandal took place between him and Lady Shrewsbury, and when, two months after her husband's death, he brought her to his house as his confessed mistress, the soft-willed little duchess plucked up spirit enough to say that she and his paramour could not live together. To which said the duke, “So I thought, madam, and have therefore ordered your coach to convey you to your father.” One witness describes her in the after part of her life as “a short, fat body ;” and another as “a little, round, crumpled woman, very fond of finery.” This witness, Lady de Longueville, remembered paying her a visit when the duchess was in mourning, at which time she found her “lying on the sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged and laced with gold.”

tion from Oxford to London." Her back was broken at Henley-on-Thames, where she narrowly escaped the gibbet that had been erected for her. Elizabeth Pinckney, whose father lost his life for the cause, leaving her nothing but sadness to inherit, "was scurvily treated by the Parliament, from whom she demanded certain justice." Instead of which "they have imprisoned her, beaten her with whips, kicked, pulled, and torn her, till shame was cried upon them." And what was done for Charles I. was repeated even in fuller measure for the young Pretender, that Bonnie Prince Charlie whose smile could win women to their destruction and reward them for all they had lost and suffered. Heroic too was the grand self-control of *la belle* Jennings, when her king James II. and her husband, Tyrconnel, defeated at the battle of the Boyne, came to Dublin Castle, faint, weary, bespattered with mud—fugitives who had staked their all and lost. Fifteen Talbots of Tyrconnel's family were left dead on the field, but the duchess put aside all private and emotional sorrows. She "dressed herself richly, and received the fugitive king and his dispirited friends with all the splendour of court etiquette." He was still her king and she was less a woman than his subject. The death of this once gay, luxurious, beautiful, and always high-spirited woman was scarcely in keeping with her life. When old and feeble she fell out of bed on the floor of her cell in the nunnery of the Poor Clares, and died of cold and exposure. Still, for all these examples of pure heroism irrespective of creed or cause, the temper of the times was more religious than aught else; and loyalty, like republicanism, like literature, was as much an occasion as a thing in itself.

With Lady Ranelagh, who "lived the longest on the public scene, and made the greatest figure in all the revolutions of these kingdoms, for above fifty years, of any woman of our age," the mixture of politics with religion made a strange amalgam. The religious element predominated. She was intensely attached to her brother Robin—that Honourable Robert Boyle, who was "father of chemistry and uncle to the Earl of Cork"—and she and he and Lady Warwick, their sister, often met together "for good and profitable discourse of things wherewith we might edify one-another." She was of the school which holds the body, with all its needs and pleasures, to be accursed, and which glorifies God by vilifying His work. When her daughter had small-pox she wrote in these terms, doubtless quite sincerely in a theoretical sense, but with that unreality of touch which belongs to all unscientific thought:—"Now they are upon her, a disease and a most loathsome one. She has a face that shows us what stuff these bodies of ours enclose, and how little all the neatness of art can prevail against its own filthiness when God gives it a commission to break out, and how little cause we have to make that the object of our pride that is filled with so many lessons of humiliation."

One of the most beautiful of all the noble women who meet us in English history, sweet and tender as the loveliest creation of poetry, grand and steadfast as the most heroic figure of mythic times, was Rachel, Lady Russell. Her story is one of the commonplaces of history; but the beauty of her love, the tender grandeur of her heroism, can never pall on the imagination nor fade in loveliness and pathos. Her beauty is as eternal as nature, as fresh as the spring, as living as the summer. Not *Panthea*, not *Alcestis*, nor *Arria*, nor any of the sublime women of the past, excel in passion, devotion, self-sacrifice and self-restraint this sweetest daughter of our land. Warm as the sun and pure as flame, her love was of that intense kind which burns out all selfishness, all weakness from the heart. Because she loved she could sacrifice even that love, and bear her pain without wincing that she might not pain him whom she loved. The story of that last sad supper and silent parting from her husband, who to-morrow had to die, is one of the most pathetic things on record. She had done what she could to save him—knelt to the King, she, the daughter of that King's most devoted and self-sacrificing friend; she had offered a bribe to his mistress; induced his son to intercede; set in motion all her engines—"beaten every bush and run hither and thither for his preservation"—and she had failed. Charles was inexorable, and Sir William's fate was sealed. After he had taken leave of his children with as much tender dignity as Charles's own father had once taken leave of his, she remained with him far into the night. They had their last earthly food together in the prison; they prayed their last prayer together; they kissed each other for the last time. "The flesh you now feel in a few hours will be cold," he said as she rested in his arms. And we can understand the grim suggestion. And now it was all over and the supreme moment had to come. Silent, tearless, with the courage of love, the heroism of sacrifice, the patience of faith, each self-controlled not to hurt the other, these two married lovers parted; and then Sir William said simply: "Now the bitterness of death is past." Speaking to Bishop Burnet of her virtue and grace he added: "but her carriage in this extremity is beyond all." How much she loved him her own letters show, despite the quaint formality of expression belonging to the times, not to her. She had been married nearly three years when she wrote to him in one of his absences:—"If I were more fortunate in my expression I could do myself more right, when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of; such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust and want his love; . . . but my best life you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and

passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to." Again, after eleven years of marriage, she writes to him as "My dearest heart," and says that "flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet; may you live to do so one fifty years more; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad, I may keep you company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world." "My dearest blessing," she calls him in another letter, saying that her happiest moments in his absence were those when she was reading something from him or writing something to him. "Yet I never do it, but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you." "Love and be willing to be loved by R. Russell," ends another of her love letters to her husband. Years after, when she was an old woman to whom weakness and the self-indulgence of emotion would have been only natural, she showed the same constancy and courage for her children's sake as she had shown for her husband's. Her youngest daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, had just died in childbed. Another daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, at that moment also in childbed, asked her mother how her sister was. "I have just seen your sister out of bed," said Lady Russell calmly. She did not say, "put into her coffin," as she was fearful lest the shock should hurt the young mother. Not long before this her only son, the very apple of her eye and the core of her heart, had died of small-pox—that fatal scourge which carried off so many of the best in England; till Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—Walpole's "dirty little thing"—made prevention fashionable. By the way, some of the terms of endearment in use in those older days are singularly quaint and tender. "The sweete Harte" of Strafford and the "Mouse" of Alleyn are two of the sweetest of all.

Lucy Hutchinson, again, is an imposing figure on the historic page. Though a little tart, she was an infinitely more lovable woman than her namesake Anne, who mismanaged matters so disastrously for herself and her husband in the New World, and who dragged that husband neck deep into the Slough of Despond, as women generally do when they have the command. Lucy was one of the earnest and religious women of her day. That she escaped being an unredeemed prig is the marvel of her life, when we consider that at seven years of age she had eight different tutors. Before her birth, her mother, Lady Apsley, dreamt that as she was walking in the garden a star came down into her hand. Her husband, Sir Allen, made himself the oneiroscopist for the occasion, and told her that this signified a fair and illustrious daughter. She grew up

beautiful, pious, learned, and the declared enemy of men—till she saw her fate in Colonel Hutchinson. "She shuns the converse of men as the plague," said one of her friends. She was much exercised about infant baptism, of which she disapproved; but she was humane to the professors of all creeds, and at the siege of Nottingham Castle she nursed the wounded Cavalier prisoners as zealously as she nursed and tended those of their own side. It is somewhat a revelation of the spirit of the times that this was accounted to her as special virtue. She was also passionately against Cromwell in the after-time, perhaps because she held him to have prevented the worldly advance of her Colonel—for none of these pious folk were superior to the loaves and fishes; and she satirized him and his family and surroundings in good set terms. "His wife and children," she said, "were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than the scarlet on the ape; only to speak the truth of himself," she had the candour to add, "he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled and not exalted with these things, but the rest were insolent fools."¹ Again: "His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable because they had not quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them." But Lady Hutchinson was not easily pleased with anything in public life, and found no more to praise in the Restoration than in the Protectorate. She was a republican pure and simple, and believed that all other forms of government were displeasing to God, as certainly as the Restoration was dangerous to her Colonel. She was excessively angry with the jubilation of the Restoration, and reports how Charles himself asked, "Where were his enemies? for he saw nothing but prostrates expressing all the love that could make a prince happy. Indeed, it was a wonder on that day to see the mutability of some, and the hypocrisy of others, and the servile flattery of all," she said, in her scorn of the gewgaws which buckle together the trappings of folly and unfasten those of principle. She had not the prescience of love for nothing. After the Restoration she had her fears and narrow escapes and soothed alarms. Then came the Colonel's arrest, the search in Owthorpe for evidence

(1) The intrinsic pride of the Cromwell blood came out in the fourth generation as strongly as in the time when broadsides were published satirizing Mrs. Cromwell and Lady Fairfax as two queans who would fain make themselves queens. On a certain thirteenth of January the Prince of Wales went into the apartment of Princess Amelia, the daughter of George II., where her waiting-woman, Miss Russell, great-granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, was arranging her royal mistress's gown. "For shame, Miss Russell!" laughed the prince, "why have you not been at church, humbling yourself with weepings and wailings for the sins on this day committed by your ancestor?" To which answered Miss Russell, with an undoubted dash of the vixen in her pride: "Sir, for a descendant of the great Oliver Cromwell it is humiliation sufficient to be employed as I am, in pinning up your sister's tail."

against him, and the taking away of the four fowling-pieces which hung in the kitchen—a serious loss considering the unsettled state of the times. After this came the Colonel's detention in the Tower, and subsequent banishment to Sandown Castle. Thither she and her children went, and he amused himself with sorting and arranging cockleshells picked up on the beach. And then he died of the results of damp, confinement, bad food, and the like. He died just when he was longing for his wife to help him to understand the Epistle to the Romans. "I have discovered yet more of the mystery of truth in that epistle," he said; "and when my wife returns I will make her set it down; for I will no more observe their cross humours, but when her children are near I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms."

Lady Fanshawe again was one of the devoted and loving wives of the time. When her lord was in prison after the battle of Worcester, every night, no matter what the weather, she went with a dark lanthorn and stood beneath the window, often drenched with rain, to talk to and comfort him; and Lady Nithsdale's loving strategy, by which she saved her dear lord from prison, is again a feat of yet stronger character and complexion.

We have had our learned women too. Long before Girton or Newnham existed even in imagination, long before crammers and examinations exhausted the strength of the young, and made education an illness like fever, women felt the desire to know, and took means to gratify that desire—no one opposing. Dame Juliana Berners heads the list of female authors, and she has had a large following. But we have had few with such a vigorous touch as she put into her proverbial warning:—

"Who that buildest his house all of salowes,
And pranketh a blind horse over the fallowes,
And suffereth his wyfe to seek many halowyces
God send him the bliss of everlasting galowes."

• The most famous of all the earlier writers, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, was one of those who are afflicted with the "*cacoëthes scribendi*" out of all measure, as well as one of those whose facile speculations outrun their knowledge. She wrote thirteen folios on philosophy and the like; but she was nearly forty before she had read any philosophical work whatsoever; and she never revised her books lest she should disturb her following conceptions. She kept young ladies near her bedroom and rang them up o' nights to set down her thoughts, when she was sleepless and had ideas. The value of her work may be surmised from her own account of herself, how that "it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genius, even from her

birth, for she did write some books even in that kind before she was twelve years of age." She forestalled Pope, in her doggerel confession of how that "cacoëthes" must needs be attended to—

'For had my brain as many fancies in't,
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;
No matter whether they be well or ill exprest,
My *will* is done, and that please woman best."

One of her folios was called "Nature's Pictures Drawn by Fancy's Pencil," and in it she speaks of loving her sister Pye "with a supernatural affection." Of her husband she also speaks with extreme affection and respect, saying how he was the only person with whom she had ever been in love. "Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith, it is a disease or a passion or both, I only know by relation not by experience." Again, of her mother, all that she details is penetrated with the most tender reverence. She tells how her "majestic grandeur" struck "a kind of awe to the beholders, and commanded respect from the rudest of civilized people"—"I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of heaven had they had the power, as they did Royalty out of this throne." By her own description the family to which the Duchess of Newcastle belonged was one of exceptional physical soundness. "Of eight children (her brothers and sisters), three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed; neither were they dwarfish or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexioned; brown hairs, but some lighter than others, sound teeth and sweet breaths; plain speeches, tunable voices. I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, not wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have; neither were their voices of too low a strain or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely."

Learned as so many clerks were those four sisters, the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke. Lady Burleigh, "equally remarkable for learning, piety, and benevolence"—a Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar; Lady Bacon—well up in Greek, Latin, and Italian, and, what is more to the purpose, the mother of Sir Anthony and Francis Bacon; Lady Hobby, afterwards Lady Russell—Greek, Latin, poetry; Lady Killigrew—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and poetry. Lady Russell seems to have been more book-learned than loving. She had a son by Sir Thomas Hobby, who hated his lessons and blotted his copy-books; whereupon his mother beat him to death. For this crime she haunts the room where she murdered him, ever striving, like Lady Macbeth, to wash the bloodstains from her hands in a ghostly river that flows

before her. About forty years ago some extremely stained and blotted old copy-books were found thrust into the rubble between the joists of the floor of the room at Bisham where the murder was said to have been done. Mrs. Cockburn, self-educated in Latin, French, and logic, the friend of Locke and of the best wits of her time, makes a notable figure among the learned ladies of history. She was, however, better than learned, being eminently modest and unassuming, and "careful not to neglect her home duties in her literature." Catherine Philips, who died at thirty-three of small-pox—the "matchless Orinda, whose letters to Sir Charles Cottrell are such as a woman of spirit and virtue should write to a courtier of honour and true gallantry," and who, according to the "industrious Mr. Langbaine," "was one that equalled the Lesbian Sappho and Roman Sulpicia"—was again a sweet woman as well as a second-rate poetess. This was not the same "Orinda" as Anne Killigrew, for whose death, also of small-pox, "Mr. Dryden's muse put on the mourning habit." Nor was Anne Killigrew the same as Catherine, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and one of the learned four just mentioned. Mary Astell, that "admirable gentlewoman," was one to whom Girton and Newnham should offer sacrifice and pour out libations. She was before her time and foresaw the future. In 1697 she proposed to give ten thousand pounds towards erecting a sort of college for the "education and improvement of the female sex," but she was prevented by Bishop Burnet, who told her that it would "look like preparing a way for Popish orders," "that it would be reputed a nunnery," &c. She was a good classic and as strong a woman's rights woman as the spirit of the times allowed. Doubtless, had she seen the lengths to which her modern representatives have gone, she would have drawn back from her desires as from an unfathomable abyss of folly and misrule. She wrote largely on religion after she had exhausted the woman question; and she touched the thorny question of marriage, which she handled only theoretically. She was singularly abstemious in her habits, and the great friend of Lady Elizabeth Hastings—that divine Aspasia "whom to love was a liberal education," already spoken of.¹ Neither of these ladies married, and both died of cancer.

Of all occupations literature has had the most attractions for Englishwomen, and as authors they have made their most striking reputations. After literature, the stage has been their favourite springboard to repute, and often, affluence and splendid marriage. Music, painting, and until of late, politics, have had but few proficient or-followers. It is significant that one of the most notoriously obscene writers of her time, Mrs. Aphra Behn, was also employed as a political

(1) How has the confusion between Congreve and Steele arisen? Old writers refer the expression to Congreve, but it is found in the *Tatler*, No. 40.

spy. Her plays, which are both immeasurably dull and unspeakably indecent, were fitly mated with her occupation; but an appreciative country gave her a burial-place in Westminster Abbey. Eliza Heywood, whose very name none but the industrious "howkers" in literary byplaces even know, is said to run Mrs. Behn hard for obscenity. These two are the only thoroughly shameless ones in the long list of female authors. For the rest, they are mostly polemical or sentimental, and generally supremely proper. Mrs. Manley, however, who wrote the *New Atalantis*, touched a bolder chord when she struck on politics and coarse satire, and nearly came to grief in consequence. She had the courage if not the modesty of a true Englishwoman, be so much said to her honour; and when the printer and publisher of her work were cited to appear at the Court of King's Bench, she came in her own person and took all the responsibilities of her rather dirty-handed daring on her own shoulders as the "unassisted author." She was imprisoned for a short time, then released on bail, and finally discharged.

It would be impossible to enumerate half the women who have made themselves more or less famous by their books. Mrs. Barbauld; Lucy Aitken; Mrs. Tighe, who could build a *Psyche* ward in the Wicklow Orphan Asylum out of the profits of her poem; Mrs. Carter, the friend of Mrs. Montagu and Hannah More, learned and laborious, translating Epictetus as a modern schoolgirl might translate a page of Lamartine—but then these ladies were all somewhat of that grim order, the British matron, *in excelsis*; Sarah Trimmer; Mrs. Marcet; Mrs. Somerville, who could discuss the merits of pudding-making as well as write *The Connexion of the Physical Sciences*; Caroline Herschel, content to work without reward of fame, and glad to be merged in her brother's greater glory; in our own day, Mrs. Jameson and Anna Swanwick, Miss Clerke, Miss Buckley and Miss Ormerod—these are just a few of the most prominent; and more remain behind. Besides these, poetesses abound; and from the days of "Little Burney"—Anne Radcliffe—pretty, blushing, sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered Jane Austen—Mrs. Inchbald the devoted sister—to George Eliot, a head and shoulders above them all, novelists are as thick as those autumn leaves we know of.

In philanthropy, we have had some splendid examples. Mrs. Fry for the most part heads the list; but Sarah Marten, the humble dressmaker, was in the field before her and with less means at command. Her father was a poor mechanic, and she a "little dressmaker" at a small village near Yarmouth. Her first "call" to the work of teaching, reforming and softening female prisoners was in favour of a woman who had been committed for cruelly ill-treating her infant. Sarah, tender, gentle, and powerfully impressed by belief in the saving grace of human kindness, after some trouble and more than

one rebuff got access to the woman, and so worked on her by pure tenderness and gentleness that the unhappy wretch, who until now had been hard and defiant, burst into tears. Which was the first step gained. After this Sarah devoted herself to the work so far as she could. She gave up one day in the week to visiting her unhappy sisters in bondage; and when a small legacy on which she could live was left her, she abandoned dressmaking and devoted herself entirely to the work. After her came Mrs. Fry; and after her again Mrs. Chisholm; with others of less world-wide fame but of quite as noble aims and making as good results.

Coincident with this intellectual and philanthropic activity was a strong sense of domesticity, and that kind of womanly self-respect which includes modesty and demands reticence. Idleness was not well looked on, and the duties of home were imperative. The court of George III. set the example; and one of the best known bits of Madame d'Arblay's diary is that of her introduction to august majesty, whom she found knotting, while the Princess Royal was drawing, and Princess Augusta was spinning, "and Lady Courtown I believe at the same employment." Mrs. Delany was a good example of the well-conditioned lady who was not ashamed to be domestic. Her recipes certainly are not worth much, save as a measure of the ignorance and credulity still rampant in what was then educated society. Her chalk in water and tea, her snail broth, her plaster of pounded ginger and brandy for ague, may pass as having a substratum of scientific possibility; but her spider put into a goose-quill and hung round the neck of an aguish child, taking care to let it rest on the pit of the stomach, savours a little too much of abracadabra to be acceptable to present health-seekers. Her directions where to find the man in the Poultry who sold bohea from thirteen to twenty shillings a pound, and green tea from twelve to thirty, are more to the purpose. Mrs. Thrale, too, was as domestic as such a butterfly kind of creature could be; but the bluestockings who inked their fingers, and the poetesses who went about in dirty dressing-gowns with their back-hair flowing, their stockings in holes and their shoes down at heel, were the silly exaggerations of an honourable race.

Brief as this sketch necessarily is, we cannot fail to see in it the splendid activities of the English character—its energy—its devotedness—its heart of fire beneath its formalities of manner—its passionate enthusiasm—its stern regard for morals and its aspiration after the higher life. Those women of the Reformation, and the scholars both before and after, wanting in all æsthetic charm as they were, stand out as infinitely nobler figures in the world's history than even the clear-headed and astute French political women, not to speak of those beautiful Italian sinners who broke the commandments with such

splendid grace, sacrificed all they had and life itself with such superb self-abandonment, and went down to their graves in such almost heroic riot of love and crime. English women have always wanted æsthetic charm. So did the Roman, whom ours in some degree resemble. But they, like the Roman matrons, have made up for their want of artistic beauty by the deeper, graver, more intense qualities which do better work, all things considered. And these qualities have not run dry yet. Beneath the shrill and clamorous vanity, which those who care for the masculine honour and renown of their country deprecate so strongly—behind the silly screamers who think they can manage the affairs of the whole world—lies the quieter force which works and does not shriek. We could, if it were fitting, give the names of many women of the present day who are doing the best work silently, without noise, and without the loss of their natural modesties. Their philanthropy is not sentimentalism, their humanity is not anti-scientific aggression, nor do they sacrifice the good of the community to the fanciful griefs of a small section capable of taking care of itself. They do not talk nonsense on platforms nor write rubbish to the papers. They simply do in the shade work which blooms and blossoms in the light.

Look below the frothy surface of noisy politicians, and you will find these dear women quietly employed in making the lives of those around them happier and better. But they do not necessarily neglect their families and households. They are free from the destructive theories which have sprung from idleness and self-conceit on the one side, and are upheld by weakness and want of self-respect on the other. In every department of art, literature, and philanthropic work women are doing well and nobly. The grand old qualities urge them forward, and Lady Rachel Russell still has her descendants. But unfortunately the noisiest things attract the most attention; and the shallow brook brawls where the noble river flows silently. The fertile land which nature has taken millions of years to create, when an eruption comes about is destroyed in a few moments. With all the quiet moral worth lying to the back of our social life, there are many things in front of which we fear the permanent establishment, and feminine domination is one of them. Perhaps it is in accordance with a natural law that the ideal virtues of an older time should pass into the limbo of things dead and done with. We cannot go on for ever in the same groove; and society is like the Egyptian serpent with its tail in its mouth—the beginning and the end linked in one. In savage life the women for the most part head and make the family, though they are the servants of the tribe. As “sorceresses” they are more powerful than the men, and the Obi woman beats her masculine rival out of the field. A step higher, but still half savage, as vestals and prophetesses, they receive almost

divine honours. After which, when society is better established, they are relegated to the family, to the preservation and purification of social morals; and the mental as well as the active work is done by the men. When material civilisation has reached its highest point, as with us, social conditions revert to their original form, and the tail of the serpent is lost in its head. Then the rule of women becomes the precursor, as it is the sign, of general decay. Society becomes disorganized, undisciplined, individualized, and falls to pieces as a masculine organization until touched by some strong reconstructive influence; or, as with Italy, until its sleep is over and it wakes again to the realities of life—those hard and stern and painful realities with which men alone can deal. The women of a strong race, in themselves heroines, acknowledge their natural leaders and superiors in men; and the men accept the obedience which they pay back with homage and protection. The women of a race effete and effeminate take the upper hand, and are the sorceresses who bit and bridle their transformed Lucians at their pleasure. This strength is no longer the strength of the women of an heroic race, it is the strength of the women of an emasculated race, whose men have ceased to govern and forgotten how to make themselves obeyed.

What the inordinate influence of women has done for a country we need only look across the Channel to see for ourselves. What women in their proper sphere may be and can do—how they can be capable, heroic, resolute, and yet remain sweet and tender and modest and virtuous—we have only to read our own history to find out. It rests with ourselves whether we shall continue the glorious traditions of the past, or launch out into the unknown seas before us—whether the destinies of our grand old country, once so essentially masculine and powerful, are still to be ruled by her men, or are to be directly influenced and swayed by her women. That is, whether we are to go on as leaders of political thought, rulers of nations and founders of empires, or sink behind as dilettanti, shrinking from inconvenient knowledge, content with poetry and æstheticism in lieu of science and dominion, and finding our chief delight in the worship of women—which is never the same thing as the manly love and honour given to their women by the men of a masculine race. We scarcely think that this will come to pass. In the hot noon the great god Pan lies sleeping in the shade. He sleeps, but he is not dead. And in spite of here the closed eyelids and there the blindness which cannot read the handwriting on the wall, we believe that our men will never let this monstrous wrong come to pass;—that they will still be our leaders, and our women will still be the sweet and lovely doers of good works in the shade, content that those works and not themselves shall stand forward in the light.

E. LYNN LINTON.

THE HERITAGE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

No royal house in Europe can equal the illustrious race of the Hapsburgs in the grandeur and romance of its historic past, the sad mystery of its present, and the vast possibilities of its future. No realm in Europe can vie in interest with the strangely-compacted mosaic of nationalities which forms the heritage of that ancient dynasty. The Hapsburgs, who in the time of our Tudor kings ruled not only Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, but Central Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, and the Indies, have since then encountered a long series of disasters with noble fortitude; they have learned wisdom in the bitter school of misfortune, and to-day they hold a firmer place than ever in the affections of the heterogeneous multitudes that own their sway. The tragedy at Meyerling has given rise to a display of grief both touching and real among all the races and peoples of the polyglot empire. In Pest, and throughout Hungary, a hush fell upon a scene of strife which had almost assumed the character of a revolution. In Vienna the demeanour of the many-tongued crowd which flocked from all parts of the empire to witness the obsequies was as though each member of it had lost a dearly-loved friend or brother. There was everything in the last sad ceremonial that can kindle the historic imagination or touch the springs of human sympathy; the strange mixture of simplicity and magnificence, recalling alike the greatness and the antiquity of the Hapsburgs, the silence in the gay season of the Carnival, the visible grief and distress of an usually light-hearted population, even the abandonment of etiquette, when at the last moment the desolate father descended into the vaults of the Capuchins, and knelt by the coffin of his only son. "Would that I could have died for thee," exclaimed M. Jokai, the Hungarian poet; and there were few who could not breathe the same wish over the tomb of the gifted young prince, with whom the brightest hopes of a vast empire have sunk into the grave.

A year has now past, and yet it seems but yesterday that I saw the Archduke Rudolph on social occasions in Vienna and Buda-Pest, his well-proportioned figure shown to advantage by his handsome dark blue uniform, and his bright intellectual face lighted up with the fire of animation as he spoke to his friends with the eager impassioned utterance of one whose thoughts are too many for words. He was one of those who speak, not for the sake of saying something, but because they have something to say; and his flow of ideas seemed almost too rapid for his power of expression, although

this was considerable. There were traces of a slight restlessness in his manner, such as one sometimes notices in the case of those whose brain has been overtasked, or who have attempted to burn the lamp of life too brightly; and there can be no doubt that the strain of his multifarious tastes, interests, and duties was too much for his highly-strung nervous temperament, with its dash of melancholia derived from his Wittelsbach blood. He was a good soldier, but his tastes were mainly directed to science, art, literature, and especially natural history. Like Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, he was particularly devoted to ornithology. A traveller for the love of knowledge and information, an orator of no mean power, an excellent linguist, speaking all the languages and many of the dialects of the polyglot empire of his house, he had also sought distinction as an author; and together with many eminent Austrian and Hungarian men of letters he laboured at the production of the monumental work *Oesterreich-Ungarn in Wort und Bild*, for which he both wrote and sketched, in addition to reading and revising all the proof-sheets. A mind so well informed, and with such catholic tastes, could not fail to develop itself in the direction of broad liberality of thought, philanthropy, and a desire for the peaceful improvement of mankind; and it was this progressive tendency which attracted the Archduke Rudolph so strongly to the late Emperor Frederick, just as it estranged him from the reactionary soldier who now fills the throne of Germany. This estrangement can hardly have been lessened by a conversation which is stated on good authority to have taken place between them within the last year. "I mean," said the German Emperor, "to follow the programme of Frederick the Great." "That programme," replied the descendant of Maria Theresa, "implies the destruction of Austria."

The last time I saw the Crown Prince was at Abbazia, whither he used to come to visit the Crown Princess, who spent some months of last spring in that sunny corner of the Adriatic. The *Kronprinzpaar* would sometimes come to *déjeuner* in the restaurant of the hotel, seating themselves at one of the ordinary tables with Count Bombelles, the master of their household. The fact that the august guests were never stared at or mobbed speaks much for Austrian good-breeding. The Crown Princess would sometimes sit in the public garden listening to the band, and apparently attracting no more attention than an ordinary visitor; and I have often seen her walking alone in the woods or on the roads, the Istrian peasants lifting their hats as they passed by, and apparently feeling no temptation to stare at the Imperial lady. How greatly the Empress of Austria must have felt the contrast between English and Austrian manners when during her stay at Cromer she found herself compelled to bathe before sunrise in order to escape the molestations of

our countrymen! There was, of course, much conversation at Abbazia and elsewhere with regard to the private affairs of the Crown Prince, but of this I shall not repeat one word, lest I should throw carrion to the ghouls who batten on the failings of their fellow-creatures. That he ever deliberately meditated suicide, I do not believe; the elaborate attempts which have been made to spread that impression have defeated their object. But anyone who knows Vienna is aware that in that city young couples who have been crossed in love often run away to some hotel and commit suicide together, acting upon a sudden impulse. There is now a melancholy interest in the words addressed by the Crown Prince to the Congress of Hygiene assembled in Vienna last year under his presidency, in which he dwelt upon the importance of each individual life as a possible means of good to the community, and the duty of prolonging it by all the resources of science. A life of the brightest promise has now been wantonly sacrificed, and for what cause? Nothing more than a paltry love affair! The tragedy deepens when we reflect that opinion on the Continent, and especially in a semi-oriental State, such as Austria-Hungary, does not regard such matters from the standpoint of what it calls Anglo-Saxon fanaticism. In England a *faux pas* in private life excludes an able man from a career of usefulness; in America the unearthing of some such peccadillo in a statesman's domestic history brings wealth to the discoverer, if he knows how to sell his treasure, and destruction to his victim. The death of the young Prince was more gratuitous, so to speak, than if he had been an Englishman, and a heavy responsibility rests with those to whom his safety was entrusted. But he is gone; and it is time for the slanderers and busybodies to cease from their clamour. Let him rest in peace.

All eyes now turn to the bereaved monarch, who has ruled for forty years with such benefit to his people and such credit to himself. Called upon, when a lad of nineteen, to steer the ship of state already foundering amid the waves of revolution, Francis Joseph I. was compelled to look on while the troops of a foreign Power were shedding the blood of his subjects in his name. Never did a sovereign begin his reign under circumstances of greater difficulty. Though compelled in his youth to adopt a centralizing and reactionary policy, he now presents the rare spectacle of a ruler in whom the load of increasing years and troubles has not engendered a leaning towards Conservatism. *Justitia erga omnes nationes est fundamentum Austriæ* has ever been his motto, and he has carried out this principle with a rare political insight of which posterity alone will form an adequate judgment. *Cedendo vinces*: the general who can profit by defeat is the real hero. Notwithstanding all her disasters and her critical internal condition, Austria-Hungary is

stronger to-day than she has been for a hundred years. The feeling of relief and gratitude which has followed the Emperor's announcement that he will continue to occupy the throne, and to follow the well-known principles which have hitherto guided him, shows the extent to which his subjects appreciate his rule. The delicate problems of internal government with which he has to deal are such as to require the utmost sensitiveness of appreciation, a sympathetic treatment, and a spirit of fairness and compromise. If, during the last forty years, the destinies of Austria-Hungary had been entrusted to a man of "brutal frankness" and inflexible will, such as the Iron Chancellor, the horrors of 1849 would have been repeated again and again within her boundaries. However great may be their mutual jealousies, the many races of his realm turn to their Emperor with a filial love and veneration. The disappointment which followed his rejection of all gifts and his discouragement of all displays on the occasion of his Jubilee was great; but it gave way to admiration of the simplicity and humanity of his character, when he begged that any memorial of the occasion should take a charitable form; and withdrew to pass the day in retirement with the Empress at Miramar. It is such indications of character as this that kindle the affections of a nation. There is scarcely a village throughout the Empire in which a tree was not planted in honour of the day, and vast sums were devoted to charitable foundations. The recent great outburst of sympathy is still fresh in our memories. In Hungary, and even in superstitious Tyrol, the people, in sympathy for their sovereign, compelled such of the priests as were unwilling to do so to celebrate requiem masses; and in Carinthia they threatened the Prince-Bishop of Laibach with violence if he would not permit the cathedral bells to be tolled. There is much of traditional devotion to the Hapsburgs in this; but still more there is recognition of the Emperor's great services to his people and of his amiability of character. "We are one family, one people," were his touching words to one of the deputations which, notwithstanding his great grief, he consented to receive. We are tempted to ask, Can this be the sovereign against whom his whole people were in revolt some forty years ago, the master of Windischgrätz, and Jellachich, and Haynau?

The great results achieved by the Emperor Francis Joseph serve to emphasise the unique position of the Hapsburgs as a link between so many discordant nationalities, and throw a light upon the infinite possibilities of the future of the dynasty. A crisis has now occurred to which there is only one parallel in the history of the monarchy. In 1740 the Emperor Charles VI. died leaving an only daughter, the Empress Maria Theresa. He had moved heaven and earth to obtain the assent of the European Powers to the Pragmatic Sanction, which he had framed to secure his daughter's succession. A number of rival claimants arose, and the Empress fled for refuge with her

infant, afterwards Joseph II., to Pressburg, where the Hungarian Diet was assembled. Here the historic scene occurred when the Magyar magnates drew their swords and vowed to die for their "King" Maria Theresa. A million lives were sacrificed in the wars which followed. It is hardly possible that the present crisis could involve any such consequences, but the situation is nevertheless full of serious import. The internal condition of the Empire is such that a rare and almost impossible combination of qualities will be requisite for the future occupant of the Hapsburg throne.

The Pragmatic Sanction, though framed to legalise the accession of Maria Theresa, excludes the present Emperor's daughters and his grandchild by postponing the succession of females to that of males in the family of Charles VI. The Emperor's next brother, the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, whom Napoleon III. beguiled to a tragic fate in Mexico, would now, were he living, be the next heir. There are two surviving brothers, the Archdukes Karl Ludwig and Ludwig Victor; and the former now becomes heir-presumptive, though he is understood to have renounced his claims in favour of his son. He is a general in the cavalry, and a good officer, but he has principally devoted himself to the patronage of art, science, trade, and commerce, and has been president of various industrial exhibitions held in Vienna. He has always been subject to Ultramontane influences, and his family has been brought up under ecclesiastical control. His eldest daughter, though only nineteen, is already abbess of a convent of noble ladies at Prague. His eldest son, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who has inherited the patrimony of the Modena branch of the family, resigns his vast estates to his brother, the Archduke Otto, in order to qualify himself to succeed to the still greater heritage of his imperial ancestors. He is a young man of inoffensive character, delicate, and subject to epileptic fits. Whether he will prove himself equal to the great position which has suddenly devolved upon him can only be revealed by time; but the state of his health makes it not improbable that the Archduke Otto will eventually become heir to the throne. The numerous escapades of this eccentric and headstrong young prince have tried even the tolerance of Austrian society, and have been such as to render the contingency of his succession a subject of deep concern to the Emperor, though it may be that, as in the case of our own Henry V., a plenteous crop of royal virtues may arise from an abundant sowing of wild oats. It is said at Vienna that complications may still arise in case the Archduke Otto should contest his brother's competency to resign the Modena inheritance, which at present disqualifies him from accepting the position of heir-presumptive. The elaborate ceremonies which attended the inauguration of a memorial to Maria Theresa last summer gave rise to persistent rumours that an attempt was being made to accustom the public

mind to the idea of another Empress-Queen. It is useless to speculate what might have occurred in the future if the Crown Prince had lived. An attempt to alter the succession would have involved a family quarrel; but this would have been the least part of the danger. An amendment of the Pragmatic Sanction would have had to be submitted to the various diets and parliaments of the Empire, and many of them would probably have seized the opportunity to demand concessions, or by taking different sides might have given an opening to foreign intrigues for the dismemberment of the Empire.

Wherever we look dark storm-clouds are gathering thickly round the monarchy. The dangers from without are great, the dangers from within are still greater; and it is only the centripetal force set in motion by the former which counteracts the process of internal disintegration. 'Austria-Hungary is compelled to maintain military armament altogether disproportionate to her economical resources. Her financial condition is alarming; she supports a load of taxation so overwhelming that it paralyses her recuperative power; her fiscal arrangements, in which the protective system is carried to its utmost extent, are in a disorganised condition, being at best but a compromise between the warring interests of industrial Austria and agricultural Hungary; she is carrying on a war of tariffs with Roumania, and her customs arrangements with Germany and Italy are anything but satisfactory. Her deficits are increasing year by year; in fact she can no longer afford to hold the position of a Great Power. Meanwhile Russian plots in the Balkan States and the accumulation of Russian troops on the Galician frontier still continue, and force her to take precautionary measures and increase her military expenditure. The intolerable strain may soon compel her to throw down the gauntlet once for all to her gigantic neighbour. If she does so it will be at her own risk, for the League of Peace is strictly defensive, and Prince Bismarck will not help her in the Balkans. Lastly, she has to grapple with the discontent of her own non-German and non-Hungarian populations, not to speak of the excitable Magyars, and to assure herself that she can count on the loyalty of her seventeen millions of Slav subjects before entering into a contest with a great Slav empire.

The economical condition of a country in which an annual deficit has come to be regarded as inevitable can hardly be contemplated with satisfaction, and the only question is, How long can this state of things last? Newly liberated states, like young men when they come of age, often plunge into a career of extravagance; and the dashing and adventurous Magyars have shown anything but a disposition to husband their resources since the time when they succeeded in obtaining the management of their own affairs in 1867. All heads were filled with the magnificence of

Hungary's destiny, and no sordid considerations of expense were to be allowed to stand in the way of her development. Directly after the *Ausgleich*, or compromise with Austria, Hungary laid claim to Fiume, and gained her point, as she has always done since the institution of Dualism. Immediately costly harbour works were taken in hand, and immense warehouses erected; and anyone who remembers what Fiume was some fifteen or twenty years ago would now hardly recognise the once unpretending little port. Fiume, the port of Hungary, was to rival Trieste despite all difficulties, and what mattered a few millions of florins? A serious loss has resulted from the immense network of State railways with which the Hungarian landowners have covered the country. They were determined to develop their estates; it did not matter whether the railways paid or not, and some of them never will pay. Strategical considerations have been lost sight of in the construction of these lines, and the military communications in Galicia are notoriously inadequate. Again, Pest has been transformed into a magnificent capital; everywhere costly and imposing buildings meet the view, designed to demonstrate to the world the renascent splendour of the Hungarian kingdom. Another source of loss is the war of tariffs with Roumania, which has crippled the trade with that country by eighty per cent. This is also the work of the Hungarian landowners, who object to the importation of Roumanian cattle.

But the principal cause of the financial difficulty, and the tremendous taxation with which it must be met, is, of course, the army. The forces of Austria-Hungary on paper amount to more than a million and a half of men, exclusive of the *Honved* or Hungarian militia, which has a separate organisation. But in reality, owing to sheer want of money, there are hardly more than three hundred thousand men under arms. The officers are badly paid, and the men badly fed; indeed, an accurate knowledge of the means whereby body and soul are kept together in an Austrian soldier might bring some consolation to those who mourn the short rations of Tommy Atkins. Political causes have done much to weaken the efficiency of the army; the ministries of National Defence, for instance, at Vienna and Pest, are independent of the common Ministry of War; there are neither permanent *corps d'armée* nor systems of local recruiting. The army, however, is composed of admirable material and animated with an excellent spirit. It is thoroughly loyal to the Emperor, its *Kriegsherr*, and knows nothing of the King of Hungary. The steadiness and fidelity of the Imperial troops have been very remarkable, even in times of great internal discontent, such as the year 1866, when Prince Bismarck was distributing revolutionary manifestos in the Czech language throughout Bohemia, and organizing a guerilla force of exiled Hungarian patriots under Klapka. The Hapsburgs have always been soldiers, and the present gene-

ration needs not fear comparison with any of its predecessors. The Archduke Rainer commands the Austrian militia, and the Archduke Wilhelm the artillery. The latter, a brave man and a first-rate soldier, received a wound at Sadowa; he is an excellent artillery officer, with a thorough knowledge of every matter connected with the scientific branch of the service. But the two most remarkable military men among the Hapsburgs are the Archdukes Albrecht and Johann. The former, who is virtually commander-in-chief, is a very distinguished soldier. After gaining a brilliant victory at Custozza in 1866, he hastened back to Vienna to take over the command of Benedek's defeated army, and succeeded in checking the advance of the Prussians upon the capital. He is now past seventy, a strict disciplinarian of the old school, but at the same time an amiable man, loved as well as feared by those under his command. Even the ruggedness of his features seems to lend individuality to his character, and the soldiers talk of him as "father Albrecht." He is to some extent a repository of old Austrian traditions, but he is not popular in Hungary, having had the misfortune to be military governor of that country after the unhappy events of 1849. His antipathy to the military despotism at Berlin is an open secret, and he is consequently subject to the attentions of a detachment of the army of Bismarckian spies who swarm in the Dual Empire. The Archduke Johann, a young man of remarkable ability, energy, and originality of character, has also seen active service, having taken part in the Bosnian campaign in 1878. His career has been a chequered one, for like his veteran relative he is by no means a *persona grata* at Berlin: *hinc illae lacrymae*. In 1874, when he was but twenty-two years of age, he published a *brochure* containing a slashing onslaught on the obsolete usages then prevailing in the artillery, and full of the liveliest satire; but he did not confine himself to military questions, and launched into an invective against the alliance with Germany, "a treacherous Power," he said with admirable frankness, "which for more than a century has exhausted every means to weaken and humiliate Austria." He continued to protest against German influence and the introduction of German methods into the army, when all of a sudden, a little more than two years ago, he disappeared from the service. The edict, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," had been pronounced at Berlin.

The race-hatreds prevailing in the Empire have hitherto had little effect upon the loyalty of the army; but the next great war will be different from anything that has gone before. For the first time Austria-Hungary will stand face to face with a great Slav empire. Her Slav populations outnumber her Germans and Hungarians combined, and her army is made up in the same proportions. The Slavs make excellent soldiers, obedient, brave, and with remarkable powers of endurance. They have fought admirably against the

French, the Italians, and the Germans; but it remains to be seen whether they will display the same energy when marshalled against a kindred nationality. The vital question arises: Are the Slavs of the Dual Empire loyal? Will they stand by the House of Hapsburg in its hour of need? The answer, I think, is that the Slavs are devotedly attached to the reigning house, but that they have become so exasperated by the working of the dual system that their loyalty will hardly stand the strain of a war with Russia. Since 1867 they have been serving two masters instead of one. They remember that liberal concessions followed the unsuccessful wars of 1859 and 1866. Must Austria be beaten a third time that the Slavs may have their rights?

The accompanying figures will show the relation in point of numbers between the two dominant races and the Slav populations. If we assume the population of the empire to be about thirty-eight millions inclusive of Jews, foreigners, gipsies, &c., not mentioned below, we find the Germans constitute but twenty-five per cent. and the Hungarians but sixteen per cent., while the Slavs are forty-six per cent. of the whole.

AUSTRIA (CISLEITHANIA).		HUNGARY (TRANSLEITHANIA).	
Germans	8,500,000	Magyars	5,590,000
Slavs:—		Slavs:—	
Czechs	4,480,000	Slovaks	1,940,000
(Bohemia and Moravia).		(Northern Carpathians).	
Poles	2,370,000	Serbo-Croats	3,120,000
(West Galicia).		(Croatia, &c.).	
Ruthenians	3,360,000	Roumanians	2,940,000
(East Galicia).		(Transylvania).	
Slovens	1,220,000	Germans	500,000
(Styria, Carinthia, Carniola).		(chiefly Transylvania).	
Dalmatians and Istrians	700,000		
Italians	515,000		

To the Slav races enumerated above, we must add the populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which have practically become Austrian provinces. The Slavs have hitherto been the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the Empire, but their powers of self-assertion have largely increased with greater material well-being, the spread of education, and the development of representative institutions since 1860. Their geographical distribution has been a serious hindrance to unity of action, as they lie along the northern and southern borders of the Empire, separated from each other by the Germans and Hungarians. The institution of dualism has had the effect of dividing them into four sections, the artificial line from north to south bisecting the ethnographical parallels from east to west. *Divide et impera.* The ideal of the Hungarian patriot Deák was made a living reality by Von Beust after Königgrätz, and the years of its infant progress were watched over by Count Julius Andrássy

amid the encouraging smiles of Prince Bismarck, the determined enemy of the Slav race. The practical effect of the *Ausgleich* has been twofold: to establish the Magyars as the ruling race of the Empire, and to exercise a fatally disintegrating influence upon the German and Slav groups. The Prussomaniac section of the Germans casts longing eyes towards Berlin; the northern Slavs look to Prague as their future capital, while the Serbo-Croats are already fixing their hopes upon Belgrade. One connecting link, however, remains stronger than ever—the universal devotion to the House of Hapsburg.

The Emperor Francis Joseph and Count Taaffe are completely in accord as to the necessity of conciliating the Slav races, but the Magyars are determined that the principle of Home Rule shall go no further than themselves. They dislike the Germans, but they detest the Slavs; and a strange stroke of destiny has now subjected to their rule these very Croats who, under Jellachich, trampled upon them in 1849. Fierce, self-asserting, domineering, the vigorous and energetic Magyar race has arrogated to itself an influence altogether disproportionate to its numbers and its wealth; scarcely counting six million souls, it controls a mixed population of over ten millions in its own half of the monarchy, and speaks with the voice of authority in the other half; while it practically directs the fiscal and foreign policy of a vast empire. It still retains the dash and ferocity of its Asiatic ancestors, the wild Mongolian horsemen, who drank human blood and the milk of mares, and were still pagans at the beginning of the eleventh century. There is something at once terrible and fascinating in the history of this interesting people—their furious raid into Central Europe, their long and desperate conflict with the Turks, their chivalrous defence of Maria Theresa, their determined struggle for national independence. Hungary is the land of tragedies—where cities and vast plains are inundated, and the wood-built villages burn to ashes during the high winds; where one hears of overwhelming snow-storms, and ravages of wolves, and terrible droughts, and famines and hunger-typhus. Aristocratic traditions still prevail, and a nobleman thinks nothing of flogging a peasant whom he finds straying in his park, or directing his gamekeeper to set man-traps for poachers. A friend of mine who lately rented some shooting from a Hungarian nobleman, was informed by the gamekeeper of the latter how he had treated a poacher whom he once found in his master's preserves with some wires in his hand. He twisted the wire into a noose, with which he hung the man to a tree, and waited till his victim's face became black before letting him down; this process he repeated three or four times, until he considered the punishment adequate. He was much surprised at my friend not enjoying the recital, and a little disgusted at his failing to perceive the appropriateness of punishing the man with his own wire. It is sad to see the wretched peasants, who are requisitioned

as beaters, paraded before a *battue* on a bitterly cold winter morning, and again paraded in the evening, while their clothing is searched by the gamekeeper before they are given their scanty pay, and allowed to return to the villages, sometimes many miles distant, from which they have been summoned. The peasants in northern Hungary are almost entirely of Slovak race, and the fact does not tend to make them more contented with their lot.

With all its faults the Magyar nobility is the most interesting, the most cultivated, and the most chivalrous aristocratic caste in Europe; and any one who has seen these handsome descendants of Arpad assembled in their national costume to meet their King at Carnival time in Pest, cannot have failed to be struck with their fine bearing and the remarkable stamp of character on their features. Count Julius Andrassy is a typical specimen of a Hungarian magnate. Condemned to the gallows for his participation in the revolution of 1849, he escaped from Hungary and spent several years in the enjoyment of aristocratic pleasures in Paris and London. A thorough sportsman and a man of pleasure, versed in all the mysteries of *la vie à grandes guides* and *la vie galante*, Count Andrassy is supremely contemptuous of pedantry in politics and deals off-hand with problems which perplex the faculties of low-born drudges. When he returned to his native country after the general amnesty, he assumed the cares of office with the same natural aptitude as he would have taken the reins of a four-in-hand. He established the most intimate relations with Prince Bismarck, which continued when he became Foreign Minister, and are still fostered by M. Tisza; for in many respects the Iron Chancellor finds it most convenient to rule the Dual Empire through Pest, especially since the dissolution of the *Dreikaiserbund*. The rage of the Hungarians at the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which added two millions of Slavs to the population of the Empire, compelled Count Andrassy to retire from office; but he had already established Hungarian autonomy upon a firm basis. When conversing with him recently I touched on the topic of Ireland, being interested to discover in what way the Irish Question would present itself to one who had so successfully developed Home Rule in his own country. He professed himself to be insufficiently informed as to the merits of the Irish case, but said that the *methods* of the agitation had alienated his sympathy, and that the employment of intimidation deprived the movement of any appearance of spontaneity. He seemed not to be aware how cleverly two really distinct issues—the land and the national questions—have been fused together by Mr. Davitt. From what he subsequently said I gathered that he did not attribute great importance to Mr. Gladstone's adhesion to the movement, as he seemed to think the right hon. gentleman is afflicted with a congenital restlessness. That Count Andrassy should have forgotten

Mr. Gladstone's well-known utterance about Austria could hardly be expected; but as a Magyar he would scarcely be enthusiastic about Home Rule for others, and as a landlord he would hardly sympathise with revolted tenants.

One of the most remarkable results of dualism has been the progress of the Czech movement in Bohemia and Moravia and the development of what was once a mere question of race-hatred into a national demand. The connection between Bohemia and Austria is historically on the same footing as that between Austria and Hungary. In both cases the pressure of Ottoman invasion was the cause of union. Bohemia had maintained its independence for centuries under a long line of monarchs, of whom the most illustrious were St. Wenceslaus and Ottocar the Great. French writers who manifest a sentimental feeling for the Czechs are fond of remembering how blind King Charles of Bohemia, "*li vaillans et gentils rois de Behagne*," as Froissart calls him, fell fighting for France at Crécy, and certain recent antics of Madame Sara Bernhardt at Prague were apparently designed to fan the flame of international affection. It is an interesting fact that the Bohemian Diet was the only representative body in Europe that protested against Prince Bismarck's seizure of Alsace-Lorraine. The Czechs, on the extinction of their native dynasty in 1526, elected Ferdinand of Austria as their king, and the Hungarians followed their example in the next year, after they had been routed by the Turks in the famous battle of Mohacz, and their young king Ludwig had been drowned in the marshes. The right of each of these nations to be regarded as an *independent kingdom* was expressly guaranteed, and it is therefore evident that Bohemia stands *de jure* in precisely the same relation to the Hapsburg dynasty as Hungary. Ferdinand, after succeeding to the immense possessions of his brother, Charles V., became the ruler of half Europe, and adopted as his device the arrogant motto A. E. I. O. U.—*Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo*. Such was the beginning of federalism under pressure from the Turks. Who can tell whether the Hapsburgs may not yet be called to preside over a still greater confederation under pressure from Russia?

The Czechs in Bohemia are in the proportion of three to two as regards the Germans; but the Ultramontane Germans are inclined to join the national movement, and the arrogance of Prince Bismarck has contributed not a little to this result. The kingdom of Bohemia was actually restored by the present emperor in 1849, but the new constitution was withdrawn, like all the concessions of that eventful year. Ten years of reaction followed; but the doctrine of nationalities proclaimed by Napoleon III., and the misfortunes of 1859, bore fruit in the "Constitution of February," 1861, by which Bohemia and the other sections of the Empire obtained local self-government in the shape of a provincial Diet and representation in

the Reichsrath at Vienna. From this time dates the parliamentary struggle which has continued up to the present, and during which the Czechs have had the mortification to find themselves outstripped by the Magyars in the race for home rule. The Germans in the Reichsrath were unwilling, as they are now, to part with their Imperial traditions; and the Czechs, led by Count Clam Martinitz—unlike the Irish, they have their ancient nobility at their head—withdraw from the Reichsrath rather than be bullied at Vienna. In the year of the Hungarian compromise, the policy of abstention reached its utmost point when the Bohemian Diet dissolved itself after refusing to send deputies to the Reichsrath. Government by “coercion” followed with the usual features of police espionage, press prosecutions, and suppression of meetings. The Government declared the seats of the recalcitrant deputies vacant, and the people with perfect good humour met again and again to vote for the same individuals, until the elections could be counted by hundreds, and the peasants, before separating at the polls, got into the habit of saying to each other, “Good-bye till next month.” At length the Emperor, whose inmost sympathies have always leaned towards the Czechs, directed Count Hohenwart, in 1871, to draw up a scheme of home rule for Bohemia. When the draft of the constitution was completed, he could hardly restrain his delight. “Let it be put in force,” he cried, “out of hand—*Schlag auf Schlag!*” It would occupy too much space to relate the intrigues which, emanating from Berlin, put an end to Francis Joseph’s good intentions and the hopes of the Czechs. They could not expect much from Count Andrassy, who in the interest of his countrymen continued carefully to foster the *entente* with Prince Bismarck. Count Taaffe, however, has adopted a different attitude towards the Slav populations, and is consequently the object of violent antipathy at Berlin.

Count Taaffe, an Irish viscount as well as an Austrian peer, celebrated last month the tenth anniversary of his accession to office. The intimate friend and former playmate of his Imperial master, he is thoroughly in accord with him in his programme of concession to Slav aspirations. The ill-treatment which he received from the German Emperor last autumn, and the attacks of the reptile press which followed this premeditated slight, caused the deepest pain to the Emperor Francis Joseph and the late Archduke Rudolph. Count Taaffe, however, gained one advantage from the onslaught. There are reptiles by the Danube as well as by the Spree; but the wave of resentment which arose throughout Austria-Hungary swept them away with it, and even certain well-known Bismarckian journals were compelled to put on a show of indignation. The German Chancellor had in fact over-estimated the extent to which he could bully a high-spirited people, and the chorus of defiance was loudest amongst his own *protégés*, the Hungarians. The whole affair formed

but a single incident in that series of blunders which has disfigured the conduct of German politics for the last year, and originates in that grotesque alliance of juvenile rashness with senile vindictiveness which of late has so gratuitously estranged the sympathies of all moderate men. Count Taaffe relies for support on the non-German element in the Reichsrath, and the Czechs have consequently been induced to abandon their attitude of passive resistance, and now support the Ministry in concert with their Slav brethren from Galicia and the Southern provinces, and a small number of German Conservatives. For in Austria, strange to say, the Conservative and Ultramontane factions are allied with the cause of nationalism, while the German element inclines to Liberalism and free-thought, and is only Conservative in its adherence to centralization and its resistance to Slav aspirations.

The veteran leader of the Czech party, M. Rieger, is now seventy-two years of age. He took an active part in the revolution at Prague in 1848, and he has now struggled for more than forty years for the independence of Bohemia. His habitual leaning towards moderation has been increased by age, and his opinion commands the highest respect; but his methods are being gradually superseded by those of the Young Czech, or active parliamentary party led by the brothers Edward and Julius Gregr, the former a member of the Reichsrath, the latter editor of a Czech journal at Prague. These vigorous champions of Bohemian nationalism preach an active crusade against the German centralists, and endeavour to force the hand of Count Taaffe; they harangue political "tabors," or meetings, at Prague, where race-hatred has reached such a point that German and Czech working-men refuse to speak to one another and organize boycotting clubs, while university students of the opposing races condemn each other to a reciprocal Coventry. The Slav majority in the Reichsrath, on which Count Taaffe depends, gains strength from the internal conflicts of the German Opposition. The Catholic or Ultramontane section of the German party, of which Prince Liechtenstein is leader, votes with the Slav majority, contrary to the counsels of Mgr. Galimberti, the papal nuncio, whom Prince Bismarck contrived to get sent to Vienna, and who strangely enough leans to the free-thinking "Liberal" Germans. The "Austrian-German" section of the Teutonic Opposition is thoroughly *Kaisertreu* and loyal to the Hapsburgs; the "National German" section is composed of Prussomaniacs, whose sentiments find utterance in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, and whose race-prejudices have driven them dangerously near to Pangermanism and disloyalty. A sub-section of this party is composed of Radical free-thinkers and anti-Semitic enthusiasts led by M. Schönerer, the *bête noire* of the Vienna press, which is almost entirely under Hebrew control, and hits around impartially at Czechs, clericals, and anti-Semites alike. The Jewish influence

which directs the principal Vienna journals should not be lost sight of by foreigners who wish to form an independent judgment upon Austrian politics.

One of the organs of the Prussomaniac party is the *Kyffhauser*, a provincial journal. The name is that of a mountain beneath which, according to tradition, the Emperor Barbarossa and his knights still sleep in a trance, from which they are destined to be roused when the German race attains its unity. The fact that the Government finds itself compelled to prohibit the display of the German flag in Vienna speaks for itself. It is quite conceivable that Prince Bismarck should coquet with this treasonable party; but that he meditates an absorption of the German provinces of Austria is, I think, highly improbable, owing to the vast accession which it would bring to the strength of the German Ultramontanes. But it may be otherwise with the young man who means to follow "the programme of Frederick the Great."

The attitude of the Poles in Galicia presents an interesting contrast to that of the other Slav races in the empire. The atrocities perpetrated by Russia on their kindred have effectually alienated them from any sympathy with Panslavism; the tyranny of the Hohenzollerns in Posen has made them thankful for the gentler rule of the Hapsburgs, and has by no means increased their affection for the German race. In their suspicion of the centralist Teutonic party they vote with the Slav majority in the Reichsrath, and their deputies are able to hold a commanding position, inasmuch as they can vote with freedom, having no special grievance of their own to press, while they are sufficiently numerous to convert either side into a majority. The Poles of Galicia enjoy a liberal autonomy, and have even the gratification of domineering over another race. The Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia are rising from a state of serfdom, but are still oppressed by the Polish landowners. They are thoroughly Slav in their sympathies, and somewhat inclined to listen to the seductions of Russian agents coming from over the frontier. Their estrangement from the Poles is heightened by the fact that they adhere to the Eastern Catholic ritual, while the Poles follow that of Rome. They have hitherto secured but a very inadequate representation in the Reichsrath; and their deputies, though violently Slav in sentiment, vote with the German minority to spite the Poles.

The Slovens and Dalmatians in Southern Austria have been cut asunder from their kinsmen, the Croatians, by the institution of Dualism. Moreover, they have to contend against a double foe, for the Italians on the sea-coast, the descendants of the lordly Venetians, treat them with disdain; while on the north they come in contact with the Germans of the Archduchy. The Slovens are a mild and inoffensive race, with apparently little power of self-assertion; the

peasants in Istria give one the impression of being underfed, and devoid of vitality and energy. The Dalmatians are an interesting, seafaring race, manly, active, and intelligent, from which the crews of the Austrian navy are almost exclusively drawn. It is well worth while to visit these hardy sailors in their sunny archipelago, where a hundred islands lie basking in the blue Adriatic, and the snowy summits of the Dalmatian Alps seem to lift themselves from out of the sea. I was surprised to find myself frequently accosted by the islanders in English, even in the remote little port of Lussinpiccolo, for many of them had often been to England and America.

The Serbo-Croatians who have thus been separated from their brethren, have fallen under the yoke of the Magyars, whose little finger is thicker than the loins of the Germans. There is a diet and a semblance of self-government at Agram, but the "ban" or governor is appointed on the recommendation of the Hungarian ministry, and the Magyar officials know how to manage the elections as elections are managed in Oriental countries. There is a philo-Magyar majority in the diet at Agram, just as there is a compact Magyar majority in the Reichstag at Pest. How is this to be explained, seeing that only a third of the population of Transleithania is Hungarian? How does it happen that the majority in the Vienna Reichsrath is anti-German while the majority in the Pest Reichstag is pro-Hungarian? The fact is that the Magyars possess the instincts of a dominant race; and the ability with which their officials manipulate the elections is only one among many signs of Hungarian determination to have the best of it at all costs. Agram is the focus of the southern Slav movement as Prague is of the northern. Like Prague, it possesses a university, which is at once a centre and a monument of Slav culture and learning. The Academy of Fine Arts, which forms part of the university, the museum, and numerous other institutions bear witness to the munificence and patriotism of Mgr. Strossmayer, Bishop of Diakovar, one of the most remarkable men, not only in Austria-Hungary but in Europe. This is not the place to speak of his vigorous stand against the dogma of infallibility at Rome. But any sketch of the progress of the Slav races in Austria would be imperfect without some mention of this distinguished prelate, patriot, and man of letters, who is literally adored in every Croatian cottage. He has devoted his long life—he is now past seventy—to the material, moral, intellectual, and political advancement of his countrymen. He has published several works bearing on Slav history and literature, as well as collections of songs and popular editions. His promotion to the See of Agram was resisted by the Hungarian Government, who appointed Mgr. Michaelovitch, a strong Magyar partisan, with a view to counteracting his influence.

The Slovaks in northern Hungary are as a rule little more than serfs to the great Hungarian landholders, but their political development will come in time. Of the strange mixture of races in Transylvania, I say little, as the Slav question is not concerned. The Roumanians, who are in the majority, are implacably hostile to Hungarian authority, and resist "Magyarisation" with a will. A Roumanian statesman with whom I conversed at Bucharest last spring assured me that there is a stronger feeling of sympathy in Roumania for the Transylvanian Roumanians than exists on behalf of those whom Russia has absorbed in Bessarabia; for the Russians, more politic than the Hungarians, have done much to make the Bessarabians an object of envy to the oppressed Moldavian peasantry. Last of all, the beautiful and almost unknown little province of Bukovina forms a remote corner in the realm of the Hapsburgs, with its population of half a million, partly Roumanian, partly Ruthenian, its separate diet, and its five deputies to the parliament at Pest.

The Slavs of the Dual Empire have everything on their side—material progress, increasing numbers, and the spread of constitutional ideas. They are not gifted with the self-assertiveness of the Magyars, but they are beginning to be conscious of their strength. The institution of Dualism, if it has checked their power of combination, has also braced them to greater efforts by the spectacle of successfully achieved Magyar autonomy. The present condition of Dualism cannot be permanent; it is but a step to a wider scheme of federation under which all the races of the empire will be able to realise their national aspirations under the paternal sway of the Hapsburgs. There are, of course, many difficulties in the way of such a scheme, and it is easy to prophesy disaster; but prophets of evil abounded in 1867, who declared that Austria could not survive the establishment of Hungarian independence. Once the aspirations of its Slav subjects are satisfied, the House of Hapsburg may look forward to a destiny recalling the splendours of the sixteenth century. It has already won the loyalty of the Poles, and detached them from sympathy with Pan Slavism; if it can only give contentment to the other Slav races, who are really but little inclined to listen to Pan Slavist doctrines, and who have nothing in common with the Russians, whether in language, religion, or political sentiment, there is no reason why the progress of federalism should stop at the frontier. Why should not the small states of the Balkans range themselves under the presidency of an illustrious dynasty which has frankly accepted constitutionalism, and respects the idiosyncrasies and susceptibilities of its heterogeneous subjects?

A Balkan Confederation under the hegemony of Austria would be the best and most permanent solution of the Eastern Question.

The nationalities which cluster round the central artery of the Danube would then command the great waterway from its source to its mouth. Constantinople might again become the eastern metropolis of a great empire, with Vienna for its western capital, though it would probably be best if Constantinople never fell into the hands of any great European power. The dynasties now ruling at Bucharest, Belgrade, and Sophia would remain *in statu quo*, but acknowledging fealty to the Imperial house. Servia would receive Bosnia and Herzegovina, which she has never ceased to claim, and would in return allow Bulgaria to "rectify" her frontier in Macedonia, which is mainly Bulgarian, and to establish herself at Salonica. The adhesion of Greece would be rewarded with a portion of Southern Macedonia and Albania, while Roumania would again claim her Transylvanian children, from whom she has been separated for more than three centuries. Of course such a programme cannot be carried out till the great war has come and gone. Meantime Austria should lose no time in establishing her position as the natural protectress of the Balkan Slavs, and the first step in this direction must be the conciliation of her own Slav subjects, on whose attitude so much depends when the inevitable conflict with Russia begins. The Magyars, who have already accustomed themselves to a position altogether disproportionate to their numbers, may clamour against a project of Slav unification, but they are not so blinded by race-hatred as not to see that this is the only programme that can make Austria a match for Russia in the Balkan peninsula.

It would have been well for the House of Hapsburg if from the day when, at the beginning of this century, it exchanged the *Deutsche Reich* for the *Oesterreich*, it had finally abandoned the affairs of Germany and recognised the destiny which makes the *Drang nach Osten* a necessity to its future empire. It would at least have been spared a portion of that long series of misfortunes which it has borne with such fortitude, and to which the tragedy of last month is the latest accession. The dynasty once built up a splendid inheritance by political sagacity and profitable alliances, as well as by the illustrious marriages alluded to in the famous lines :

" Bella gerant alii—Tu, felix Austria, nube ;
Nam quæ Mars aliis dat tibi regna Venus."

It has advanced in the paths of constitutionalism, notwithstanding the reactionary example of the two great neighbouring despotisms. But if it is ever to preside over a vast Eastern Confederation it must realise the position of Austria-Hungary as a great Slav Power. And if it can do this, it will perhaps one day read its ancient motto thus :—*Austriæ Est Imperare Orienti Universo*.

J. D. BOURCHIER.

THE DECADENCE OF THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

TEN years ago the representatives of the latest "school" of literature in France were called "les Jeunes," at the present moment they call themselves "les Décadents:" the offspring of decay—thus associating two ideas which apparently exclude each other, the ideas of decomposition and youth. We all of us know quite well what is the kind of life which is born of putridity, and we turn from it in disgust; we do not like to rest our thought upon it; they do; there is the difference. From this foul element they have not only founded a "school," they have fabricated a man; a new sort of humanity, the "man of the laboratory."¹

All France was not the accomplice of these crimes. Not many years ago such men as Francisque Sarcey, for instance, began, in their critiques upon the modern theatre, to protest in the name of common decency against the language used, and the pictures presented on the Parisian stage, and as time went on there were signs of rebellion in the public against the abominable level to which morality was sinking. This was, however, mostly confined to the people who had passed their fortieth year. They were manifestly "old pigtails" who could not understand "Les jeunes!" Everything was tolerated, for the consequences were not perceived. It was supposed you could pollute the springs, yet drink of the waters flowing from them without harm. A fact was required to prove that the cause had produced an effect, an effect the horror whereof did in good earnest "fright all France from its propriety."

Before dealing with the details of this Fact, it may be well to show the two or three important points connected with it: what had preceded it, and what was the real value of the indignation it provoked. In these several points are involved the important questions of the mental and moral condition of France and of her future capacity of right or wrong.

France was by no means unprepared for the loathsome infamy that with one accord shook society to its foundations not many weeks ago. For nearly half a century the Thought of France had been gradually, though intermittently, sinking lower, and her intellectuality was allowing itself to be subjected to debasing influences. Perhaps the first blow was struck in 1830, for, strange as it may seem, the monstrous immoralities of the Napoleonic era produced no corre-

(1) *Apropos* to the recent death of M. Caro, it was aptly stated how: ". . . il n'a jamais voulu voir dans la Philosophie qu'une affaire d'âme; il n'y voulait rien voir des mathématiques ni de la science pure . . . on ne pourrait être en plus complète opposition avec la jeune école qui, elle, ne cherche toute la vérité que dans les laboratoires."

sponding confusion in the sphere of intelligence. The vast tragedy of the Revolution and the Empire, which convulsed Europe from 1790 to 1814, did not contribute to originate it; coincident with our own grand epoch at the commencement of the present century, were the works of some of the noblest thinkers of the French nation. Joubert and Jouffroy and Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël were all of this period, and many others, all idealists of the highest stamp amongst its secondary "thinkers of thoughts."¹ The fifteen years of the Restoration witnessed in every sense, whether political, moral, or intellectual, probably the brightest epoch of France's modern history. This is the moment when all the names that have cast lustre on her public life are blazoned forth by fame throughout the world. It would be too long to give the whole list of the illustrious men who followed and looked up to the masters of the time; but it was only natural that under such chiefs as Lamartine, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Royer Collard, or Cuvier the entire tone of public opinion should be an elevated one, and that, whether in politics, science, art, or moral conduct, the currents of existence should flow towards dignified, noble aims. From the fifteen years of the Restoration proceeded no downward tendencies. Its first (perhaps irreparable) fault was its fatal, utterly unavoidable, overthrow. In 1830 disorder took its revenge, and the "old order" really began to change. All barriers were destroyed with a violence that proved in every sphere how the Revolt was really against Rule, against a limit, a co-ordination, an order of no matter what kind.

Splendid as may be his talent (grant him even genius, that portentous gift hardly to be attributed to mortals other than Homer or Shakespeare), immense as is his power of expression, mighty as has been his creative work, in short, vast as is the place which he fills in his country's literature, Victor Hugo remains responsible for a very considerable portion of the downward progression of thought in France and for the ravages made by the school of "false creation." With him first begins the cult of the ugly, the tenderness for crime, the admiration for lawlessness, the avowed principle of distortion. Take all his earlier works, those in which his temperament, the impulse of his being is strongest, and goes farthest. Take *Bug Jargal*, *Hans d'Islande*, *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, *Hernani*, *Marion Delorme*, you will in all find the apology of sin, the contempt for duty, the implied superiority of wrong over right. His earliest poems (coeval with these) are works of art, and beautiful art, but the others are works of nature. In *Notre Dame de Paris* you come (for the first time in French literature) upon the worship of deformity, which, more or less, never again at any moment ceases to exercise its

(1) Be it well understood that when I employ the term "secondary" it is always as applied to those who succeed the great inventors such as Pascal or Montaigne.

fascination upon Hugo. From that hour it would seem that in Hugo's mind dramatic interest must always be inseparable from what is either physically hideous or morally reprehensible. His friends, his "school," represent this tendency—which they do not deny—as the result of his unbounded compassion for all suffering, and they pretend that the tyranny he had witnessed from his cradle (he was born in 1802), the oppressions of every sort that had graven themselves from infancy upon his senses, set loose in him a torrent of pity for all misfortune, all disgrace. Be it so, and let the pitilessness of other days—admitted by La Rochefoucauld—be accepted as a sufficient pretext for reaction and revolt, it is none the less certain that in Hugo the distortion of sympathy has led to deplorable effects in the intellectuality of France.

With the other writers, whether creators or critics, who (from 1830—40 to 1870—80) impress the general public in France this immediate pitifulness is less supreme, but one trait is common to all: the neglect, namely, of the really beautiful and of the really good.

There is always the same excuse for the fallen, the same exoneration for crime; there is almost always glory for the victims of passion; there is never any feeling of enthusiasm for worth. As we get on into the last decade or two we progress towards genuine degradation, for we come to an avowedly larger measure of interest for the merely weak, the incapable of right! "J'étais un faible doux," whines the miserable wretch, Henri Chambige, when convicted of his monstrous crime, ranking under the head of "pollution of sepulchres," and in that confession of disease is established (it is now affirmed) the claim to the admiration of all superior men! Now at last we have reached the summit of intellectual perversion.

Many stages of relative perversity were attained ere this; the initiators were probably the brothers Goncourt with *Germinie Lacerteux*; then followed Zola introducing the element of unqualified useless filth into the domain of art, and then followed the gratuitous backslidings of others who, with greater capacity and talent, merely imitated the leaders, and bartered wares they themselves judged abominable, for coin they knew was pleasant. *Sappho* was the *Germinie Lacerteux* of a higher imagination that should have stopped at the *Arlésienne*; and *Cruelle Enigme*, the voluntary misdemeanour of a mind that might have advanced to undeniable altitudes in the sphere of æsthetics, or of historical criticism. *Germinie Lacerteux*, says Jules Lemaitre,¹ speaking of this book in politely disguised terms of indignation, "is undoubtedly the origin of the so-called Naturalist movement. MM. de Goncourt stand alone among the elder

(1) *Journal des Débats*, 24th December. No one can question Jules Lemaitre's impartiality, for he began by belonging to the ultra-realists, and still, though mitigated now, belongs to "les jeunes."

writers in exciting the admiration of the young school, les jeunes ahuris de l'impressionisme et du symbolisme . . . les gros sons, le gros bruit, les traductions en Javanais ont été pour d'autres ! c'est à peine juste ! . . . " and Jules Lemaitre adds that the works of Edmond de Goncourt after his brother's death, "although still more étroits et tourmentés," were less remarked ; but, he concludes, "ces livres plurent à Bourget et aux adolescents d'esprit trouble et inquiet."¹ But even with *Germinie Lacerteux*, disgusting as it is, the lowest depth is not yet reached. These are only the exploits of Realism ; they take man at his basest, but they do not yet transform him. We have still to descend to the "Décadents" who proclaim themselves the heroes of decay, of decomposition, the offspring of "Le néant où ils seront engloutis."

To show to the entire public, to the whole nation, what was the direct consequence of this diseased literature, to what unnatural infamy this perversion of the intellect was reducing the French mind, we repeat it, a Fact was needed :—that which had hitherto been the word only, became a deed ; and the Chambige murder proved what was the consequence of the new brain creation ; of the "homme du laboratoire ;" of the irresponsible Frankenstein, that was to be set up beyond humanity, unconscious of duty, of nature, of passion even, amenable alone to the wild fancies of its own imagination. The Fact once apparent, the voice of public opinion spontaneously shouted forth its name, "*Le Crime Littéraire !*"

It was the "Crime of Thought," the crime of perverted intellect.

And now let us examine this "Fact" in itself ; it is well worth while, for it is typical of a very large part of modern French civilisation. Two French families of the upper and educated middle class lived in daily habits of intimacy in the neighbourhood of Constantine, in Algeria. One consisted of a mother, her son, and several married daughters ; the son was Henri Chambige. The other family was composed of M. and Mdme. Grille and two little girls, their children. Henri Chambige is twenty-two, and Mdme. Grille is twenty-nine. She is, by universal acclaim, a woman of pure, unsullied mind, and surrounded by the respect of all who knew her. Their intimacy

(1) M. de Glouvet, of the *Siccle*, one of the manliest of French critics, writes on Christmas Day as follows : "Heaven be thanked, the diseased literature which lies at the root of our diseased morality has received another blow from which it will not recover. The verdict by which on the public stage the public has executed *Germinie Lacerteux* will meet with universal approval. The judgment is morally a final one, and is given so unanimously, with such loud overpowering enthusiasm, that no appeal can be made. You are—you of this ignoble 'school'—calumniators of all humanity, and in the face of the noblest 'examples' " (whereof the writer adduces some by name) "you seek to annihilate all notion of virtue and worth—therefore do you arouse our indignation. I defy you to write the biography of the honest of the pure—that is forbidden you—you dare not. Out of these is born that which lives and lasts, and that which all your hideous presentments can never generate : the Idea—which is eternal : the Idea of the beautiful !"

was of a kind not absolutely usual in France, for it was held to be so entirely pure and innocent, that its character of fraternity does not admit of a doubt; the daily, hourly intimacy is what might exist between families brought up together in England; whatever service could be asked on one side would be gladly rendered on the other.

One day Henri Chambige comes to Madame Grille's abode (her husband had that morning started for France), and requests her to accompany him to his mother's villa, which is at a little distance, where, in the latter's absence, he has to search for something she requires. The unsuspecting victim consents at once, and gaily kissing her little girls, leaves readily with her neighbour on her errand of neighbourly kindness. Hours pass. To visitors who call it is frankly replied that Madame Grille is gone to the villa with M. Chambige. It is quite natural that it should be so, and no one makes a remark. But as the afternoon wears on, two friends of M. Chambige, one his brother-in-law, think of walking to the villa to "join them." All is silent, and the windows of the empty house are closed. In the road below they find a hired carriage, and the cabman informs them that the "gentleman, who with a lady is inside the house, told him on entering the garden gate that he would have a very long while to wait." Even this does not awaken any suspicion; the two visitors walk round the path skirting the ground floor, and after a certain lapse of time they hear the report of two pistol-shots! Not that even disquiets them. . . . For another three-quarters of an hour they walk about smoking their cigars!

At last, the day beginning to wane, they determine to enter the house. An entrance is forced; and what do they find? The corpse of Madame Grille, undressed, reclining upon a couch, the sweet smiling serenity of the countenance bearing witness to her unconsciousness of the treacherous blow that sent her instantaneously from life to death. The couch whereon the body lies is strewn with the rarest flowers, for that conduces to what the murderer describes later on as "the sublime beauty of the whole." Henri Chambige is stretched at the foot of the bed, with a wound that does not prevent him from rendering his account of the horrible drama.

It will easily be conceived that the very proofs of the guilt (and above all the details of its heinous character) are such as cannot be given here. Suffice it to note that the proofs were convincing enough to oblige the jury, when called upon in the habitual form to declare, "Did the accused murder Madeleine Grille?"—to answer "Yes," adding what was not demanded of them, "and with premeditation!"

Let it parenthetically be brought home to contemporary readers what a difference is made by a lapse of forty years in the French mind. The *Antony* of Alexandre Dumas (the father) assassinates Madame d'Hervey, who is guilty, but bad and mad though he be, his

impulse is yet a natural one: he does not dishonour his mistress. "Elle m'a résisté, je l'ai assassiné!" is his first cry. *Antony*, however contemptible (and above all ridiculous), does not kill his partner's fair repute; he preserves her honour, such as it is, and does succeed, at all events, in killing himself. But Henri Chambige, who had no "impulses," whose nature is of a totally different kind (belonging to the laboratory) dishonours the woman he does not love,¹ and cheats eternal justice by skilfully evading expiation. He does not destroy himself, though he makes a plausible appearance of attempting to do so.

If Henri Chambige were only an individual, he might be ranked as a curiosity, a kind of *lusus nature*, and set aside as accidental, but he is not so; he is one of a tribe, nay, more, of a species; he springs from a collective source and represents a numerous "collectivity," as the current phrase is. Henri Chambige is not alone one of the Decadents, he is since his "completion by crime" the Decadent *par excellence*—the chief, the creature born of the New Thought of the age and carrying its principles into action. Listen to his own confession. "I read everything," he says, "I read, glutton-like, the books where I found answers to my solitary communings . . . a part of my mind saw more clearly the images borne in upon my disordered and smoking brain (*mon cerveau fumant et désordonné!*)" He acknowledges that what he is pleased to term the "earthquake of his soul" has been "too much for him," and he notes a state of "utter prostration." His expression is the following: "I was incapable of feeling anything. . . I cannot love—I am exhausted—tired, worn out!" In another record of his impressions (for, one and all, these "men of the laboratory" are impressionists!), he states that "his virginity of soul, his vibrative nature" (we shall hear more of this) "conduced to a violence of suffering unknown to others"—but he is sincere enough in his self-appreciation to make the following admission without shame—

"More than women I loved the untrue!" (*Plus que les femmes j'aimais le mensonge.*)²

Their aptitude for the lower vices of this wonderful race in the midst of their unhuman sublimation is well worthy of note, and their faculty of lying singularly marked. These "higher" beings are curiously complex, and unite to the immateriality of "minds that have wings" all the peculiar cunning of the original ape. Henri Chambige

(1) A part of the creed of this new sect is, that they are "too superior, too sublimated," to be able to love.

(2) Quoted by M. Anatole France (from Henri Chambige's own publications) in one of the most eloquently indignant of the numerous protests printed by the press of Paris (*Temps* of December, 1888).

is so remarkable indeed in his affectionate appreciation of mendacity, that he prepares his crime with quite extraordinary cleverness, concocting a small collection of letters and telegrams from his intended victim, which, however, as forgeries, are clumsily enough executed to be evident at first sight to the most ordinary expert. The craft of the fingers is inferior to the wily conceptions of the brain.

As above stated, Henri Chambige stands not alone in the rank of contemporary French literature of fiction, he is not only one among the many moral and intellectual epileptics of our age. He is the head of a school, the leader of the transformed generation for which the "old order" is making place. It is enough to read the printed, and published declarations of the faithful alumni, of the adepts, who look up to him, venerate him, strive to imitate him, and on his condemnation send their delegates to him to shriek out in a scandalised assize court, "Le Bagne! c'est là que sont les honnêtes gens!"

It is this that concerns us, for it is in his following, in his school, that we have to mark the last stage of the downward progression of French thought. Henri Chambige is, for the wretched *décadents* of France, their "great, loyal, sincere, vibrative Henri,"¹ whom they surrounded with their "respectful affection," and who they affirm is destined to be one day "the judge of those wretched earthly judges who have dared to judge him."

He, Henri Chambige, has attained to the highest "sensation," has realised in action the supremest "impression." He is to be bowed down to, believed in; for what is the profession of faith of these youthful geniuses?

"Oui! nous sommes des *détraqués* parce que nos pères intellectuels, nos livres, ont tellement fait tressaillir toutes les cordes de notre être qu'ils en ont tari les harmonies. Nous sommes des *déséquilibrés* parce que nous élevant au dessus des plus hautes spirales de la tour montante de l'Idée, nous sommes sans cesse ressaisis par la vie, sur laquelle nous venons nous briser, n'ayant plus le balancier du bon sens ni la cuirasse de la bravoure! nous savons monter, mais la vie ne monte pas . . . et nous ne savons où redescendre. . . . Nous sommes des lâches parce que nous sommes des faibles! . . ."

Here is the theory of Henri Chambige, who proclaims that his victim ought to love him because he, was "a gentle weakling" (*un faible doux*). In all the sterility of these horrors—all "monsters" being, as science knows, unproductive—there is, however, one good that is actually beginning to be perceptible in France, the abhorrence, namely, that the excess of wrong has called forth. Tolerance has broken down at last, and has done so step by step. *Sapho* already caused decent people to shake their heads; but *Germinie Lacerteux*, following with such indescribable effrontery on the heels of the *Crime littéraire* of the Chambige crew (for it is in fact a col-

(1) All these passages, and worse, are contained in the preface to one of their books entitled *Monsieur de Joyeux*, and read and sold by thousands of copies!

lective crime), raised the anger of the Legislature itself, and last month witnessed in the French Senate a scene such as had never been enacted there before, a parallel to that which took place in the House of Commons a few months back. Senator after senator rose in revolt, and in the name of common morality and for the sake of the fair repute of the country before foreign nations, demanded of the Government that it should immediately forbid such scandals, at which the public was nightly showing its horror and disgust by its irresistible hissings and hootings.

The Minister's answer was a strange one; in much embarrassment, he protested that M. de Goncourt was a *chef d'école*, and was looked up to by many followers as the head and founder of a new school that called itself "literary," but here he was stopped by the tumult, and came to an end by saying that "literary" questions could not be discussed in Parliament."

"This is not a literary question," was shouted out, "it is a question of public morals, of public decency."

And so at last we have seen that rarest of all feelings in France: a genuine feeling of indignation openly expressed. You may find almost everything in French thought; you will rarely if ever, in the noblest even, find indignation.

Molière and Saint Simon are here the only masters, but both lie out of my domain, for both are Specialists. Molière is by trade a dramatic creator; his business is to show human beings in action, not to think thoughts whence generations of human beings shall spring. Saint Simon's *métier* is to narrate facts, the deeds of other people, and to comment upon what other people did. His trade is that of an autobiographer who makes the confession of those around him. Neither are speculative idealists or concerned in any way with what the Chambige criminals style "*La tour montante de l'Idéo*" (!!!) But in both the note of indignation is loud and strong. *Alceste* is as implacable against the baseness of his fellow-men as Shakspeare's Timon, and the rude inimitable eloquence of St. Simon has the secret of a fiery scorn that is often held peculiar to Shakspeare himself.

But, above all, in the case of Molière there is life; healthy, vigorous, well-balanced life, and M. Brunetière may be not far wrong when he says, speaking of the idealism of the seventeenth century,¹ that the "most considerable influence," and most generative for the future, may perhaps be his, of whom, in that sense least has been said,—of Molière. What M. Brunetière ventures to call "*La Philosophie de Molière*" is the very scourge of the school of decay; and if the miserable² group of *décadents* could appreciate such manliness and truth, they might—sicklied o'er as they are—with their own pale

(1) In a conference held last December.

(2) "What have we fallen to?" exclaims M. Anatole France, in the above-quoted

cast of Thought,¹—cast off their grave clothes and crawl forth into the sunlight of life.

The idolatry of weakness leads to every possible evil, and has to be stamped out by any nation that means to endure. It is not good for cripples to wrestle with Hercules, or for dwarfs and pygmies to imitate the Gods.

II.

It would be a mistake to call the French a thoughtful race; collectively they are to excess thoughtless; neither are they a reflecting nation—and yet, French society, that which once deservedly bore the name of “la grande société Française,” was pre-eminently a society of thinkers, and more than any others, have the sons of France been shaped (rather than governed) by the thinkers of her thoughts.

The word itself has to be explained; it will be objected that without Thought nothing is and that the entire achievements of humanity rest on initiatory thought—quite so; but this implies the application of thought, its subordination to a perhaps circumscribed aim. This is not abstract thought, not the prime proof of Being proclaimed by the “*cogito ergo sum*” of Descartes; whereas what is peculiar to France is the existence of great men whose greatness lies in the fact that they have been thinkers of thoughts—of thoughts not to be vulgarly applied, discoverers of first principles, seers, like Euclid, of the “Shadow of the Divine.”

In these men be it noted the thought does not suggest of necessity an act. The grandest thinkers of France rarely if ever think the thoughts of men of action. Their life is occupied by the perpetual exercise of the mind upon itself, the practice as it were of the gymnastics of the soul. And on this point it would be well to dwell, for it may be found to lead to much more in “our philosophy” than has commonly been supposed. Immediate results are unheeded by these thinkers, their interest attaches to the instrument, not to the accidents of being; creation no doubt is, but a much more important fact is, that these thinkers should reflect creation in the mirror of their brain. The business of their life is to think.

Undeniably it speaks highly for the intellect of France, that undying fame should be awarded to these seers. The English in this

article of the *Temps*. “You dare to glorify such crimes as these; the only name your wretched friend has a title to, is that of ‘Miserable’! ‘Miserable’! thrice ‘Miserable’!”

(1) In his famous essay on Pascal, M. Villemain cannot avoid recognising the influence of disease. “His entire activity,” he says, “was confined to his intellect only, all the rest was destroyed”—and he quotes his own fearful words upon human life: “*Je n’ai pu m’y arrêter—je ne puis être dans la société de mes semblables—de personnes misérables comme moi, impuissantes comme moi!*” This is the despair of the unattainable—“Il portait tous nos maux en lui!” adds the great critic. True! and it is *as despair* sublime. But what a source for the Thought of a generation to “lodge” in!

identical sphere can perhaps refer to Bacon only (for they are as a nation much given to positive results), but they do not keep Bacon for ever before their eyes, whilst in France Pascal or Montaigne, for instance, are still generative powers, to whom whosoever resorts to the practice of mental anatomy consciously or unconsciously refers. They are the two sovereign sources which, to this hour, feed the smaller streams. From their mighty depths spring the currents which—navigated by inferior though still illustrious geniuses—are, whether for good or evil, merging rapidly into the treacherous ocean, termed by moderns Psychology. Descartes, though of altogether a lesser order, is the first to say the word: “I am because I think!” Pascal follows, and proclaims the dogma of thought:—

“Toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée: c’est de là qu’il faut nous relever, *non de l’espace ou de la durée!*”

Thus making the fact of the thinking-power supreme.

We shall see how, in weaker natures, the perversion of this doctrine leads to the diseased intellectuality of the present age.

One curious circumstance becomes evident to the careful student of Pascal, and he himself has laid down the principle by which he must be judged if the whole significance of his teaching is to be seized. Apart from the value of the thought expressed, he lays stress of urgency on the origin of the thought. “Whence came it?” he demands. “Where,” to use his own particular phrase, “was it lodged in the thinker?” That its existence may be of essential use is admitted, and generations may profit by it, but its derivation is of greater consequence still. Where lies its source? That is the question.

As far as the greatest idealist of modern ages is concerned, there can be but one answer: the thought of Blaise Pascal comes from Euclid; but comes direct, and here lies the truth which many who believe they know him well appreciate insufficiently.

The point to lay hold of, therefore, if the inmost recesses of Pascal’s mind are to be penetrated, is the point of initial inspiration and the mode by which the thought attains its external shape, the ways it wanders over until revealed to the outer world. On this depends the possession of the true Pascalian idea, than which our time has few nobler gains, for it proves that he who is the fount of psychology (at least in his own country) rested his idealism on his instinct of mathematical truth.

III.

Montaigne bears date 1533—1592; Descartes 1596—1650; Pascal 1623—1662. Pascal is the latest comer, but with regard to the

progression of French thought he must be taken first. Not only are the larger number of philosophical writers and moralists in France preoccupied mentally by him, but his peculiar transcendentalism has probably led, through strange and deviating paths, to the bewildering theories of the present hour; to the hallucinations inducing the belief that to be apart from common humanity is to be superior to it.

There is a want of humanity in Pascal. Nothing is furnished him by the experience of life. He has no fellows, but is the effect of a cause existing over two thousand years ago.

There is no greater error than to conceive of Pascal as "le premier des géomètres," and to esteem him learned in mathematics. He had learnt nothing, knew nothing of geometrical science, when suddenly the soul of Euclid was found incarnate in the child of twelve. There is the reason of Pascal's intellectual being; there the particular spot wherein the "thought is lodged." Now you understand his banishment of man "from space and time,"¹ and his creed of the "dignity" of humanity lying in the capacity of thought.

Read Condorcet; it is impossible too earnestly to reflect on the facts of his statement:—²

"Etienne Pascal had, on principle, kept out of his son's reach all books in any way touching upon geometry, fearing lest the mental absorption to which such studies lead might divert the boy's attention from more immediately useful studies, such as the two classical languages. . . . the child, however, had, here and there, caught sight of figures which he copied, but the meaning whereof he had never heard explained."

Yes; but these "figures" were the signs of the child's language, in them spoke Blaise Pascal's mother tongue. With these signs lying dormant for two thousand years in his inmost soul, the consciousness of Being broke over him as the light of dawn, and he expressed himself in the thirty-second proposition of the *Elements*, the key in him to everything else.

Hence the *Pensées sur l'homme*, on which alone rest his claims to immortality—the remainder of his works, however remarkable, being not out of mortal reach, whereas the *Pensées* are.

Dull-eyed commentators are wont to adduce as a proof of Pascal's extraordinary gifts that, besides his "literary work" (as they are pleased to term it) he had also guessed at a problem of mathematical science; in this they fail to perceive that the two are inseparable, and that the sublime simplicity of the written judgments come from the innate sense of the sovereign simplicity of geometrical truth. It is from this distinct vision of the true that is derived all Pascal's

(1) "C'est de la pensée qu'il faut nous relever—non de l'espace ou de la durée."

(2) A biography better even than Madame Perier's, because fuller of plain statements of fact.

strength, and the natural *unnaturalness* of the process constitutes its incomparable grandeur. The term "literary" should never be linked with the name of Pascal. Literary, Pascal never was, and he is the greatest wielder of the French tongue only when he expresses transcendental thought.

The *Provinciales*, for example, are the production of a man endowed with the keenest aptitude for satire, and cunning exceedingly in words, but not always avoiding a certain coarseness in the ardour of attack. The *Provinciales* are wittily incisive in parts, not continuously so, and narrowly controversial.

But turn to the magnificence of such passages as the following:—

"Il ne faut pas que l'Univers entier s'arme pour écraser l'homme: une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer; mais quand l'Univers l'écraserait l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, *parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt*; et l'avantage qu'il a sur lui l'Univers n'en sait rien. . . !

" . . . La grandeur de l'homme apparaît en ce qu'il se connaît misérable !"

There you are brought in full sight of the "source" of the thought; whence it comes and where it "lodges" in the thinker becomes plain. It proceeds from the clear vision of that which for ever is, and the inconceivable beauty of its form reflects but the truth whereof it really is the splendour.

Points, lines, and angles, spaces, and quantities, these are what the vulgar comprehend in the teachings of the arch seer; these are what they apply to their various terrestrial wants and uses.¹

Pascal is himself a discoverer, nothing intervenes between him and the truth. He is himself in the *ombre de Dieu*, and knows that Euclid opens the wide portals of the Infinite. Granted that there is no humanity in Pascal (Villomain says, "Pascal est accusé de ne jamais parler au cœur"), granted that he wants sympathy, that there is no throb of the sentient flesh, no trace of indulgence, no impress of the weaknesses of passion; it is all true; it is idealism carried to its most formidable height and full of dangers, dangerous as the irresistible attraction of the Void.

Truly, here lies the secret peril. From such altitudes as these, frigid and dazzling as icebergs at the Pole, whither fall those when they do fall, who have imprudently sought to scale them,—into featureless unfathomable space where the mind has no hold, the reason no refuge, where despair alone remains.

"What right has Wolfgang to aspire to be more than a man?" was a question of Herder's touching Goethe. In a certain degree the

(1) The most enthusiastic lover of Euclid of whom we know, Dr. Hawtrey, condenses the whole grandeur of geometry in reality into the *Elements*, and never goes beyond the "glorious first six books," as far at least as concerns, not the application, but the thought of Euclid. It is with the *Elements* that he makes, as he himself says, "of Euclid a book of life and meaning." He, like Pascal, is animated by the joy of the truth—not its usefulness. See Hawtrey's *Introduction to the Elements of Euclid*.

words are applicable to Pascal, only he was without the ambitious will to "aspire." There was nothing of Prometheus in him. He was born on the topmost peaks of an implacable idealism, where Nature is lost to view, and his own unnatural detachment from the common human element induces in his followers an unconscious perversity.

Humanity avenges itself.

Despair of superhuman attainment shatters the mind, destroys its balance, and it becomes clear too late, that, as already observed, to be out of humanity is not necessarily to be above it.

Closely examined, the germ of modern pessimism in France is to be found in Pascal, and from him the progression of French thought has, in the end, led downwards.

III.

Two things were wanting in the period when the faculties of Frenchmen were at their climax: the hard inglorious discipline of mere duty, and the occupation of politics. Without the former you may have what are termed "heroes"—Condés and Turennes or Maurice de Saxe—you can have neither Kaiser Friedrich der Dritte, nor Washington, nor Wellington, nor Gordon. Without the latter you lack the solid wholesome food which gives balance to speculative natures.

Had politics, as the public school of life, existed in their modern development in Montaigne's time, Montaigne might have been a statesman; as it was, he was the scholar *par excellence*, "le grand classique," the man in whom the public life of the Ancients is incarnate. Montaigne is an Ancient, his Thought is lodged in the classic ages. The progression of his thought leads direct towards the traditions of antiquity, revived as they were, in the works of the seventeenth century. There is more of Montaigne in Corneille than is suspected.

Montaigne overflows with life, and is no worshipper of abstractions. He personifies equilibrium physically and morally, and no healthier study than his works is anywhere to be found. No one places his thought higher than Montaigne, but it is always placed in life. He is never carried away by pure idealism, and the unreal-absolute has no charms for him. Still, it is the species that is for ever before his eyes—what the Germans denominate the "Ur Typus." Later French writers write of men, whereas he is busy with his kind. It is always, essentially, of mankind that Montaigne treats.¹

(1) I purposely avoid treating of Descartes, he is distinctly an applier of thought. "*Je pense, donc je suis*," lays down a theory, propounds a system, founds a method whereby Cartesianism shall become the law of the world. Descartes' trade is to establish his philosophy, and reconcile with it most other creeds and conventions. He serves a special purpose.

Above all other subjects his thought fixes itself upon the just and grateful appreciation of the gift of life. He prospectively anathematizes the gloom and ascetism of certain future moralists of the seventeenth century who "cease to live so long before they die," and his source of Thought is in the belief that life must be accepted as a boon and manfully made the best of. "J'aime la vie!" he exclaims, "et la culture telle qu'il a plu à Dieu nous l'octroyer . . . on fait tort à ce grand et tout puissant donneur de refuser son don, l'annuler et desfigurer." But Montaigne is no epicurean, no mere enjoyer of the pleasant circumstances of life. His doctrine is that man should be for ever equal to his fate—the more so as his fate is mostly of his own making.

"Il faut être toujours botté et prest à partir" is his creed, and he treats death courteously, nor even rails or rages querulously against it. "There can be no ill in life," he says, "for those who esteem there is in leaving it no evil," and in the untroubled serenity of his nature-worship he foreshadows the inflexibility of the stoic of modern times: of Goethe. "Mehr Licht" is the eagle cry of the spirits who confront the Eternal without fear.

Montaigne's complaint is that man shrinks from nature: "Nous avons abandonné nature," he says, "et lui voulons apprendre sa leçon, elle, qui nous menait si heureusement et si sûrement!"

This wisdom he takes from his life-long familiarity with the ancients,¹ as from them comes that elevated tone of human thought (for Montaigne is always human) that invariably ascribes to man the capacity of the noblest deeds. Socrates and Plato, Seneca and Tacitus, Miltiades, Leonidas, all those who by acts and words (more still by acts than words) taught the glorious lessons of self-sacrifice, enthusiasm, energy, and endurance—all these were not teachers whose doctrines he learned in books, but friends, companions, equals, in whose lives his own life was mixed up, and whose tongue he had lisped from his cradle.

What Euclid was to Pascal, that to Montaigne was the soul of the ancients who had felt the "God within them."

His thought lodges in antiquity, but in the living life and activity of its heroes, not in the dry chronicles of their passage upon earth.

Still in all this so real is Montaigne, so keen his vision, so unprejudiced his mind, and so open on every side to all possibilities, that he alone has an intuition of the strange truths to which our own immediate generation is tending. Let any unbiassed reader study the following:—

. . . "Je mets en doute que l'homme soit pourvu de tous sens naturels. Je vois plusieurs animaux, les uns sans la vue, autres sans l'ouïe—qui scait

(1) Montaigne's father had his son taught to know Latin and speak it before learning French. He in fact was born in Latin and learnt French as a foreign tongue.

si à nous aussi, il ne manque pas encorés un, deux, trois, et plusieurs aultres sens . . . *Il n'est pas certain que nous puissions cognaistre toutes choses ni toutes les qualités des choses . . . que scait-on si le genre humain faict une sottise à faulte de quelque sens, et que pour ce défaut la plupart du visage des choses nous soit caché ? . . . nous formons une vérité par la consultation et concurrence de nos cinq sens ; mais à l'aventure fallait il l'accorde de huit ou de dix et leur contribution pour l'appercevoir certainement et en son essence.*" . . . *"Il est probable que nos sens ne sont ni assez nombreux ni de nature à pouvoir cognaistre la vérité !"*

Here, then, we have the door opened not only upon Darwinism and Selection, and Origin of Species, but upon all the physiologico-psychological (a plague on such words!) theories of the present hour in France! for what is the contention of the adepts in the new science of brain and nerve phenomena—branching into the occult, laying bare the pretended intersection of the physical and moral being, and compassing the ultimate destruction of man's individual responsibility? It is that the complete "visage des choses" is hidden from us, not because it in itself is not, but because we are not endowed with the senses whereby to perceive it. This has perhaps been as imperfectly studied in Montaigne as the immediate Euclidean identity has been in Pascal.

Montaigne's thought, which rises in antiquity, proceeds towards the creators and poets of the seventeenth century, and through them to the critics of the eighteenth, until the scientific seekers of our time, more and more disdainful of nature, invent a mankind unknown to our forefathers, but to whom, by a mixture of mysticism and materialism weirdly interwoven, is revealed the true aspect of things (the complete "visage des choses") hidden from our species by the deficiency of its senses.

IV.

After Montaigne's death we come to the period of the Creators, of those who embody their conceptions; for to think is not necessarily to create, and when Descartes says that because we think therefore we are, he simply affirms that, from the fact of thinking we take the proof of having been ourselves created; he does not infer that any power is given us of creating.

The French were slow to take to romance, or indeed fiction of any kind, compared, for example, with other nations, and it is only after such men as Montaigne have "forged their minds,"¹ and such as Pascal have left the record of truth seen face to face, that another generation comes upon the scene, whose mission it is to "sing History."

In the seventeenth century France shows relatively little imagination, very little creative energy, and to this day she has in her

(1) Montaigne's expression is "forger son âme"—but the whole context of his works tends to prove that "mens" is the truer equivalent.

annals no Shakespeare, and no Goethe, no Richardson, no Walter Scott to show. She has dramatists (for the drama is her particular form of fiction), and she counts very soon the first critical writers in the world. Corneille was a very young man twenty years after Montaigne's death, and the classical spirit of the grand old Girondin had been breathing its fire into the veins of France for nearly forty years when *Cinna* and *Les Horaces* were produced. The passage from the ancients to the moderns is opened by Racine in *Bérénice*, than which no novelist of our time (not Madame Sand herself) ever conceived a more touching tale, or wrote a more delicate analysis of the human heart.

Directly we have to do with the makers of men, with the creators, we come to the critics, to the explainers of other men's works. Henceforth for the next two centuries the inspiring medium of French thought is criticism. With those who embody their thought in living forms we have those who discourse of them, and tell us what they mean. Let no one deem this an inferior vocation; there is as much imagination in La Bruyère, or, a hundred years later, in Diderot, as in the poets of their day. Those who will take the trouble of studying Jean Paul's *Æsthetik* or Matthew Arnold on Homer, or Ruskin on any subject, will find therein as much original fire as would furnish half-a-dozen works of fiction. No! criticism as the French practised it was a splendid art, and the advent of Nicolas Boileau was a great event, for he inaugurated it. The moralists became critical—namely, were the commentators of the inventors who went before.

La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues, and the lesser writers who intervene between the rise of the seventeenth and close of the eighteenth centuries, from Montaigne, Descartes, and Pascal to Voltaire, through the encyclopædists to the Revolution are (with all respect be it stated) of a parasite species; they feed on the productions of others, and are to the original idealists what the composers of operas, such as Rossini or Meyerbeer, are to the great symphonists, such as Beethoven or Mozart.

In the realm of ideas positive proof is unattainable. There is no law, no text, to which to refer for authority; what is needed is the consent of those whose brains are cast in the same mould—more you cannot hope for. "Ces gens-là," said Paul Louis Courier of the *Idéologues*; "n'ont pas le crane fait comme moi."

I am laying down no principle to build theories upon that shall be strong as granite rocks, preaching no dogma that all men must acknowledge or be excommunicated as undeniable, hopeless heretics. I am seeking for appearances which, in a strongly impressionist sense, justify the assumption of certain moral relationships, and constitute the signs of a certain psychological condition. I want to find the "source" of the thought which at the present hour is leading to

such extraordinary results in France. I am seeking for signs, not dogmatical or legal evidence, of the connexion between the hyper-idealistic element of two centuries and a half ago and the hyper-scientific creeds of the existing generation. I want to see where is "lodged" the thought of the unnatural sect who are now denying any superiority to man save that of the intellect only, and who in their ecstatic ravings, exalt crime into the sphere of sublimity.¹

Where is then the link between the visionary to whom the abstract-absolute alone is real, and the "laboratory man" who recognises no rule save the momentary impulse of his own imagination? Is it not in the being who is not to be referred to in space or time, but in the cloudy ill-defined regions of irresponsibility?²

If this strange mixture of science and ultra-idealism that is now actually inspiring a large proportion of the literary producers of France finds its sources of thought anywhere in the past, it is in the want of humanity of a certain philosophy. I must be allowed to coin a word, and say it is in the *unmoral, unhuman* element that it finds the home wherein to lodge.

Its ultimate aim is to liberate man from his noblest trust, responsibility, and cast him forth into infinitude . . . "Un néant . . . non moins distant de son être, du néant d'où il est tiré, que de l'infini où il sera englouti."³

In the one theory man is isolated, cast to the winds, and utterly dis severed from his kind; in the other (which is equally adopted by "les jeunes") he is excused, held blameless for his crimes because of his connection with the past; for any sin he may commit his ancestors are really responsible. This is the pathological or positive scientific theory in which each individual escapes responsibility in the name of inheritance, and in which in the end the physical part of his nature is so identified with what was once denominated his soul, that from some quiver of some nerve or some palpable peculiarity of the grey substance of his brain are in reality derived all the soul-stirring events hitherto ascribed to his will, to his idea, to what has been reputed to be his mind. The appreciations of his very senses are swept away and replaced by others; and all the splendours of heroism, and all the appalling crimes that history has chronicled as due to the individual self of man, are to be henceforth regarded as the mere consequences of a physical disposition dependent in the last resort on some curious combination to be discovered in his material structure. The only reliable historian must henceforth be the anatomist. He

(1) See *The Ethical Decrees of the Literary Admirers of Henri Chambige*.

(2) Pascal's affirmation that "l'homme ne doit se référer ni de l'espace ni de la durée."

(3) *Pensées sur l'Homme*.

does not deny the fact of the soul, but he tries to explain what it is made of.

Montaigne would really seem to have guessed at this when he hinted at a transformation of man's actual constitution, which should help him to perceive more accurately "*le visage des choses*," all the aspects of things now hidden to our imperfect view. The extremes meet. The grand seers of the past were strong enough to carry their discoveries and look the eternal in the face; the present race has been withered by the glare.

The achievements of our predecessors often rest on divination; those of their followers savour of dissection. But dissection implies the corpse! And it is on the decayed body they are at work. Healthy life resists the dissecting-knife, and lets no unholy hand snatch the secrets it freely gives up to the initiated and the pure. It is with decomposition that the young school is busy, and in decomposition that they are searching for some of the elements wherewith to complete their brain-creation—their "*man of the laboratory*." Unhappily the public of France has aided them. Money—representing in reality the coarse, debasing pleasures in which such unhealthy dreamers can quickest escape from themselves—money has been lavished on them as the reward for productions the very names whereof are unfit for honest ears.

With man, as we are forced to recognise, severed from his kind, placed out of human nature, freed from his responsibilities to others and to himself, exiled to a height where none of the attributes of his being find play—I am brought back to my original question: Whither fall those who attempt to scale such altitudes? The so-called modern thinkers of France—the *décadents*—may help to show.

To avoid all misconception, I would again formally disclaim any desire to deduce the "*jeunes ahuris*" of our day, as Jules Lemaitre styles them, from the grandest idealist of, perhaps, all time, but would suggest that in their incapacity to comprehend its beauty or its truth the "*impression*" may have been left upon their weakness, of a system which surpasses common humanity, and lands imperfect, finite, natural man in the atmosphere of the Unattainable.

BLAYE DE BURY.

OBSTRUCTION AND ITS CURE.

THE "Addled Parliament" of 1614 ran close risk of being rivalled by an "Addled Parliament" of 1888. In 1614 the term was applied because the people's representatives would not vote supplies; and a similarly abortive result was nearly consummated in 1888 because the people's representatives could not vote supplies. The majority, the overwhelming majority, was willing, but the power was weak. Besides this danger in regard to supply, many other evils accrue from the powerlessness of the majority in the House of Commons to control their own proceedings, apportion their time, or generally to conduct their own affairs with dispatch. But, as Mr. Gladstone is conspicuous in asserting, the will of the majority must always be made to prevail, and prevail it will in the long run.

I have watched carefully and noted what has occurred in the House of Commons, day by day, and night by night, during the present Parliament. I have carefully collated what has occurred in previous Sessions. In addition I went purposely to Washington, and it was my privilege to be admitted to the floor of the House of Representatives, and closely to study the rules of procedure under the experienced guidance of Mr. Speaker Carlisle and other leading members. The American House, the only English-speaking Parliament outside the British Empire, has had to deal with many of the very evils with which the House of Commons finds itself confronted, and especially with the dilatory and obstructive methods of tedious repetition, irrelevant talk, obstructive debate, and obstructive motions. There are certain remedies now in active operation in Congress which have successfully battled with some of these very evils, but which have not as yet commended themselves to the House of Commons. It may be opportune, therefore, to remind the Parliamentary public of their existence, their character, and their value.

Among special evils I would here deal with, may be enumerated:—

1. Dilatory questions.
2. Repetition of arguments and statements.
3. Obstructive talk.

Of these evils the general consequences are seen in the great prolongation of the Session. I find that the average number of hours for which the House of Commons sat in each five-year period has been as follows:—

In 1859-63 the average annual session occupied 910 hours.				
„ 1864-68	„	„	„	840
„ 1869-73	„	„	„	985
„ 1874-78	„	„	„	985
„ 1879-83	„	„	„	1,237
„ 1884-88	„	„	„	1,237

This increase in the hours during which the House sits, suddenly commencing in 1881, is so extraordinary as to prove that it cannot in any way be attributed to a fresh accession of work. Indeed, the institution of grand Committees, the Closure, and other measures of Procedure reform since adopted, are proof that this great and growing evil has, in all probability, merely been checked in attaining to the full proportions of its threatened virulence. All who understand Parliamentary work will see how fatally such prolonged sittings, in addition to exhausting the energies of members, must impede the work in all the Government offices, overburden the officials of the House of Commons from highest to lowest, and hamper the Bill, Act, and Record departments. Those who understand Government work will see how absurdly inadequate is the time left to Ministers to devise great policies, to carry out important schemes, or even to attend to the non-perfunctory, but none the less necessary, duties of their various departments. All who have any private work to do will readily acknowledge that a member of the House of Commons ought, in view of such demands on his time, to be an idler with no work in life outside the House of Commons, whether of a business or philanthropic character, no interests, no cares. Such idlers would be the very antithesis and opposite of true representatives of the people of this busy United Kingdom; and the collective wisdom of such brainless idlers simply begs definition.

All this is so, undoubtedly so, and equally without doubt will the businesslike common-sense of the majority save the House of Commons. But before we pass to remedies in detail, it is well to bear in mind certain points of the evils.

1. *Dilatory questions* of a minor kind are put "as arising out of" the printed questions as set down on the paper. But dilatory questions of a major influence are those put at the end of "questions," by private notice or otherwise, and which often, when relating especially to Irish affairs, tend to grow into heated discussions. Then apart from these there has been a most startling increase in the number of questions asked. For the sake of illustration I will take the number asked on the four Mondays in the month of March in each of the years 1858, 1868, 1878, and 1888. They are recorded in Hansard as follows:—

	1858.	1868.	1878.	1888
No. of questions four Mondays in March . . .	29	49	51	188
Average No. questions each Monday in March	7	12	13	47

It is clear that a vigorous *cacoethes interpellandi* has broken out among the members of the House of Commons, which shows signs of exceedingly rapid growth. There is evidence indicating that the result may be in part due to the reform of having the questions printed, and no longer given *vivâ voce*. The idle, the timid, the

absent, are thereby encouraged to ask questions they would not take the trouble or care to ask had they to do so in their places in the House. Of course questions in some degree obviate the necessity for speeches, so far as they satisfy constituents; but they also become vehicles for entrapping Government into giving statements which can afterwards be made the text of speeches in debate; and at all events the time occupied by speeches has increased in like ratio. Some recommend, as a remedy, printing the answers as well as the questions. But then it is allowed there must always be some *viva voce* question and answer; and past experience does not prove that printing answers would greatly curtail this.

In the United States House of Representatives "questions," in our English sense, are unknown. The free people in that great republic manage to get along fairly well without this supposed sole method of redressing grievances. One hour each week—"morning hour" on Mondays—is devoted to resolutions of inquiry directed to the heads of the executive department. These resolutions are referred to the appropriate committee of the House to be reported on within one week, and after that the information is given by the department concerned, either by letter or by verbal explanation from the head of the department. In this case, as in the others with which I will deal, American experience gives us the invaluable and new element of "time" rules. Questions can only be brought on during one specified hour, and the reference to the committee includes the instruction that the report must be made within a certain period of time.

2. *Repetition of arguments and statements* is another great and growing evil. Votes on account and supplementary estimates are splendid opportunities for the hopelessly irresponsible talker who, of mere personal pride or from the vicious partisan idea of hampering the administration of his political opponents, seizes every opportunity to air his pet hobby, or to repeat at length stories, facts, or opinions, that the House has heard over and over again. Under the present treasury administration supplementary estimates are doomed, and it is to be hoped that next session supply will be so taken that votes on account will be few. Repetition is, however, still possible under the rules as they stand, regulating those anomalous motions for adjournment "to call attention to a definite matter of urgent public importance," by which a small minority of the House can introduce any matter for discussion at a time when the vast majority are determined to consider some other matter. For this a simple remedy could be found by a modification of the Rule, by the addition of words already applied to all other motions, preventing such motions dealing with subjects already debated.

3. *Obstructive talk* is a growing evil which may be fought by

means which have been found necessary in the House of Representatives in America, although not as yet adopted here. Those who watch proceedings are well aware that obstructive talk is after all the talk of a few individual members, whose motives, when apparent, which is not always the case, are not of a very high order. There are Members who speak as often as they can see a chance of once again giving rein to their hobby in the House of Commons. We know for a certainty with some men that no matter what the precise point before the House, if they "catch the Speaker's eye" they will seek to prove the connection of their special hobby with the question. But others too frequently rise for more ignoble purpose. Petty personalities, unmeaning excursions into wildernesses of words, vague denunciations, lengthy prophecies of untold evils, raking up of disproved tales, form the gist of too many of these speeches. These Members seem unable, whether in House or Committee, to ask the simplest question or state the simplest fact without making an oration lasting perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. This is a special failing of some Irishmen, and it is a matter of common remark, that in spite of the recognised eloquence of leading members of the Parnellite Party, the experience of the present House of Commons is that the Irish have certainly lost their powers of eloquence, although they retain their powers of talk. I may add a few brief facts to illustrate the curious frequency with which a few individual Members address the House. During the autumn Session of 1888, the House sat on thirty-seven days. Fourteen Members sitting below the gangway, or on the back benches on the Opposition side of the House (eight followers of Mr. Parnell and six followers of Mr. Gladstone), managed between them to address the House no less than six hundred and thirty-five times, being an average of seventeen speeches per day. Each speech was intended to, and in most cases did, draw some reply from the Government. Each one of the four chief offenders delivered an average of two speeches for every sitting. The unfortunate effect followed that specialists on any subject, who might have controlled parliamentary action or legislation with much public advantage, from the abundance of their apposite knowledge or experience in the matters dealt with, found no opportunity, and became in great degree disgusted with the proceedings. Not only was sound discussion thus prevented, but not infrequently much valuable time was wasted because some one Member, who had not the capacity to express his meaning, even when he had one, in anything less than a discursive and lengthy speech, detained the House when the great majority of Members had agreed that a decision must be come to.

In the United States the time element is introduced with great effect to remedy this class of evils. They have a subsidiary rule that

any member speaking "shall confine himself to the question under debate, avoiding personality," in the latter words reproducing in spirit the Standing Order of the House of Lords: "Whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person." But in America they come more directly to the point in the rule, "No member shall occupy more than one hour in debate on any question in the House or in the Committee."

These "personal" time-rules are further grafted on to most salutary "House" time-rules. The daily sitting opens with one hour devoted to a variety of business somewhat resembling our own "Private Business." Precisely at the end of the hour the business closes, and what is unfinished stands adjourned to the next sitting. The second hour is devoted to reports from Committees. At the end of this hour all unfinished business stands adjourned. If the House has gone into Committee during the hour (as it might with a Bill reported from a Committee) the Committee automatically "reports progress" when the hour ends. Some time-rules are known in principle to the House of Commons; for instance, in regard to the 6 o'clock rule at morning sittings and the 12 o'clock rule at evening sittings. A time is also fixed for giving notices of motion, and for the commencement of "questions." Petitions are only received up till 5.30 P.M.

But perhaps the most important time-rule adopted in the House of Representatives is that culminating in the "Five Minutes Rule." The House at the commencement, or during the progress, of a general debate can resolve that the five minutes rule is to come into play at a specified hour. This rule is worded as follows:

"When general debate is closed by order of the House, any member shall be allowed five minutes to explain any amendment he may offer, after which the member who shall first obtain the floor shall be allowed to speak five minutes in opposition to it, and there shall be no further debate thereon; but the same privilege of debate shall be allowed in favour of or against any amendment that may be offered to an amendment."

The last provision in the clause has been found to open the door to certain dilatory tactics, which consist in discussing an amendment at great length by means of a succession of subsidiary amendments to the amendment itself; but, on the other hand, the Obstructionist hardly finds the game worth the candle with only five minutes at his disposal in each case. An analogous rule of great effect is that the House can instruct itself, when about to sit as Committee of the whole, to report finally by a given date; a rule which would be much welcomed as a customary rule by many in the House of Commons.

In addition there are rules as to "limited debates." Thus a motion to suspend the Rules of the House (as for instance when there is a general desire to hear any particular member or members for

more than one hour) can only be debated for thirty minutes, fifteen in support and fifteen in opposition. The same limits are assigned to a "previous question" as being a proposition not previously under debate.

In these various methods the House of Representatives tells us of remedies that have been successfully applied to evils closely resembling those now threatening the House of Commons. These evils may be generally described as the waste of time, with *malice prepense*, by irresponsible talkers, and it is proved that the more time you give them the more they take.

I have mentioned two minor remedies. I will, in conclusion, suggest a major remedy.

In the first Session, of 1888 the prolonged debates on the Crimes Bill proved that closure is absolutely inadequate to put down obstruction. On the 10th June Mr. W. H. Smith wisely moved the Resolution that if the Bill was not reported by 10 P.M. on the 17th June the chairman should put the remaining clauses without debate allowed. The House gladly accepted the Resolution; the obstructionists braved the rule so made, but soon confessed that they had received a severe blow, and when Mr. Smith moved a similar "time" resolution, in the Report stage, obstruction altogether collapsed.

It should be usually possible at all stages of Bills, in regard to all motions, and in regard to votes in supply, to estimate what would be a fair time for discussion. If it becomes habitual, on making any motion, for the mover to state the hour and day before which the question must be put without further debate, the House of Commons would have established an automatic rule curtailing within practical limits the discussion of matters brought before it.

"A Conservative M.P.," in a valuable letter to the *Times*, pointed out "that the resources of civilisation in dealing with obstruction are very far from being exhausted." He mentioned "the heroic remedies," still untried, of limiting length and number of speeches, and of enforcing the closure without the concurrence of the Speaker. But he suggests, before appealing to any such time ratio, as a "less drastic course," the following rule:

"When the House goes into Committee of Supply on any class of the estimates, the leader of the House shall submit a motion that so many sittings of the Committee shall be devoted to that class. The motion to be decided without amendment or debate."

Of course, in assigning a certain date for the putting of the question, there is the risk of some unforeseen matter of importance intervening and curtailing or even preventing any debate at all. To assign sittings, on the other hand, ensures to each subject a time for

discussion, and to stereotype the present custom by direct resolve as to the maximum number of sittings is to secure that no one subject shall trench on the time properly at the command of any other. Another suggestion is that the vote must be taken, or report made, without further debate, when or before a specified number of hours have been devoted to the subject. It is true the heedless obstructionist could waste the time thus at the disposal of a given subject, but the point of his efforts would be negative. He could not delay business; he could merely vex the House and grossly injure his own side by occupying time with small and frivolous argument which might, from the point of view of the Opposition, be far more advantageously utilised by serious and well-informed argument. He would be powerless to harm his opponent; he would only succeed in harming his friends.

On the whole, then, the valuable experience of the American House of Representatives would suggest some such amendments as the following in the Standing Orders of the House of Commons:

(1.) In regard to Questions.—Rule 153. Add, at end, the words—

“Provided that Public Business be entered upon, without question put, within one hour of the commencement of the putting of such questions.”

(2.) In regard to Motions for Adjournment.—Rule 67A. Add, at end, the words—

“Provided that such definite matter of urgent public importance do not refer to any matter which is the same in substance as any question, which, during the same session, has been resolved in the affirmative or the negative.”

(3.) In regard to Obstruction Debate.—Rule 117. Insert before the word “when” the words—

“On introducing a Motion or Bill, or at any subsequent stage, the Member in charge {^{may}~~shall~~} move that the House resolve that the said question be put without further debate (either) on or before a stated date [(or) after a stated number of hours have been devoted to the debate of the question ”].

Rule 198. Add, at end, these words—

“And that the said Committee do report without further debate (either) on or before a stated date [(or) after it has sat for a stated number of hours ”].

The principles underlying these remedies, successfully applied in the United States, may be found on consideration to be well applicable to the present pressing needs of the House of Commons.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

AUSTRALIA IN 1888.

LAST summer I gave in this Review a short sketch of the Cape Colony in 1888; in the following pages I propose, whilst the memory of one of the most interesting journeys that I have ever made is still fresh, to put upon paper some brief impressions of my visit to Australia last year. I have this further reason for not delaying to do so, that as all things change in this changing world, so in Australia the scene is undergoing perpetual alterations. The Australia of 1888 is not the Australia of ten years ago, nor will the Australia of 1898 be identical with that of to-day. The popular song of "Advance, Australia," is in this sense very true of that great Continent. Every year the energy of man and the discoveries of science tend to develop new resources and to alter the face of the country, to make it more and more the home of a large population, to awaken new aspirations, to create fresh interests, to make it distinctly one of the family of nations with their mingled inheritance of joys and sorrows, and responsibilities and cares. Of the old world it was long ago written, "Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy." But, for the present at all events, the opposite may be said of Australia; for considered as a whole, her lot is one of extraordinary prosperity, and for awhile at least the increase of her population only means the development of her vast resources and the augmentation of her material wealth.

It has been my good fortune through a large part of my public life to be connected with Colonial affairs; and, which is perhaps less common, to keep up an acquaintance with the persons, things, and places that Colonial administration represents. It was therefore to me no ordinary pleasure to see with my own eyes one of those great countries of which I had known so much, though hitherto only through official communications, and to make personal acquaintance with her leading citizens and statesmen on their own soil. And here, once and for all, I take the opportunity of expressing my grateful appreciation of the extreme and extraordinary kindness which during my short visit I received from every class with whom I came in contact. The welcome which I had was such that I shall always cherish its memory among my most valued recollections.

With the exception of New Zealand, the sight of which I was most reluctantly compelled to forego, I saw each of the Australian Colonies, and perhaps at a more than usually interesting time. One International Exhibition at Adelaide was closing, another at Melbourne was about to open, the Centenary of New South Wales was celebrated

amid public and private rejoicings, and the first real act of legislative union between England and Australia for the purposes of common defence was accomplished by the all but unanimous voice of the several Parliaments.

After three weeks of ceaseless storm in the South Pacific, mountainous seas and icy winds, over an ocean cheered by no sail and inhabited only by some stately and melancholy albatross, I find, when within twenty-four hours' sail of Tasmania, this question in my diary: "What will Australia be, and what will it be like?" and the first answer to my question was, as is often the case, the one which was least expected. We were approaching Australia at a time of year when winter should have been past and gone, when the first balmy breath of spring was due, when all Nature rejoices, and when in the words of the old Greek poet, the days become long and the plane-tree whispers softly to the elms. But our first sight of Tasmania, the garden of Australia, was little consonant with these dreams. Stern rocks, an iron-bound coast half veiled in storm, Mount Wellington streaked with snow, the smiling town of Hobart and its picturesque harbour shrouded in rolling clouds of mist, were the scene on which our eyes rested. Yet before we said farewell to Tasmania, Nature relaxed her frown and gave us, though fitfully, some glimpse of the beauties which have charmed so many travellers. Mount Wellington disclosed his massive summit; the Derwent rolled its picturesque stream glittering in sunshine, down to the sea; and Hobart, under unclouded skies, looked that which its loyal people most desire it should look, an essentially English town. On no part of Australia are I think English characteristics more strongly impressed than on Tasmanian things and persons. Life is simple and habits homely, the eager competition of business and politics is absent, the vast fortunes of the mainland do not exist; but the turn of thought and conversation, the social influences, the very look of mute and material things, the roads, the hedges, the enclosures, all wear a distinctly English character.

Wealth is not the distinguishing feature. It is a community of modest incomes, without the luxuries, but with all the essential comforts of life; and it has often been a marvel to me why Englishmen with fixed moderate incomes have not more often selected the quiet Arcady of Tasmania, where the climate is kind and the face of Nature is fair; and where in the sunset of life, when rough work is over and men desire rest, they might tread the *fallentis semita vite* pleasantly and peacefully to the end. It would be a quiet resting-place, and yet not wholly out of the stream of busy life with its manifold associations and interests, though it offers none of the excitement which Melbourne and Sydney present to active minds. Every year a considerable number of the younger and more restless

spirits leave her shores for the more adventurous life of the Australian Continent; but in Tasmania there still exist large tracts of unappropriated and almost undiscovered territory which some day ought to be the home of a large population. It is commonly supposed that the best land has been taken up; but as far as I know this is far more a matter resting on conjecture rather than of any sufficient evidence. Unlike the Australian, the Tasmanian properties are not large. There are among the older settlers a few considerable estates, but the bulk of property is, I imagine, to be found in small holdings of one hundred to two hundred acres, mostly held by working men. Political life in Tasmania has, till now at least, followed the same quiet type which is impressed on the general habits of the community, and there has been an absence of the storms and contentions which party institutions are apt to engender. Yet I do not think that this peaceful and even tenor in political progress has detracted from good legislation, or the well-being of the people. In three important enactments at least—land transfer, abolition of imprisonment for debt, and compulsory education—the Tasmanian Parliament has, if I mistake not, anticipated the decision of the Imperial Legislature.

In passing from Tasmania to Victoria it is difficult to conceive a greater contrast in the public and private life of the two Colonies. I said that Tasmania was essentially English; and Victoria is also England; but she is busy, stirring, Imperial England. The broad streets of Melbourne, its banks and theatres, its stately Parliament Houses and University; its vast interests, the public spirit of its citizens, reflect the great Mother country from which it has sprung, and of which it is so proud. Often, in Melbourne or in Sydney, when I looked on their busy life and listened to the animating hum of their crowded thoroughfares, I thought of the famous cities which, whether in Greece or Mediæval Italy, have left an imperishable record of their existence in the history of their times.

“Or ti fa lieta, chè tu hai ben onde;
Tu ricca, tu con pace, tu con sennò.”¹

So sang the greatest of mediæval poets, and if his lines are tinged with an irony and bitterness, due in part to his own sufferings, they not the less express the inextinguishable love and admiration for his beautiful Florence. Those were the democracies of the old world, often guilty of excess, often stained with crime; yet with lofty ambitions and splendid conceptions of public duty which have thrown an eternal lustre over their names. The democracies of our age are generally of a different complexion, and their features are for the most part painted in neutral tints. Perhaps in

(1) *Dante, Purg.* vi. 136.

England and America under present conditions it must be so; but as History shows, this need not necessarily be the case; and in this stage of their existence it is not wholly beyond the power of Australian cities to catch some of the pristine colours, and to reflect some of the more generous characteristics of their ancient prototypes.

There is another analogy to be traced between the Australian Capitals and those ancient republics, in the rivalry—the not unworthy rivalry—which incites them to and in their public action. Much of the history of Athens, Sparta, Corinth, is the history of civil war; and the fertile plains of Italy were drenched with blood in the contentions of Genoa, Florence, Milan, Venice; but happily the towns of Australia are divided only by the question of a tariff, or a change of name, or the imposition of a tax. And when they meet on the Cup day at Melbourne—the modern counterpart of Isthmian and Olympic games—they come together as men who are conscious that they spring from the same stock with common affections and interests. Such an occasion was the celebration last year of the New South Wales Centenary, when the Governors and Prime Ministers and Chief Justices and legislators from almost every part of the Australasian Colonies were gathered together to do honour to the rising fortunes of the South Pacific Dominion.

Nature, in truth, has lavished some of her best gifts on these cities. To all she has given a kindly soil, a fine geographical position, and that glorious and unstinted sunshine, which like an elixir of life enters so largely into the social habits and physical constitution of every native Australian, and which the inhabitant of a Northern country can only admire with a sigh when he thinks of the Cimmerian gloom in which his own home is shrouded during a large part of the year. But to some she has accorded special favours. Brisbane, with its winding stream, as beautiful an incident in the broad landscape as it is eminently fitted for military defence, has in it all the capabilities of a very fine city. The praises of Sydney, on the other hand, have been so often and so lovingly sung that a prudent traveller will perhaps prefer on this theme silence to description. Yet the Blue Mountains in their massive grandeur and the Harbour in its sunny beauty are no unworthy illustrations of what Nature can do on the other side of the Pacific. Nor less does Adelaide—that fair city of flowers as I first knew it—lying at the foot of the mountains or bounded by a broad rim of purple sea, when first seen from the railway, as it winds its track downwards by sharp curves and steep inclines, dwell in the memory of those who have once looked upon it. But Adelaide has one characteristic which distinguishes it from almost all other modern or ancient towns. It was laid out with singular discretion by its original

founders, who enclosed the town within a broad band of park, providing an abundance of air and light and preventing the over-crowding of population and the jostling of houses against each other. Colonel Lyte, who planned this wise disposition, shared I fear the fate of other great designers. He had little praise during life for his forethought, and the honours, which are his due, were only accorded when the grave had closed over him. Now all recognise the wisdom of the idea; and Adelaide, with her charming botanical and zoological gardens, the half-way house between Western and Eastern Australia, and the centre of those telegraphic communications with Europe, which by her energy she established in her younger days, can never be other than one of the leading cities of the Continent.

And yet these striking cities, the busy haunts of men and centres of trade, with their Parliament Houses, their parks and gardens, their stately buildings and public institutions, are only a part of Australia. Other towns are growing into wealth and importance, though following on a smaller scale their respective capitals, as our provincial towns reflect the metropolis of the Mother country; and country houses, and endless hamlets, and suburbs, where a holiday can be enjoyed or where the cares of business can be laid aside, recall under another sky the habits and recreations of Englishmen at home.

The roads which traverse the country, or still more the lines of railway piercing the Bush and spanning broad rivers, which now connect the Eastern and a large portion of the Southern coast by an unbroken chain of communication, are fast ripening the population of these parts into active life; it is only a pity that for military purposes, the transport of munitions, the combination of troops, one common gauge was not originally adopted. Victoria and South Australia, indeed, have one, but New South Wales and Queensland differ both from each other, and from their more southern neighbours. Nevertheless intercolonial communications grow. Opposing custom-houses and conflicting tariffs, it is true, guard the frontiers of each Colony, as once they guarded those of the separate Provinces that are now united under the Dominion of Canada; but with the exception of certain articles or products placed in certain categories there is a free interchange of all the good offices which belong to the common existence of a united people. Nor is it only as between Colony and Colony that this intercommunication exists; under the agency of railways and better roads the different parts of the same Colony are being yearly brought into closer relations. As in the old world, so here, town and country meet. Political gatherings and agricultural shows constantly occur, where citizens and farmers come together, and, as it were, shake hands over common objects and

duties. And with advantage—for already in Australia, as in England, the lines which divide urban and rural interests are perceptible, and some of those dangers, with which our ancient society is only too familiar, begin to throw an ominous shadow over the vast spaces, which a few years since were only sheep farms. Already, to the injury of all parties, a disproportionate flow of population to the towns may be detected—a determination of blood to the head, which must, as in the old world, bring trouble and sorrow and pauperism, with all those distempers to the body politic which follow in their train. It is as yet only the shadow that is thrown over the bright landscape; the spaces are too large, the population too small, the prosperity too abundant, to allow these dangers to be brought really home to the minds of those whom they concern.

With a few exceptions Australian scenery cannot be placed in the first category—the highest mountains do not exceed 4,000 feet—but in some respects Australians themselves do not do it real justice. They often say that it is monotonous, and they contrast it with the snow-capped mountains and deep fiods of New Zealand; but I must confess that I never wearied of the ancient forest, whenever I came upon any remains of it. Magnificent gum-trees, 300 feet high and more, rear their gigantic boles and tower above the wanderer's head, conveying some faint idea of what those limitless woods must have seemed in their sombre grandeur to the first adventurers. Nor is there the sense of absolute desolation; there is more sense of life than in the pine forests of Europe. From time to time kangaroos or little brown tree-bears or troops of parrots and cockatoos bring sound and movement into these vast solitudes, whilst the variety of colour occasionally recalls the look of an English autumn wood. Unhappily these magnificent forests are rapidly passing away, and from the responsibility of this neither individuals nor governments can be absolved. The greater proportion of "bush" now consists of moderately-sized trees and scrub; recklessness and greed of profit have led to a rough and wasteful method of clearing the ground, and speculators have been allowed licenses on merely nominal terms to fell and carry away timber to an enormous amount and an incalculable value. I have seen large tracts so denuded that on high ground the stock can no longer obtain the shelter which they need in winter. There is, under the name of "ring-barking," a ruthless practice which is much in vogue to save the trouble of felling the timber, and which consists in removing the bark from a portion of the stem and then leaving the tree to die by inches. I have often sorrowed as I rode through the remains of these grand forests to see the giants of other days, which were stately trees before an English keel ever touched Australian shores, rising high above my head, peeled and dead, and stretching out their white and spectral arms in protest against the

cruelty, which had killed and yet left them standing, as if in ghastly mockery of their former luxuriance. Such, indeed, have been the waste and prodigality, that unless speedy and effectual measures are adopted, an actual deficiency of timber will before long make itself felt in some parts of Australia; while to the loss of the trees may be added a change in the climate, which, possibly harmless in very moist and tropical climates, may in the drier parts of Australia increase the difficulties of drought, with which it is already hard to contend.

These trackless forests and almost limitless sweeps of undulating prairie, which alternately charm and oppress the mind by their vastness, were only a few years ago the haunt of the bushrangers, a class once greatly dreaded, but around whose memory, legend and romance are already beginning to gather. In the realities of everyday life they doubtless played a disagreeable part, but there were amongst them men who were allured to their wild profession rather by the excitement and adventure of it than by the more sordid side of the business. Their courage and resource were often worthy of a better calling. In Victoria there was a small band who manufactured for themselves out of scythes and ploughs and old iron a complete suit of armour, so rude and heavy that Goliath himself might have fainted under its weight, but which on their Herculean frames served its purpose, and still shows the marks of ineffectual pistol-shots. Two such men have been known to lay the whole of a small town, with its shops and banks, under contribution; one man, single-handed, would sometimes stop the mail and plunder every passenger; two or three would indefinitely defy the powers of the police. As a rule they were not disposed to shed blood wantonly; and this and the friendly terms, which they undoubtedly maintained with certain sections of the population, contributed to give them an immunity for many years. They lived in these vast solitudes till they sometimes became imbued with the superstitions of the gloomy scenery. On one occasion one of the gang gave his victim the usual alternative of his money or his life, and when the latter declined to surrender his property the bushranger stepped aside, knelt down behind a rock, and prayed earnestly that it might be put into the traveller's heart to give up all that he had, and so to spare him the necessity of shooting him. Their picturesque life deserves a chapter in some future history of Australia, and when time has laid its softening touch upon them and their exploits, they will probably be remembered by novelists and poets with much the same fond sentiment, which is now accorded to Claude Duval and Dick Turpin and other gentlemen of the road.

But these times are already growing dim in popular imagination, and in the older and settled parts of the country a new chapter of national life is opening. There, not only the face of the country,

but the condition and habits of the people are changing, and it is all in the direction of material well-being. There never was a nation where at any one time absolute prosperity reigned in every place and class; and whilst I am now writing I hear melancholy accounts of a want of rain in some parts. Yet when I saw Australia I think it might be fairly said that, taking all things into consideration, the well-being was general and great. The effects of a severe drought were passing away, and both in town and country enterprise was reviving.

Those who know America must often have remarked how frequent and tremendous are the oscillations of trade there. At one moment a man rides on the crest of the wave; at the next he sinks into its trough, only soon to rise again to the top. This is far less the case in Australia; but even there, as in America, there are rapid fluctuations of fortune, and there is always the exuberant elasticity of a young and self-confident community. "*Damna tamen celeres reparant*"—the losses of one year are forgotten in the gains of another, and the sum total of the general movement is a steady progress in wealth and prosperity.

It is the constant spectacle of this wonderful prosperity which, of all sights, is perhaps the most striking to a traveller fresh from the poverty and pauperism of the old world, and to which it is really difficult to do justice. Distress indeed there doubtless is among individuals, who have unwisely emigrated with little physical or mental aptitude for the work of these new countries; there are also unemployed workmen, whose want of employment generally resolves itself into a question of the amount of wages offered; and there are foolish people who lose their money, as there are wise men who make it. I have heard of two young men who went out to Australia to try their fortune, one worth £50,000 capital, the other worth nothing. At the end of twenty years they had changed places; the capitalist had nothing, and the poor man had made £50,000; and such is the case in a marked degree throughout the Australian colonies. But to a sensible and steady working man Australia opens, in town and country, a wide door of prosperity. Wages are high, sometimes very high, the prime necessities of life are cheap, and every man with moderate thrift can acquire his own freehold. I remember, at a friend's house in New South Wales, seeing two gardeners, one of whom had accumulated £10,000, the other £7,000—the result of good wages and steady conduct.

As it is with working men, so is it with the richer classes. The enormous "runs" of the old squatters are diminishing; but according to English ideas they are still very large, and in many cases the leaseholds are being, or have been, converted into free-

holds. It is curious, indeed, to notice how much of the popular legislation which was passed under the belief that it would reduce their property and position has, as very commonly happens in such cases, failed in its object, and perhaps has even substantially benefited them. In some instances, indeed, the rights of "free selection," which they dreaded so much, has proved an actual advantage to them, by providing a supply of labour, on which they can depend for the management of their large properties. From the comparative reduction, too, in the size of these great estates, the management of them has become in some respects easier, and the cultivation of them on more scientific principles possible. Till recently it was not worth while, on large properties, to imitate the careful husbandry of the old world, but now in some places the experiment is being tried with steam and modern machinery; and if it succeeds, it will be doubtless followed on a much more considerable scale. It is extremely interesting to watch these experiments, for they mark the progress of the country, and prove its capability of raising a vast addition to the food of the world, and of carrying on its soil a population to which its present inhabitants are numerically but as a fraction. Meanwhile there is, as I have said, no lack of large possessions; flocks—not counted, as in England, by hundreds or thousands, but ranging from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, and even more—and sheep-shearing at the rate of three thousand head a day create an idea of pastoral wealth that strikes the imagination more forcibly than endless columns of statistics. These are the high lights of the picture, and there are shadows that I should be bound to introduce if I were attempting to reproduce a representation full and faithful in all its parts. There are frightful droughts, when the stock perishes in multitudes; there are swarms of rabbits, as destructive and more enduring than the locusts of the East; there are heavy works to be undertaken in fencing and improving. Nor have these large properties been formed and carried on without those artificial aids upon which modern industries are so largely founded. Heavy advances from the banks have been necessary; large indebtedness has resulted, to the risk of the landowner, and sometimes to the embarrassment of the banks, as the present financial position of New Zealand shows; whilst immense oscillations of prosperity and distress have succeeded each other from the variations of wet and dry seasons.

But when all this is fairly summed up, the broad and unquestionable fact remains that every year not only adds to Australian prosperity, but makes surer and clearer the resources and means to still higher well-being which she possesses. Four great agencies, at least, are here at work: the discovery of water, the artificial conser-

vation of water, the discovery of minerals, and the exploration of territory which, on that vast continent, can hardly yet be said to be completed. To three of these it is hardly possible to set bounds, as regards the wealth which they will create and the industries which they will bring into existence; and if the development of minerals may be said to involve some countervailing disadvantages in the speculative and gambling tendencies which it excites, the arts, by which water is stored and land irrigated, mean happiness and wholesome nurture to every class and part of the community.

Whilst thus the general prosperity of the country is steadily advancing, the creation of wealth in the large towns is not stationary. The absence of large houses and expensive establishments, such as exist with us at home, and, perhaps, a smaller number of those claims which are due to our complicated society, facilitate the accumulation of money. Most men are in business, and consequently, if successful, are augmenting their means; and probably a larger proportion of their income is yearly turned into capital than is the case with us. If, indeed, this tendency towards the accumulation of capital—unproductive in any other sense than that of ever begetting more—were to continue unmodified, it would be easy to point to some disadvantages arising out of such a condition; for whilst there are few things which contribute more to the happiness of society than large fortunes liberally dispensed, the mere accumulation of money without a sufficiency of objects on which to expend it is perilous. That there are, indeed, many Australian citizens who know how to spend as well as to make may be seen in the splendid colleges and galleries, the libraries and public endowments which, from time to time, bear witness to an almost mediæval munificence.

This is a worthy employment of wealth, and it contributes to create refined tastes and feelings in the community; it is gilding and adorning the edifice of Democracy with the free gifts and, as an old Athenian would have said, with the “liturgies” of her best citizens. And such ornaments, if democratic institutions are to find a place in history, are essential to them. A democracy that has no care for intellectual culture or excellence in art, and which, never rising above the somewhat sordid contemplation of domestic and petty concerns acquiesces in the sole occupation of making money, will never play much part in the nobler history of the world.

Of Australia, as of Italy at one period of her varied existence, it might be said—

“Nunc aurea conditur ætas;
Mars silet.”

Yes—“Mars silet”—within historic times the war of civilised nations has never polluted her soil; and though she is now taking

wise precautions to strengthen her defences, unlike Italy, her whole existence hitherto has been one of unbroken peace. Silently and securely she has been growing to her present stature and acquiring strength under the protection of the Mother country. Can we dare to hope that this will endure indefinitely? History has taught—as far as we know, without exception—that neither greatness nor prosperity can be achieved without trial. The story of Poly-crates and his ring was written for all time; and if when dwelling on the dazzling prosperity of Australia one is sometimes tempted to forecast the possible dangers that lie before her in the unknown future, it is perhaps in these kinds of reflections that the answer oftenest suggests itself. She is, it may be said, almost too happy. Nature and Fortune have leagued together to bestow their gifts upon her; and if her people are to preserve the masculine qualities of the parent stock, can they hope to escape the furnace of trial through which all really great nations have passed?

At the present time wealth and the cultivated tastes which it engenders are gradually creating a leisured class, and none can enjoy their hospitality or acquire their friendship without reflecting on the part that they will play in the future history of their country. Will they assist to impress its character and mould its fortunes; or will they, as we have too often seen in modern countries, turn aside from the brawls and vulgar contentions of political parties and be content with the life of luxurious and cultivated refinement rather than of public exertion? It has been written: "*La Cour est le tombeau des devoirs*;" and opulent elegance may in a democracy, not less than a monarchy, easily become the grave of all those virtues by which States prosper. Meanwhile like begets like, and it is interesting to observe how a kindred race placed under conditions similar to those existing at home will develop the same dispositions. I have often been struck to see how closely and on how many subjects the opinions of the wealthier classes both in Australia and in England agree, and how small the differences are which a hotter sun and the interposition of 12,000 miles of ocean can make in the likes and dislikes, the sympathies—and may I not say the prejudices?—of a people who have the same origin and tongue and institutions.

It is, on the other hand, a not less interesting matter of speculation what is likely to be in days to come the disposition of that large working class, who in the towns of Australia as of England hold the real power in politics, who or whose children are now receiving an admirable though almost entirely secular education, and who jealously watch everything at home or abroad, which in their opinion makes for or against their own well-being. Men according to their

tempers, whether sanguine or despondent, will give different answers to this question. Baron Hübner, one of the ablest, and it may be added one of the most friendly, of foreign critics who has ever visited our English Colonies, has more than once referred to this subject; I will not, however, attempt within the narrow limits of this paper to draw any certain conclusion. This only I will say—that much of the ancient character of the race seems to adhere to the working class on the other side of the Pacific, and that many of the influences which mould it to good here are not wanting there. What, however, I suspect to be, in part at least, deficient, and what I cannot doubt to be essential to the well-being of the entire community, is a closer and better understanding between the classes of whom I have spoken.

These are considerations mainly of a domestic nature, and affecting Australia herself; but from them there springs a further and even a larger question, because it is one of general or Imperial moment. What will be the character and tendencies of that young generation who have been born and brought up in Australia, and who know no other country or home? Whatever they may be, let no one deceive himself into the belief that they can be identical with their fathers or with that earlier race, who were in very truth the pioneers and makers of Australian civilisation. By vigour of intellect, by force of will, and by strength of limb they subdued the wilderness, hewed their way through trackless forests, and turned a rugged country into the rich land of promise that it now is. They were giants; and unaided, and sometimes single-handed, they did their work with a thoroughness to which words can scarcely pay an adequate tribute. They had seen the rough side of things, and—rightly or wrongly—they were not always content with the support which England gave her adventurous sons; who in far-off lands, whence hardly an echo came back, and in hardship and danger, were planting great Colonies and extending the distant bounds of Empire; they sometimes murmured at the apparent forgetfulness; they often rebelled against what they deemed the interference or dictation of Downing Street. But all this has passed away; the survivors of this brave race are now standing in the sunset of life, and amid the long shadows that are cast across their path, they condone past wrongs, they only remember the land of their birth with its manifold and tender associations, and they turn with almost passionate and pathetic fondness to their early home and the “old country.”

The young generation, that have been born in Australia and have perhaps never crossed the ocean, are fond of England, but their fondness is of a different nature. They know of the little island in the North Sea by report and reputation; they know it as the birth-place of their fathers and the home of distant relations with whom they may

correspond, but whose faces they have never seen ; they know it as a land which has produced in the past great men and noble deeds and magnificent intellects in every walk of life ; and they would not be of human mould if they did not feel the pride which springs from such a connection and ancestry. On the other hand their earliest and fondest recollections are Australian, their hourly and daily interests are inexorably bound up with Australia and its fortunes. In their lives there are two streams flowing side by side, sometimes commingling but more often preserving a separate course—a sentimental affection for the old country which they have never seen, and an active and vivid love for the home in which all their hopes and fears, all the blended charm of kinship and material interests are bound up.

And of this we certainly have no right to complain. They inherit the instinct from us ; it is human nature in its best form, it represents influences, to the force of which it would be absurd to close our eyes—and most of all in our days, who have seen by virtue of this potent spell Italy and Germany converted from geographical expressions into compact nations, the United States carried successfully through one of the most tremendous of modern wars, and Russia moved and guided onwards by it to a goal which as yet we cannot forecast. It is a power which, if we have any regard to the dictates of statesmanship, we are bound to recognise ; and I believe we may do so without apprehensions of present or future risk. But this feeling on the part of Australians need not be, unless we insist on so making it, a solvent to our relations with them ; for there is nothing in it to destroy, or even to weaken, those bonds of union, which are essential to the maintenance and consolidation of the Empire as a whole. How far those bonds are efficient for their present purpose, and satisfy the desires of Englishmen and Australians, how far they can be wisely strengthened, I need not here inquire. The consideration of such a question would lead me into a large field of proposal and counter-proposal, foreign to the purposes of this paper ; I will only say, that in my opinion, a large part of the solution of the problem of our Colonial relations may be found in the homely analogy of children growing up to men's estate under the eyes of wise parents. The earlier years must be years of tutelage ; but as strength, and stature, and the not unreasonable desire of independence in the best sense of the word comes, so every sensible parent will gradually relax the rein till affection and self-interest remain the principal, perhaps the only ties. This is the road on which we and our Colonial children have now for many years been travelling, and simple as the formula is, I am disposed to think it is the best. Other nations have enjoyed great colonial possessions and they have lost them. Spain and Portugal and France have in turn seen vast dominions across the sea crumble

to pieces, sometimes from one, sometimes from another cause ; but none have been content with ties so light, with a tenure so homely, as that which at the present day connects England and Australia.

The greatest risk, perhaps, consists in the extremely democratic character which the Government both of England and of the Australasian Colonies has of late years assumed, and which is so liable to the rapid changes and gusty impulses necessarily incidental to popular administration, that the correcting elements of consideration, reticence, and continuity of purpose, are wanting. Except, perhaps, in Switzerland, there has never been the case of such a democracy—a democracy crowned, indeed, by the forms of a monarchy but in essentials a real democracy. There is a passage in the Discourses of Algernon Sidney which is worth quoting, because it so plainly marks the vast difference in the old and the modern conception of democracies. “As to popular government,” he says, “in the strictest sense, that is pure democracy where the people in themselves and by themselves perform all that belong to government, I know of no such thing ; and if it be in the world, have nothing to say for it.”¹ And yet this is nearly the condition at which we have arrived, and in the consequences of that condition lies the real danger—on the side of Australia, that impatience of any fancied control (for real control there is none) and the supposed power of asserting or maintaining its independence ; on the side of England that absorption in domestic and secondary objects ; and on both sides that the reckless appeals of unscrupulous politicians for some temporary purpose, may alienate the two great countries.

The founders of the United States of America had, I think, this advantage over the Australian Colonists, that they not only laid the foundations of their new commonwealth more gradually, but that the Government of England was, when their constitution received its form, in many respects a sounder and safer model. Those eminent men took full advantage of this, and their principal public institutions, as has been well pointed out, faithfully reflect in their leading features the fountain of their inspiration. In Australia it was different. The sacred fire was carried out when, so to say, it was in a different stage of combustion, and when the great powers and constitutional inequalities that existed in the parent State in the eighteenth century had been fused down to so equal a degree of heat that none of the old forces and safeguards of government, that Washington and his colleagues copied from the English system, and that still distinguish and support the framework of American polity, existed. Yet it is a tribute to the general good sense of the Anglo-Saxon race that, subject to these disadvantages, released from all practical restraints, and exercising in their fullest amplitude the

(1) *Discourses concerning Government*, p. 147.

extreme rights of self-government, they have so worked out their free institutions as to inspire a reasonable hope that if only the different classes of society will not live to themselves but be true to each other, the Australian Colonies may be another illustration of the tenacity with which the English race can multiply and thrive. Government by party—that strange and for many years not unsuccessful method of administering public affairs—has been imported into those Colonies in its fullest extent; but the essence of party Government, it is needless to say, is the existence of public questions over which the two parties who seek the confidence of the country can safely dispute. In England, under an old and highly complicated constitution, there has been for nearly two generations comparatively safe matter for these controversies; but in Australia, where there is none of this ancient artificiality, and where there has always been absolute equality, the number of large and disputable questions which divide and justify the existence of parties is necessarily small. Ministries have consequently been formed on personal rather than on political grounds, and the principle of coalition has been largely invoked in their formation. As far as I know, this has been neither undesirable nor unwelcome, and there has certainly been in several Colonies a comparative lull after a more stormy period. But this state of things does not, I imagine, admit of indefinite prolongation, and there have been of late symptoms that the suspension of active hostilities may, before long, be followed by a sharper and more defined conflict of political views. However this may be, Australia in her ordinary political characteristics is the true child of her Mother country. She speaks the same public language, she loves the same forms. The questions with which she has to deal may be purely domestic, and, consequently, of smaller bulk, but the temper in which they are debated is much the same. “*Cælum non animum mutant*” is the motto of the modern Australian, as it was of the ancient Roman; and if the spirit in which public matters are viewed is unconsciously identical, the external forms of the old country are preserved with minuteness and a jealous care.

Nowhere is this more striking than in their Parliamentary procedure. In each Colony there are the two Houses of Parliament, reflecting in their external characteristics the ancient and traditional practice of our Lords and Commons. The chancellor in his wig and gown, the bishops in their lawn, the hereditary peers are necessarily wanting; they belong to an order of things which can have no place in the new countries of the Pacific. As far as is possible by the President, who is either nominated by the Governor or elected by the people, they reflect in a certain way the special property of a second chamber.

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